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The Poets and the Poetry
of the Nineteenth Century



Wm Thackeray
2

The Poets and the Poetry of the
Nineteenth Century

(HUMOUR)

W.C.

George Crabbe

to

Edmund B. V. Christian

Edited by

ALFRED H. MILES



LONDON

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IN the prefatory note of the first edition of this work (1891) the Editor invited criticism with a view to the improvement of future editions. Several critics responded to this appeal, and their valuable suggestions have been considered in preparing this re-issue. In some cases the text has been revised and the selection varied; in others, additions have been made to complete the representation. The biographical and bibliographical matter has been brought up to date.—A.H.M.

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PREFATORY.

THIS volume is devoted to the Humorous poetry of the century.

With a view to the thorough representation of the humorous element in the poetic literature of the period, selections are included from the works of the general poets whose humorous verse bears sufficient proportion to the general body of their poetry, or is sufficiently characteristic to demand separate representation, as well as from the works of those exclusively humorous writers whose verse is the *raison d'être* of the volume.

The Editor's thanks are due to Messrs. William Blackwood & Son for permission to include two of the "Legal Lyrics" of the late George Outram, and a selection from "The Bon Gaultier Ballads" of Sir Theodore Martin and the late W. E. Aytoun; to Messrs. Warne & Co. for permission to reprint examples of the "Nonsense Rhymes" of Edward Lear; to the late Mr. Brooks for liberty to include selections from the writings of his father, Charles Shirley Brooks; to Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co., for the use of poems by the late Whyte-Melville; to the late F. Locker-Lampson for the selection from his verse; to Mrs. Calverley for two of her late husband's parodies; to Mrs. H. D. Traill for the late H. D. Traill's verses, and to Messrs. Blackwood and the proprietors of *Punch* in this connection; to the late Lewis Carroll for his poems;

to Messrs. Chatto & Windus for the use of several of the late Henry S. Leigh's "Carols of Cockayne"; to Mr. H. Cholmondeley Pennell; and to Messrs. Longmans, his publishers, for the use of a selection from "From Grave to Gay"; also to Messrs. Longmans for the use of selections from "Dreams to Sell" and "Songs from Dreamland," by Miss May Kendall, and to Miss Kendall for her permission for the same; to Sir W. S. Gilbert for the use of a selection from his "Songs of a Savoyard" and "Bab Ballads," published by Messrs. Routledge & Sons; to Mr. Ashby Sterry for a selection from "The Lazy Minstrel," published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin; to Mr. Austin Dobson for a selection from his "Proverbs in Porcelain," "Vignettes in Rhyme," and "Vers de Société"; and to the late Robert Buchanan for his "London Poems"; to Mr. John Courthope for selections from his "Paradise of Birds," published by Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons; to Sir Frederick Pollock for a selection from his "Leading Cases done into English and other Diversions," published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.; to Sir Herbert Stephen for the use of selections from "Lapsus Calami" and "Quo Musa Tendis," by his brother, the late Mr. J. K. Stephen; to the executors of the late R. F. Murray for selections from "The Scarlet Gown," etc.; and to Mr. B. V. Christian for a selection from his "Lays of a Limb of the Law," and "At the Sign of the Wicket." In making these acknowledgments the Editor hopes he has been guilty of no sin of omission, and begs to place on record his sense of the generous courtesy he has uniformly received during the preparation of the volume.

A. H. M.

INDEX.

	PAGE
GEORGE CRABBE (1754—1832) <i>Alfred H. Miles</i>	1
(<i>Sonnet: Laughter and Death, W. S. Blunt.</i>)	1
THE WAGER	3
GEORGE COLMAN (1762—1836) <i>Alfred H. Miles</i>	9
(<i>Mynheer Vandunck</i>)	12
MY NIGHTGOWN AND SLIPPERS—	
The Newcastle Apothecary	13
BROAD GRINS—	
Please to Ring the Bell	16
ROBERT BLOOMFIELD (1766—1823) <i>A. H. Miles</i>	19
(<i>The Fakenham Ghost</i>)	20
J. HOOKHAM FRERE (1769—1846) <i>Walter Whyte</i>	23
PROSPECTUS AND SPECIMEN OF AN INTENDED	
NATIONAL WORK	27
I. The Banquet	27
II. The Knights of the Round Table	27
III. The Knights and the Giants	32
IV. The Monks and the Giants	37
THE BOY AND THE PARROT	48
GEORGE CANNING (1770—1827) <i>Walter Whyte</i>	49
THE ANTI-JACOBIN	57
I. Introduction to the poetry of the "Anti-Jacobin"	57
(<i>Inscription for the Apartment in</i>	
<i>Chepstow Castle, where Henry</i>	
<i>Marten, the Regicide, was imprisoned</i>)	58
(<i>Inscription for the Door of the Cell in</i>	
<i>Newgate, where Mrs. Brownrigg, the</i>	
<i>'Prentice-eide, was confined</i>)	59
II. Introduction to the poetry of the "Friend	
of Humanity"	60
(The Friend of Humanity)	62
III. Elegy on the Death of Jean Bon St. André	64
IV. The Rovers ; or, the Double Arrangement .	67
(<i>Song by Rogero</i>)	69

	PAGE
HON. W. R. SPENCER (1770—1834) <i>Alfred H. Miles</i>	71
(<i>The Visionary</i>)	72
POEMS—	
I. To a Lady	73
II. Written in a Garden	73
III. To Lady Anne Hamilton	74
IV. To My Grammatical Niece	74
V. How-d'-y'-do and Good-bye	75
JAMES HOGG (1770—1835) . . . <i>Alfred H. Miles</i>	77
The Witch of Fife	79
S. T. COLERIDGE (1772—1834) . . <i>Alfred H. Miles</i>	89
(<i>So Mr. Baker heart did pluck</i>)	89
(<i>Jem writes his verses with such speed</i>)	89
(<i>Hoarse Mævius reads his hobbling verse</i>)	89
(<i>Swans sing before they die</i>)	90
(<i>What ? rise again with all one's bones</i>)	90
(<i>The rose that blushes like the morn</i>)	90
HUMOROUS VERSE—	
I. The Devil's Thoughts	91
II. On a Ruined House	92
ROBERT SOUTHEY (1774—1843) <i>Alfred H. Miles</i>	93
(<i>Inscription for a Coffee-Pot</i>)	94
HUMOROUS VERSE—	
I. The Well of St. Keyne	95
II. St. Romuald	97
III. The Poet relates how he stole a lock of hair	99
JAMES SMITH (1775—1839) . . . <i>Walter Whyte</i>	101
REJECTED ADDRESSES—	
I. The Baby's Début	103
II. The Theatre	108
III. The Rebuilding (Introduction)	112
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR (1775—1864) <i>A. H. Miles</i>	115
(<i>The burden of an ancient rhyme</i>)	115
(<i>God's laws declare</i>)	115
(<i>"Fear God !" says Percival</i>)	115
(<i>Ireland never was contented</i>)	116
(<i>A paraphrase on Job we see</i>)	116
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS—	
I. Pievano Arlotto	117
II. At the Buckingham Sessions	120
III. Gifts Returned	122

	PAGE
CHARLES LAMB (1775—1834) . <i>Alfred H. Miles</i>	123
(<i>Who first invented Work?</i>)	125
(<i>In Christian World, etc.</i>)	125
POEMS—	
I. Farewell to Tobacco	127
II. Going into Breeches	131
THOMAS MOORE (1779—1852) . <i>Alfred H. Miles</i>	133
(<i>I never give a kiss, says Prue</i>)	133
(<i>Chloris, I swear, by all I ever swore</i>)	133
(<i>Between Adam and me, etc.</i>)	133
(<i>My love and I the other day</i>)	134
HUMOROUS VERSE—	
I. A Dream of Hindostan	135
II. Paddy's Metamorphosis	136
III. King Crack and his Idols	137
HORACE SMITH (1779—1849) . <i>Walter Whyte</i>	139
REJECTED ADDRESSES—	
A Tale of Drury Lane	143
MISCELLANEOUS VERSE—	
I. Address to a Mummy	150
II. The Jester condemned to Death	153
III. The Collegian and the Porter	154
LEIGH HUNT (1784—1859) . . . <i>Alfred H. Miles</i>	157
(<i>The Feast of the Poets Selections</i>)	157
MISCELLANEOUS VERSE—	
I. To J. H.	161
II. The Deprecation of the Name of John	164
III. The Jovial Priest's Confession	165
IV. On the Laugh of Madame D'Albret	167
V. A Love-Lesson	167
VI. The Curate and his Bishop	168
THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK (1785—1866) <i>A. H. Miles</i>	169
(<i>In his last binn Sir Peter lies</i>)	169
MISCELLANEOUS VERSE—	
I. Robin Hood	171
II. The Dappled Palfrey	172
III. The Priest and the Mulberry Tree	174

	PAGE
THEODORE HOOK (1738—1841) <i>Alfred H. Miles</i>	175
(<i>Here comes Mr. Wintèr</i>)	178
(<i>If down his throat. Rev. E. Cannon</i>)	178
MISCELLANEOUS VERSE—	
I. Song—Mary once had Lovers Two	179
II. Valentine	179
III. Cautionary Verses to Youth	181
IV. A Riddle	183
V. Ass-ass-ination	186
LORD BYRON (1788—1824) . . . <i>Alfred H. Miles</i>	189
OCCASIONAL VERSE—	
I. The Girl of Cadiz	191
II. Lines to Mr. Hodgson	193
III. To Mr. Murray	195
IV. Epitaph for Joseph Blackett	196
R. H. BARHAM (1788—1845) . . . <i>Walter Whyte</i>	197
(<i>As I laye a-thynkynge</i>)	201
THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS—	
I. The Jackdaw of Rheims	203
II. Legend of Hamilton Tighe	207
III. Hon. Mr. Sucklethumbkin's Story	211
THE CONFESSION	216
J. R. PLANCHÉ (1796—1880). . . <i>Alfred H. Miles</i>	217
SONGS AND POEMS FROM 1819 to 1879—	
I. A Song for the End of the Season	221
II. Answer to the Alphabet	221
III. A Literary Squabble	222
VAT YOU PLEASE	225
SAMUEL LOVER (1797—1868) . . . <i>A. J. Symington</i>	229
(<i>Whene'er your vitality</i>)	232
SONGS AND BALLADS—	
I. Molly Bawn	233
II. Rory O'More	233
III. The Whistlin' Thiet	235
IV. Mother, he's going away	236
V. The Quaker's Meeting	237
VI. The Road of Life	240

	PAGE
I. HAYNES BAYLY (1797—1839) <i>Alfred H. Miles</i>	241
(<i>Upon the hill he turn'd</i>)	243
(<i>She wore a wreath of roses</i>)	244
MISCELLANEOUS VERSE—	
I. Why don't the men propose?	245
II. A Fashionable Novel	246
III. Out, John!	247
THOMAS HOOD (1798—1845) . <i>Alfred H. Miles</i>	249
(<i>If I were punished</i>)	249
WHIMS AND ODDITIES—	
I. A Retrospective Review	251
II. A Parental Ode	254
III. The Sub-Marine	256
IV. Mary's Ghost	258
V. Faithless Nelly Gray	260
VI. A Black Job	262
VII. A Nocturnal Sketch	269
W. M. PRAED (1802—1839) . . <i>Alfred H. Miles</i>	271
POEMS—	
I. Our Ball	273
II. The Belle of the Ball Room.	276
III. A Letter of Advice	279
CHARADES—	
I. On the Name of the Poet Campbell	283
II. Moonshine	283
EDWARD FITZGERALD (18—?) <i>Alfred H. Miles</i>	285
VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ—	
I. Chivalry at a Discount	287
II. Because	289
III. Good Night	291
CHARLES R. FORRESTER (1803-1850) <i>A. H. Miles</i>	293
HUMOROUS VERSE—	
I. The Bill of Fare	295
II. A True Love Song.	296
III. Owed to My Creditors	297
GEORGE OUTRAM (1805—1856) . <i>Walter Whyte</i>	299
LEGAL LYRICS—	
I. The Annuity	301
II. Cessio Bonorum	306

	PAGE
CHARLES LEVER (1806—1872) <i>Alfred H. Miles</i>	309
(<i>The Pope he leads a happy life</i>).	310
SONGS—	
I. The Widow Malone	311
II. Mary Draper	312
III. Bad Luck to this Marching	313
W. M. THACKERAY (1811—1863) <i>Walter Whyte</i>	315
SONGS AND BALLADS—	
I. The Mahogany Tree	323
II. The White Squall	325
III. The Battle of Limerick	329
IV. The Ballad of Bouillabaisse	333
V. The Age of Wisdom	336
ROBERT BROWNING (1812—1889) <i>J. Ashcroft Noble</i>	337
THE POPE AND THE NET	341
EDWARD LEAR (1813—1888) <i>Walter Whyte</i>	343
NONSENSE RHYMES—	
I. The Jumblies	347
II. The Pelican Chorus	350
III. The Courtship of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò	352
J. S. LE FANU (1814—1873) <i>Alfred H. Miles</i>	357
SHAMUS O'BRIEN. A TALE OF '98.	359
R. H. DALTON BARHAM (1815—1886) <i>A. H. Miles</i>	365
(<i>As Dick and I. R. H. Barham</i>)	366
THE TEMPTATIONS OF ST. ANTHONY	367
C. SHIRLEY BROOKS (1816—1874) <i>Alfred H. Miles</i>	375
(<i>More luck to honest poverty</i>)	376
(<i>Albert</i>)	377
WIT AND HUMOUR—	
I. The Philosopher and Her Father	379
II. Bayonet and Chisel	381
III. The Policeman's Tear	384
IV. Dixit, et in Mensam	385
V. To My Beloved Vesta	386
AYTOUN—MARTIN, "Bon Gaultier" <i>Walter Whyte</i>	387

	PAGE
BON GAULTIER BALLADS—	
I. The Massacre of Macpherson	391
II. The Queen in France	393
III. The Cry of the Lovelorn	402
ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH (1819—1861) <i>A. H. Miles</i>	409
(<i>The Latest Decalogue</i>).	409
SPECTATOR AB EXTRA	411
WHYTE-MELVILLE (1821—1878) . <i>Alfred H. Miles</i>	415
SONGS AND VERSES—	
I. Riding through the Broom	417
II. The Galloping Squire	419
III. Gipsy John	420
F. LOCKER-LAMPSON (1821—1895) . <i>A. H. Miles</i>	423
SOCIETY AND HUMOUR—	
I. Rotten Row	425
II. An Old Muff	426
III. The Bear Pit	429
IV. Mr. Placid's Flirtation	430
V. An Old Buffer	432
C. S. CALVERLEY (1831—1884) . <i>Walter Whyte</i>	433
FLY LEAVES—	
I. Wanderers	437
II. The Cock and the Bull	439
LEWIS CARROLL (1833—1898) . <i>Walter Whyte</i>	443
(<i>Jabberwock</i>)	445
HUMOROUS VERSE—	
I. Father William	447
II. Melancholetta	448
III. The Walrus and the Carpenter	451
HENRY S. LEIGH (1837—1883) . <i>Alfred H. Miles</i>	455
CAROLS OF COCKAYNE—	
I. The Two Ages	457
II. The Times	458
III. Rotten Row	459
IV. My Love and my Heart	461
V. To a Timid Leech	462
VI. Only Seven	463
VII. Les Adieux	464
VIII. Châteaux D'Espagne	465
J. BRUNTON STEPHENS (1835—1902) <i>J. H. Ross</i>	469
HUMOROUS VERSE—	
I. The Courtship of the Future	473
II. A Piccaninny	475

	PAGE
H. CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL (1836) <i>A. H. Miles</i>	479
FROM GRAVE TO GAY—	
I. My Vis-à-Vis	481
II. The Squire and the New Parson's Girl	482
III. An uninvited Guest	483
IV. Next Morning	484
V. Musical Undertones	485
VI. The Night Mail North	486
VII. Holyhead to Dublin	488
W. JEFFERY PROWSE (1836—1870) <i>Alfred H. Miles</i>	491
(<i>Drought and Ruin.</i>)	493
OCCASIONAL VERSE—	
I. The City of Prague	495
II. Learning the Verbs	497
III. The Pace that Kills	498
IV. My Lost Old Age	500
WILLIAM S. GILBERT (1836) . <i>Alfred H. Miles</i>	501
SONGS OF A SAVOYARD—	
I. The Rover's Apology	503
II. The Judge's Song	504
III. The Policeman's Lot	505
IV. Sans Souci	506
V. The Æsthete	506
VI. Lord Chancellor's Song	508
VII. Said I to Myself—said I	509
VIII. The Suicide's Grave	510
IX. A Recipe	511
X. The Merry Man and His Maid	512
BAB BALLADS—	
I. The Yarn of the <i>Nancy Bell</i>	514
II. Ferdinand and Elvira	517
ASHBY STERRY (1838) . . . <i>Alfred H. Miles</i>	521
(<i>Skindles in October</i>)	522
THE LAZY MINSTREL—	
I. Tarpauline	523
II. On Board the <i>Gladys</i>	524
III. Bolney Ferry	526
IV. The Little Rebel	527
V. In a Bellagio Balcony	529
VI. Spring's Delights	530
VII. A Shorthand Sonnet	532

	PAGE
AUSTIN DOBSON (1840) . . . <i>Alfred H. Miles</i>	533
PROVERBS IN PORCELAIN—	
The Cap that Fits	537
VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ—	
Incognita	540
VIGNETTES IN RHYME—	
A Garden Idyll	543
ROBERT BUCHANAN (1841—1901) <i>J. Ashcroft Noble</i>	547
LONDON POEMS—	
I. The Starling	549
II. The Wake of O'Hara	553
III. The Bookworm	557
W. J. COURTHOPE (1842) . . . <i>Walter Whyte</i>	559
THE PARADISE OF BIRDS—	
I. The Rise of Species	563
II. The Song of the Obsolete	566
III. The Nightingale's Song	568
IV. The Origin of Human Customs	571
V. O Men! Ye Life Tenants, etc.	573
HENRY DUFF TRAILL (1842—1900) <i>A. H. Miles</i>	575
RECAPTURED RHYMES (1882)—	
I. Laputa Outdone	577
II. After Dilettante Concetti	579
THE BABY OF THE FUTURE	582
SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK (1845) . <i>R. Garnett</i>	585
LEADING CASES AND OTHER DIVERSIONS—	
I. Dedication to J. S.	587
II. Scott v. Shepherd	590
III. Lines on the death of a College Cat	593
COULSON KERNAHAN (1852) . <i>Alfred H. Miles</i>	595
TRIOLETS—	
I. Of Cricket: "I ran for a catch"	597
II. Of Cricket: "I stepped in to drive"	597
III. Of Skating: "She's just at my back"	597
IV. Of Hunting: "Nell 'took' the deep ditch"	598
V. Of the Cockney Yachtsman: "Ère it came on to blow"	598
VI. Of the Cockney Yachtsman: "He wore a suit of blue, and a badge upon his cap"	598

	PAGE
J. K. STEPHEN (1859—1892) . . . <i>Alfred H. Miles</i>	599
(<i>The Philosopher and Philanthropist</i>) . . .	602
LAPSUS CALAMI—	
I. To R. K.	603
II. Of R. B.	604
III. The Parodist's Apology	605
IV. Ballade of Incompetent Ballade-Monger . .	606
QUO MUSA TENDIS—	
I. My Old School	607
II. After the Golden Wedding	609
MAY KENDALL (1861) <i>Alfred H. Miles</i>	613
(<i>The Ship of Dreams</i>)	614
(<i>The Ship of Death</i>)	615
DREAMS TO SELL—	
I. Lay of the Trilobite	617
II. Taking Long Views	619
III. Legend of the Crossing-Sweeper	621
SONGS FROM DREAMLAND—	
I. A Warning to New Worlds	623
II. Ether Insatiable	624
III. Lesson of Life	625
R. F. MURRAY (1863—1894) . . . <i>Walter Whyte</i>	657
THE SCARLET GOWN, ETC.—	
I. The End of April	629
II. The Banished Bejant	630
III. After Waterloo	631
EDMUND B. V. CHRISTIAN (1864) <i>Alfred H. Miles</i>	
(<i>Scorn not the Cricket-Sonnet</i>)	633
THE LAYS OF A LIMB OF THE LAW—	
I. Frost v. Knight	635
II. My Client	637
AT THE SIGN OF THE WICKET—	
I. "The Batsman's Art"	638
II. "And yet afraid to Strike"	638
III. Dreams that I Dream	639
IV. Shall I never Storm or Swear? . . .	640

George Crabbe.

1754—1832.

A SENSE of humour is not always characteristic of a great poet. Shakespeare saw life as a whole, and hence was able to become all things to all men, commanding alike the source of laughter and the fount of tears. Wordsworth, on the other hand, took himself and life too seriously either to enjoy or to reflect anything more than its mildest mirth. Broadly speaking, the difference may be said to mark the distinctive spheres of the dramatic poet and the poet of Nature. The student of the ways of man, and especially he whose insight is clear enough to follow the inner drama of the human mind, must often see much that is humorous, as well as much that is pathetic; but the student of Nature, while perhaps more sure in his search after mere beauty, misses the element of humour, which alone belongs to the human, or only sees it in so far as he himself reflects it upon his mistress's face.

Wilfrid Blun, in one of his "Love-Sonnets of Proteus," entitled "Laughter and Death," presents the pathetic side of this fact:—

"There is no laughter in the natural world
Of beast or fish or bird, though no sad doubt
Of their futurity to them unfurled
Has dared to check the mirth-compelling shout.

The lion roars his solemn thunder out
To the sleeping woods. The eagle screams her cry.
Even the lark must strain a serious throat
To hurl his blest defiance at the sky.
Fear, anger, jealousy have found a voice.
Love's pain or rapture the brute bosoms swell.
Nature has symbols for her nobler joys,
Her nobler sorrows. Who had dared foretell
That only man, by some sad mockery,
Should learn to laugh who learns that he must die?"

George Crabbe, whose remarkable powers of analysis of human motive, so frequently revealed the hidden springs of action, in sheer loyalty to the truth of what he saw often depicted the most humorous of situations, albeit his muse was naturally stern of feature and clothed in sober grey. The quaint humour of "The Frank Courtship," and the broader fun of "The Wager," part of which is given in the following pages, are good illustrations of Crabbe's humour—humour that is always incidental, and never pursued for its own sake, humour that always furthers the point of the story, and enforces the moral of the tale.

ALFRED H. MILES.

THE WAGER.

1812.

GEORGE CRABBE.

(FROM "TALES," TALE XVIII.)

Clubb is the husband of a strong-minded wife, and Counter, his partner, the husband of a weak one. Counter, at the weekly meetings of the club, constantly boasts his own domestic supremacy, and twits his partner on his subservience, until Clubb in a fit of irritation lays the wager.

"By Heaven," said Clubb, "excuse me if I swear,
I'll bet a hundred guineas, if he dare,
That uncontroll'd I will such freedoms take,
That he will fear to equal—there's my stake."

"A match!" said Counter, much by wine inflamed;
"But we are friends—let smaller stake be named:
Wine for our future meeting, that will I
Take and no more—what peril shall we try?"
"Let's to Newmarket," Clubb replied; "or choose
Yourself the place, and what you like to lose;
And he who first returns, or fears to go,
Forfeits his cash—" Said Counter, "Be it so."

The friends around them saw with much delight
The social war, and hail'd the pleasant night;
Nor would they further hear the cause discuss'd,
Afraid the recreant heart of Clubb to trust.

The lion roars his solemn thunder out
To the sleeping woods. The eagle screams her cry.
Even the lark must strain a serious throat
To hurl his blest defiance at the sky.
Fear, anger, jealousy have found a voice.
Love's pain or rapture the brute bosoms swell.
Nature has symbols for her nobler joys,
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"Let's to Newmarket," Clubb replied; "or choose
Yourself the place, and what you like to lose;
And he who first returns, or fears to go,
Forfeits his cash—" Said Counter, "Be it so."

The friends around them saw with much delight
The social war, and hail'd the pleasant night;
Nor would they further hear the cause discuss'd,
Afraid the recreant heart of Clubb to trust.

Now sober thoughts return'd as each withdrew,
And of the subject took a serious view ;
" 'Twas wrong," thought Counter, "and will grieve my love
" 'Twas wrong," thought Clubb, "my wife will not approve :
But friends were present ; I must try the thing,
Or with my folly half the town will ring."

He sought his lady—"Madam, I'm to blame,
But was reproach'd, and could not bear the shame ;
Here in my folly—for 'tis best to say
The very truth—I've sworn to have my way ;
To that Newmarket—(though I hate the place,
And have no taste or talents for a race,
Yet so it is—well now prepare to chide—)
I laid a wager that I dared to ride ;
And I must go : by Heaven, if you resist
I shall be scorn'd, and ridiculed, and hiss'd ;
Let me with grace before my friends appear,
You know the truth, and must not be severe ;
He too must go, but that he will of course ;
Do you consent ?—I never think of force."

"You never need," the worthy Dame replied ;
"The husband's honour is the woman's pride ;
If I in trifles be the wilful wife,
Still for your credit I would lose my life ;
Go ! and when fix'd the day of your return,
Stay longer yet, and let the blockheads learn,
That though a wife may sometimes wish to rule,
She would not make th' indulgent man a fool ;
I would at times advise—but idle they
Who think th' assenting husband *must* obey."

The happy man, who thought his lady right
In other cases, was assured to-night ;
Then for the day with proud delight prepared,
To show his doubting friends how much he dared.

Counter—who grieving sought his bed, his rest
Broken by pictures of his Love distress'd—
With soft and winning speech the Fair prepar'd ;
“ She all his councils, comforts, pleasures shared :
She was assured he loved her from his soul,
She never knew and need not fear control ;
But so it happen'd—he was grieved at heart,
It happen'd so, that they awhile must part—
A little time—the distance was but short,
And business call'd him—he despised the sport ;
But to Newmarket he'd engaged to ride,
With his friend Clubb,” and there he stopp'd and sigh'd.

Awhile the tender creature look'd dismay'd,
Then floods of tears the call of grief obey'd :—

“ She an objection ! No ! ” she sobb'd, “ not one ;
Her work was finish'd, and her race was run ;
For die she must, indeed, she would not live
A week alone, for all the world could give ;
He too must die in that same wicked place—
It always happen'd—was a common case ;
Among those horrid horses, jockeys, crowds,
'Twas certain death—they might bespeak their shrouds ;
He would attempt a race, be sure to fall—
And she expire with terror—that was all ;
With love like hers she was indeed unfit
To bear such horrors, but she must submit.”

"But for three days, my Love! three days at most—"

"Enough for me; I then shall be a ghost—"

"My honour's pledged."—"Oh! yes, my dearest life,

I know your honour must outweigh your wife;

But ere this absence, have you sought a friend?

I shall be dead—on whom you can depend?

Let me one favour of your kindness crave,

Grant me the stone I mentioned for my grave.—"

"Nay, Love, attend—why, bless my soul—I say

I will return—there—weep no longer—nay!—"

"Well! I obey, and to the last am true,

But spirits fail me; I must die; adieu!"

"What, Madam! must?—'tis wrong—I'm angry—zounds!
Can I remain and lose a thousand pounds?"

"Go, then, my love! it is a monstrous sum,
Worth twenty wives—go, love! and I am dumb—
Nor be displeased—had I the power to live,
You might be angry, now you must forgive;
Alas! I faint—ah! cruel—there's no need
Of wounds or fevers—this has done the deed."

The lady fainted, and the husband sent
For every aid, for every comfort went;
Strong terror seized him: "Oh! she loved so well;
And who th' effect of tenderness could tell?"

She now recover'd, and again began
With accents querulous—"Ah! cruel man—"

Till the sad husband, conscience-struck, confess'd,
'Twas very wicked with his Friend to jest ;
For now he saw that those who were obeyed,
Could like the most subservient feel afraid ;
And though a wife might not dispute the will
Of her liege lord, she could prevent it still.
The morning came, and Clubb prepared to ride
With a smart boy, his servant and his guide ;
When, ere he mounted on the ready steed,
Arrived a letter, and he stopped to read.

"My friend," he read—"our journey I decline,
A heart too tender for such strife is mine ;
Yours is the triumph, be you so inclined ;
But you are too considerate and kind :
In tender pity to my Juliet's fears
I thus relent, o'ercome by love and tears ;
She knows your kindness ; I have heard her say
A man like you 'tis pleasure to obey :
Each faithful wife, like ours, must disapprove
Such dangerous trifling with connubial love ;
What has the idle world, my friend, to do
With our affairs ? they envy me and you :
What if I could my gentle spouse command—
Is that a cause I should her tears withstand ?
And what if you, a friend of peace, submit
To one you love—is that a theme for wit ?
'Twas wrong, and I shall henceforth judge it weak
Both of submission and control to speak :
Be it agreed that all contention cease,
And no such follies vex our future peace ;
Let each keep guard against domestic strife ;
And find nor slave nor tyrant in his wife."

“Agreed,” said Clubb, “with all my soul agreed,”—
And to the boy, delighted, gave his steed ;
“I think my friend has well his mind express’d,
And I assent ; such things are not a jest.”
“True,” said the wife, “no longer he can hide
The truth that pains him by his wounded pride :
Your Friend has found it not an easy thing,
Beneath his yoke this yielding soul to bring ;
These weeping willows, though they seem inclined
By every breeze, yet not the strongest wind
Can from their bent divert this weak but stubborn kind ,
Drooping they seek your pity to excite,
But ’tis at once their nature and delight ;
Such women feel not ; while they sigh and weep,
’Tis but their habit—their affections sleep ;
They are like ice that in the hand we hold,
So very melting, yet so very cold ;
On such affection let not man rely,
The husbands suffer, and the ladies sigh :
But your friend’s offer let us kindly take,
And spare his pride for his vexation’s sake ;
For he has found, and through his life will find,
’Tis easiest dealing with the firmest mind—
More just when it resists, and when it yields, more kind.”

George Colman.

1762—1836.

THREE generations of the Colmans were distinguished in public life. Francis Colman was envoy to the Court of Tuscany, and lived in Florence in 1732 when George Colman the Elder was born and christened George after George II., who stood sponsor to him. George Colman the Elder was educated at Westminster and Oxford, and began to write verses when at school. In deference to the wishes of his relations he studied for the law. He was called to the bar in 1755, and travelled the Oxford Circuit, but his mind was always more than half given to literature and the drama; and on receiving a legacy of nine hundred guineas a year, he gave himself entirely to the pursuits of his choice. He formed the acquaintance of Cowper, Garrick, Reynolds, Johnson, and Goldsmith, and became the proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre, where he produced his own plays and the earlier ones of George Colman the Younger. Goldsmith's plays, *The Good-natured Man* and *She Stoops to Conquer*, were first produced under his management. He wrote many occasional pieces, of which the epilogue to the *School for Scandal* was one. Byron contrasted him favourably as a man with Sheridan, saying, "Let me begin the evening with Sheridan and finish it with Colman: Sheridan for

dinner, and Colman for supper." He was the only contemporary wit to whom Theodore Hook ever lowered his colours. With Reynolds, Burke, and Sir John Hawkins, he was a pall-bearer at the funeral of Dr. Johnson. His most successful dramas were "The Jealous Wife" and "The Clandestine Marriage," both of which are still sometimes performed. He died in 1794.

George Colman the Younger was born in 1762, and inherited his father's wit and dramatic gift without his stability and decision of character. His mother was a Miss Ford, an actress, whom his father married. He followed his father at Westminster and Oxford, and for a short time in the study of the law, but his irregularities led to frequent changes in his career. He left Oxford, to which he went up in 1779, and finished his education at King's College, Aberdeen. In his early life he met Garrick, Goldsmith, and other members of the Literary Club, at his father's house in Soho Square, and theatricals, private and public, stimulated his dramatic tastes and fired his ambition. His first published work was a satire on Fox entitled, "The Man of the People," described by himself as a schoolboy tract. Next came a musical farce, entitled "The Female Dramatist," sent up from Aberdeen and produced at Covent Garden anonymously by his father, August 16th, 1782. A long series of plays and adaptations followed, during the course of which he succeeded to the management of the theatre in 1789 on his father's mind showing signs of aberration. On his father's death in 1794, he purchased the patent of the Haymarket Theatre, which he opened with his own play "The Iron Chest,"

which with "The Heir at Law," and "John Bull ; or, An Englishman's Fireside," still survive as acting plays. Extravagance and litigation, however, led to embarrassments, and for a long time he managed the Haymarket Theatre from the King's Bench Prison. George IV. made him a Lieutenant of the Yeomen of the Guard, which, however, he subsequently allowed him to sell out of. He was made licenser of stage plays on July 19th, 1824, and held the appointment for the remainder of his life. In discharging the duties of this office he displayed a punctilious squeamishness which would have been fatal to many of his own plays had they been subject to such treatment, and though he may be credited with some measure of sincerity in his latter-day morality, it is impossible to excuse the absurd lengths to which he carried his official strictures. His verse publications comprise "My Nightgown and Slippers" (1797), reprinted in 1802, and with additional tales under the title of "Broad Grins and Poetical Vagaries" in 1812. These brought upon him the thunders of the *Quarterly*, and other journals, to which he replied in "Vagaries Vindicated, or Hypocritic Hypercritics." His last publication of this class was "Eccentricities from Edinburgh" (1820). His humour was of the broad kind, popular in his day, and as such was marred by indelicacies of subject and allusion, which make the reproduction of much of it impossible. Of his longer efforts, "The Lady of the Wreck," a clever parody, dedicated to the author of "The Lady of the Lake," is perhaps the best ; of his shorter pieces, "The Newcastle Apothecary" and "Lodgings for a Single Gentleman" have been immensely popular as recita-

tions. George Colman the Younger died at Brompton Square, October 17th, 1836, and was buried by the side of his father in the vaults of Kensington Church.

The Colmans, father and son, like the Sheridans, Brinsley and Tom, were of the choicest convivial society, and it would be difficult to parallel the brilliant circle, which included the author of *The School for Scandal*, the creator of "Dr. Pangloss," the authors of "Rejected Addresses," James and Horace Smith, and the most gifted of improvisatores, Theodore Hook. Several of these sang songs which still ring in our ears, not the least popular of which is the following by George Colman the Younger:—

"Mynheer Vandunck, tho' he never was drunk,
Sipp'd brandy and water gaily;
And he quench'd his thirst with two quarts of the first
To a pint of the latter daily.
Singing, 'Oh! that a Dutchman's draught could be
As deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee!'

"Water, well mingled with spirit good store
No Hollander dreams of scorning;
But of water alone he drinks no more
Than a rose supplies
When a dew-drop lies
On its bloom in a summer morning.
For a Dutchman's draught should potent be,
Though deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee."

Many a brilliant sally and repartee has been recorded and preserved; but how much more of the old-time wit might still amuse if walls that yet remain had tongues as well as ears, or the phonograph had done unobtrusive duty at these gay gatherings of the past.

ALFRED H. MILES.

MY NIGHTGOWN AND SLIPPERS.

1797.

GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.

A MAN, in many a country town, we know,
Professes openly with Death to wrestle :
Ent'ring the field against the grimly foe,
Arm'd with a mortar and a pestle.

Yet, some affirm, no enemies they are ;
But meet just like prize-fighters in a Fair,
Who first shake hands before they box,
Then give each other plaguy knocks,
With all the love and kindness of a brother :

So—many a suff'ring patient saith—
Tho' the Apothecary fights with Death,
Still they're sworn friends to one another.

A member of this Æsculapian line,
Lived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne :
No man could better gild a pill ;
Or make a bill ;
Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister ;
Or draw a tooth out of your head ;
Or chatter scandal by your bed ;
Or give a clyster.

Of occupations these were *quantum suff.* .
Yet, still, he thought the list not long enough ;
And therefore Midwifery he chose to pin to't.
This balanced things ;—for if he hurl'd
A few score mortals from the world,
He made amends by bringing others into't.

His fame full six miles round the country ran ;
In short, in reputation he was *solus* :
All the old women call'd him " a fine man ! "

His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, tho' in *trade*—

Which oftentimes will Genius fetter—

Read works of fancy, it is said ;

And cultivated the *Belles-Lettres*.

And why should this be thought so odd ?

Can't men have taste who cure a phthysick ?

Of Poetry tho' Patron God,

Apollo patronises Physick.

Bolus loved verse ;—and took so much delight in't,

That his prescriptions he resolved to write in't.

No opportunity he e'er let pass

Of writing the directions, on his labels

In dapper couplets,—like *Gay's Fables* ;

Or, rather, like the lines in *Hudibras*.

Apothecary's verse !—and where's the treason ?

'Tis simply honest dealing ;—not a crime ;—

When Patients swallow physick without reason,

It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a Patient lying at death's door,

Some three miles from the town—it might be four—

To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article,

In Pharmacy, that's call'd cathartical,

And on the label of the stuff,

He wrote this verse,

Which, one would think, was clear enough,

And terse :

“ *When taken,*

To be well shaken. ”

Next morning, early, Bolus rose ;

And to the Patient's house he goes.

Upon his pad,
Who a vile trick of stumbling had :
It was, indeed, a very sorry hack ;
But that's of course :

For what's expected from a horse
With an Apothecary on his back ?
Bolus arriv'd, and gave a doubtful tap,—
Between a single and a double rap.—

Knocks of this kind
Are given by Gentlemen who teach to dance ;
By Fiddlers, and by Opera-singers :
One loud, and then a little one behind ;
As if the knocker, fell by chance,
Out of their fingers.

The Servant lets him in, with dismal face,
Long as a courtier's out of place—

Portending some disaster ;
John's countenance as rueful look'd and grim,
As if th' Apothecary had physick'd him,—
And not his master.

"Well, how's the Patient ?" Bolus said ;
John shook his head.

"Indeed ! hum ! ha !—that's very odd !
He took the draught ?" John gave a nod.

"Well—how ?—what then ? speak out, you dunce !"

"Why then," says John, "we *shook* him once."

"Shook him ! how ?" Bolus stammer'd out :—

"We jolted him about."

"Zounds ! shake a Patient, man !—a shake won't do."

"No, sir,—and so we gave him *two*."

"Two shakes ! od's curse !

'Twould make the Patient worse."

"It did so, Sir, and so a third we tried."

"Well, and what then ?"—"then, Sir, my master died "

BROAD GRINS.

1802. \

GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

PLEASE TO RING THE BELL.

(FROM "THE ELDER BROTHER.")

CENTRIC in London noise, and London follies,
Proud Covent Garden blooms, in smoky glory,
For chair-men, coffee-rooms, piazzas, dollies,
Cabbages, and comedians, fam'd in story :
On this gay spot, (upon a sober plan)
Dwelt a right regular, and staid young man ;—
Much did he early hours, and quiet love,
And was entitled Mr. Isaac Shove. . . .
He had Apartments up two pair of stairs ;
On the first floor lodged Doctor Crow ;—
The Landlord was a torturer ol hairs,
And made a grand display of wigs, below ;
From the beau's Brutus, to the parson's frizzle ;—
Over the door-way was his name : 'twas Twizzle. . . .

Now Isaac Shove

Living above

This Doctor Crow,—

And knowing Barber Twizzle lived below,—

Thought it might be as well,

Hearing so many knocks—single and double—

To buy, at his own cost, a street-door bell,

And save confusion, in the house, and trouble ;

Whereby, his (Isaac's) visitors might know,

Without long waiting in the dirt and drizzle,

To ring for him at once, and not to knock for Crow

Nor Twizzle. . . .

The bell was bought ; the wire was made to steal

Round the dark stair-case like a tortur'd eel,—

Twisting, and twining ;

The jemmy handle Twizzle's door-post graced ;
And, just beneath, a brazen plate was placed,
Lacquered and shining ;—

Graven whereon, in characters full clear
And legible, did " Mr. Shove " appear ;
And, furthermore, which you might read right well,
Was—" Please to ring the bell." . . .

Alas! what pity 'tis that regularity,
Like Isaac Shove's, is such a rarity !

But there are swilling Wights in London town,
Term'd—Jolly Dogs,—Choice Spirits,—*alias* Swine ;
Who pour, in midnight revel, bumpers down,
Making their throats a thoroughfare for wine.

These spendthrifts, who Life's pleasures, thus, out-run,
Dosing, with head-aches, till the afternoon,
Lose half men's regular estate of Sun,
By borrowing, too largely, of the Moon.

One of this kidney,—Toby Tossput hight,—
Was coming from the Bedford, late at night ;
And being *Bacchi plenus*, full of wine,
Although he had a tolerable notion
Of aiming at progressive motion,
'Twasn't direct—'twas serpentine.

He work'd with sinuosities, along,
Like Monsieur Corkscrew worming thro' a Cork ;
Not straight, like Corkscrew's proxy—stiff Don Prong
A Fork.

At length, with near four bottles in his pate,
He saw the moon shining on Shove's brass plate,
When reading " Please to ring the bell,"

And being civil beyond measure,
" Ring it ! " says Toby—" very well ;
I'll ring it with a deal of pleasure."

Toby, the kindest soul in all the town,
Gave it a jerk that almost jerk'd it down.
He waited full two minutes—no one came ;
He waited full two minutes more ; and then
Says Toby, " If he's deaf, I'm not to blame ;
I'll pull it for the gentleman again."
But the first peal 'woke Isaac in a fright ;
Who, quick as lightning, popping up his head,
Sat on his head's *Antipodes*, in bed,—
Pale as a parsnip, bolt upright.
At length he wisely to himself did say,—
Calming his fears,—
" Tush !—'tis some fool has rung, and run away ;"
When peal the second rattled in his ears !
Shove jump'd into the middle of the floor ;
And, trembling at each breath of air that stirr'd,
He groped down-stairs, and open'd the street door ;
While Toby was performing peal the third.
Isaac ey'd Toby fearfully askant,—
And saw he was a strapper,—stout and tall ;
Then put this question ;—" Pray, Sir, what d'ye want ?"
Says Toby,—" I want nothing, Sir, at all."
" Want nothing ! Sir ! you've pulled my bell, I vow,
As if you'd jerk it off the wire !"
Quoth Toby—gravely making him a bow,—
" I pull'd it, Sir, at your desire."
" At mine ?"—" Yes, yours !—I hope I've done it well ?
High time for bed, Sir ; I was hast'ning to it ;
But if you write up—' *Please to ring the bell,*'
Common politeness makes me stop, and do it." . . .

Robert Bloomfield.

1766—1823.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD's simple and cheery muse gave ample evidence of a sense of humour. Such ballads as "The Horkey" and "Abner and the Widow Jones," please by their rural fidelity and homely mirth, while here and there they present pictures of human nature which show something of imaginative insight. The following is surely a true picture of a rustic lover's impatience :—

"The nightly rain had drenched the grove
He plung'd right on with headlong pace
*A man but half as much in love
Perhaps had found a cleaner place.'*

Nor is the following picture of the ploughman leaving the farm, on wedding the widow Jones, less natural or suggestive :—

"The maids at parting, one and all,
From different windows, different tones,
Bade him farewell with many a bawl
And sent their love to Mary Jones."

His lines on hearing of the translation of part of "The Farmer's Boy" into Latin may be added here :—

"Hey, Giles ! in what new garb art drest ?
For Lads like you methinks a bold one ;
I'm glad to see thee so carest ;
But, hark ye !—don't despise your old one.

"Thou'rt not the first by many a Boy
Who've found abroad good friends to own 'em;
Then, in such coats have shewn their joy,
E'en their own Fathers have not known 'em."

"The Fakenham Ghost" is perhaps the best known of Bloomfield's poems.

THE FAKENHAM GHOST.

- "The lawns were dry in Euston Park
(Here truth inspires my tale),
The lonely footpath, still and dark,
Led over hill and dale.
- "Benighted was an ancient dame,
And fearful haste she made
To gain the vale of Fakenham,
And hail its willow shade.
- "Her footsteps knew no idle stops,
But followed faster still;
And echoed to the darksome copse
That whispered on the hill.
- "Where clam'rous rooks, yet scarcely hushed,
Bespoke a peopled shade;
And many a wing the foliage brushed,
And hovering circuits made.
- "The dappled herd of grazing deer
That sought the shades by day
Now started from her path with fear,
And gave the stranger way.
- "Darker it grew, and darker fears
Came o'er her troubled mind;
When now, a short, quick step she hears
Come patting close behind.
- "She turned—it stopt—nought could she see
Upon the gloomy plain!
But, as she strove the sprite to flee,
She heard the same again.

- " Now terror seized her quaking frame,
For, when the path was bare,
The trotting ghost kept on the same ;
She mutter'd many a prayer.
- " Yet once again, amidst her fright,
She tried what sight could do ;
When, through the cheating gloom of night,
A monster stood in view.
- " Regardless of whate'er she felt
It followed down the plain !
She owned her sins, and down she knelt,
And said her prayers again.
- " Then on she sped, and hope grew strong,
The white park-gate in view ;
Which, pushing hard so long it swung
That ghost and all pass'd through.
- " Loud fell the gate against the post !
Her heart-strings like to crack :
For much she feared the grizzly ghost
Would leap upon her back.
- " Still on, pat, pat, the goblin went,
As it had done before :—
Her strength and resolution spent,
She fainted at the door.
- " Out came her husband, much surprised :
Out came her daughter dear :
Good-natured souls ! all unadvised
Of what they had to fear.
- " The candle's gleam pierced through the night,
Some short space o'er the green ;
And there the little trotting sprite
Distinctly might be seen.
- " An ass's foal had lost its dam
Within the spacious park ;
And, simple as the playful lamb,
Had followed in the dark.

- “ No goblin he, no imp of sin ;
 No crimes had ever known :
They took the shaggy stranger in,
 And reared him as their own.
- “ His little hoofs would rattle round
 Upon the cottage floor ;
The matron learned to love the sound
 That frightened her before.
- “ A favourite the ghost became,
 And, 'twas his fate to thrive ;
And long he lived and spread his fame
 And kept the joke alive.
- “ For many a laugh went through the vale ;
 And some conviction too :—
Each thought some other goblin tale
 Perhaps, was just as true.”

ALFRED H. MILES.

John Hookham Frere.

1769—1846.

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE was born in London on May 21st, 1769. He was the son of John Frere, of Roydon Hall, Norfolk, and was educated at Eton, where he formed a lifelong friendship with Canning. While at school he wrote a metrical version of the "Ode on Æthelstan's Victory," a piece which is included in Ellis's "Early English Poets." This early effort Sir Walter Scott declared to be the only poem he knew "which if it had been produced as ancient, could not have been detected on internal evidence." Frere took the degree of M.A. at Caius College, Cambridge, in 1795, and in the following year was returned as member for the borough of West Looe in Cornwall, which he represented until 1802. He was throughout his life an ardent admirer of Pitt. In 1797 he took part with Canning in founding the *Anti-Jacobin*, which ran until July 1798. Of the witty verses which in a great degree made the reputation of the paper, several of the happiest were written by Frere. In most cases, however, he collaborated with Canning and Ellis, and the three writers in later years declared they could not indicate their respective contributions. Among the pieces thus written in conjunction were the "Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder," "La Sainte-Guillotine," the "Elegy on the Death of Jean Bon

St. André," and "The Loves of the Triangles"—a burlesque on Erasmus Darwin's "Loves of the Plants." In April 1799, Frere became Under Foreign Secretary; in 1800 he was appointed Envoy Extraordinary at Lisbon; in 1802 he was transferred to Madrid, whence he was recalled in 1804. He was then awarded a pension of £1,700 a year, and was made a member of the Privy Council. In 1808 he was sent as British Minister to Spain, but had a misunderstanding with Sir John Moore, and incurred censure for urging that general to retreat through Galicia. In consequence he was recalled in 1809, and he afterwards refused to accept the post of ambassador at St. Petersburg. He succeeded to his father's estates in 1809, and in 1812 he married the Dowager Countess of Errol. In 1817 he published a "Prospectus and Specimen of an Intended National Work by William and Robert Whistlecraft, of Stowmarket, in Suffolk, Harness and Collar Makers, Intended to Comprise the most interesting Particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table," a mock-heroic poem after the manner of Berni and Pulci. This first issue consisted only of Cantos I. and II., Cantos III. and IV. being published in the following year. Byron was struck by Frere's happy use of the octave stanza, and confessedly wrote his "Beppo," in imitation of Frere's work. "I have written," he said to Mr. Murray, "a poem humorous, in or after the excellent manner of Mr. Whistlecraft." Frere twice refused the offer of a peerage. He spent his latter years at Malta, where he did a good deal of literary work, though he cared little if at all to secure fame as an author, several of his writings being only

printed for private circulation. His "Fables for Five Years Old," written for the instruction of his nephew, who became Rev. John Frere, rector of Cottenham, appeared in 1830; his metrical version of the "Frogs" of Aristophanes in 1839; and his translations of the same dramatist's "Acharnians," "Knights," and "Birds" in 1840. His translation of the fragments of "Theognis," accompanied by a commentary, was printed in 1842. Frere died in Malta on January 7th, 1846.

Frere was one of the nimblest and most caustic of wits and the most fluent and original of versifiers. It must be granted that when writing unaided he produced nothing so amusing and so telling as the pieces which he wrote in collaboration with Canning, such as the delightful "Friend of Humanity," and the equally diverting and pungent "Elegy on the Death of Jean Bon St. André." "The Monks and the Giants" is rather too long, and moreover suffers from the comparison which it provokes with Byron's brilliant version of the "Morgante Maggiore." But the writer shows fine humour and invention and the happiest knowledge of the droll effects which can be produced by unexpected and ingenious rhymes. Inferior to Byron in wit, he is hardly, if at all, inferior to him in the easy flow of his verses, and the novelty and felicity of his rhyming. How thoroughly he had anticipated the style of "Don Juan," the opening lines of "King Arthur" will show:—

" I've often wish'd that I could write a book,
Such as all English people might peruse ;
I never should regret the pains it took,
That's just the sort of fame that I should choose :

To sail about the world like Captain Cook,
I'd sling a cot up for my favourite Muse,
And we'd take verses out to Demerara,
To New South Wales, and up to Niagara.

“Poets consume exciseable commodities,
They raise the nation's spirit when victorious,
They drive an export trade in whims and oddities,
Making our commerce and revenue glorious ;
As an industrious and painstaking body 'tis
That poets should be reckon'd meritorious :
And therefore I submissively propose
To erect one Board for Verse and one for Prose.

It is, however, by his translation of “Aristophanes” that he will retain a place in literature. It is one of the very best translations in any language, and that it will ever be surpassed by another metrical version is improbable in the extreme. The changing, many-coloured style of the incomparable satirist—the wonderful inter-playing of lyric fire with lyric laughter, of bird-like song with poignant wit and riotous buffoonery—can never be more than very imperfectly reproduced by even the most consummate master of English. Nevertheless, Frere's version is infinitely delightful to read ; it is scholarly, spirited, racy in diction and richly humorous—a frolic and sparkling “revel of rhymes.” A harder task was surely never attempted by a translator of Greek or Latin poetry, and no such translator has left a happier example of difficulties boldly encountered and dexterously overcome.

WALTER WHYTE.

PROSPECTUS AND SPECIMEN OF AN INTENDED NATIONAL WORK, ETC., ETC., ETC.

1817.

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.

I.

THE BANQUET.

From Canto I., Stanzas i. and ii.

BEGINNING (as my Bookseller desires)
Like an old Minstrel with his gown and beard,
"Fair Ladies, gallant Knights, and gentle Squires,
Now the last service from the board is clear'd,
And if this noble company requires,
And if amidst your mirth I may be heard,
Of sundry strange adventures I could tell,
That oft were told before, but never told so well."
The Great King Arthur made a sumptuous feast,
And held his Royal Christmas at Carlisle,
And thither came the vassals, most and least,
From every corner of this British Isle;
And all were entertain'd, both man and beast,
According to their rank, in proper style;
The steeds were fed and litter'd in the stable,
The ladies and the knights sat down to table. . . .

II.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE.

From Canto I., Stanzas xiii. to xxviii.

IN form and figure far above the rest,
Sir Launcelot was chief of all the train,
In Arthur's court an ever welcome guest;
Britain will never see his like again.
Of all the Knights she ever had the best,
Except, perhaps, Lord Wellington in Spain:
I never saw his picture nor his print;
From Morgan's Chronicle I take my hint.

For Morgan says (at least as I have heard,
And as a learned friend of mine assures),
Beside him all that lordly train appear'd
Like courtly minions, or like common boors,
As if unfit for knightly deeds, and rear'd
To rustic labours or to loose amours;
He mov'd amidst his peers without compare,
So lofty was his stature, look, and air.

Yet oftentimes his courteous cheer forsook
His countenance, and then return'd again,
As if some secret recollection shook
His inward heart with unacknowledged pain;
And something haggard in his eyes and look
(More than his years or hardships could explain)
Made him appear, in person and in mind,
Less perfect than what nature had design'd.

Of noble presence, but of different mien,
Alert and lively, voluble and gay,
Sir Tristram at Carlisle was rarely seen,
But ever was regretted while away;
With easy mirth, an enemy to spleen,
His ready converse charm'd the wintry day;
No tales he told of sieges or of fights,
Or foreign marvels, like the foolish Knights,

But with a playful imitative tone
(That merely seemed a voucher for the truth)
Recounted strange adventures of his own,
The chances of his childhood and his youth,
Of churlish Giants he had seen and known,
Their rustic phrase and courtesies uncouth,
The dwellings, and the diet, and the lives
Of savage Monarchs and their monstrous Wives:

Songs, music, languages, and many a lay
Asturian or Armoric, Irish, Basque,
His ready memory seiz'd and bore away ;
And ever when the Ladies chose to ask,
Sir Tristram was prepar'd to sing and play,
Not like a minstrel, earnest at his task,
But with a sportive, careless, easy style,
As if he seem'd to mock himself the while.

His ready wit and rambling education,
With the congenial influence of his stars,
Had taught him all the arts of conversation,
All games of skill and stratagems of wars ;
His birth, it seems, by Merlin's calculation,
Was under Venus, Mercury, and Mars ;
His mind with all their attributes was mixt,
And, like those planets, wandering and unfixt ;

From realm to realm he ran—and never staid ;
Kingdoms and crowns he wan—and gave away :
It seem'd as if his labours were repaid
By the mere noise and movement of the fray :
No conquests nor acquirements had he made :
His chief delight was on some festive day
To ride triumphant, prodigal, and proud,
And shower his wealth amidst the shouting crowd :

His schemes of war were sudden, unforeseen,
Inexplicable both to friend and foe ;
It seem'd as if some momentary spleen
Inspir'd the project and impell'd the blow ;
And most his fortune and success were seen
With means the most inadequate and low ;
Most master of himself, and least encumber'd,
When overmatch'd, entangled, and outnumber'd.

Strange instruments and engines he contriv'd
For sieges, and constructions for defence,
Inventions some of them that have surviv'd,
Others were deem'd too cumbrous and immense :
Minstrels he lov'd, and cherish'd while he liv'd,
And patronized them both with praise and pence;
Somewhat more learned than became a Knight,
It was reported he could read and write.

Sir Gawain may be painted in a word—
He was a perfect loyal Cavalier,
His courteous manners stand upon record,
A stranger to the very thought of fear.
The proverb says, *As brave as his own sword* ;
And like his weapon was that worthy peer,
Of admirable temper, clear and bright,
Polish'd yet keen, though pliant yet upright.

On every point, in earnest or in jest,
His judgment, and his prudence, and his wit,
Were deem'd the very touchstone and the test
Of what was proper, graceful, just, and fit ;
A word from him set everything at rest,
His short decisions never fail'd to hit ;
His silence, his reserve, his inattention,
Were felt as the severest reprehension :

His memory was the magazine and hoard,
Where claims and grievances, from year to year,
And confidences and complaints were stor'd,
From dame and knight, from damsel, boor, and peer:
Lov'd by his friends, and trusted by his Lord,
A generous courtier, secret and sincere,
Adviser-general to the whole community,
He served his friend, but watched his opportunity.

One riddle I could never understand—

But his success in war was strangely various;
In executing schemes that others plann'd,
He seem'd a very Cæsar or a Marius;
Take his own plans and place him in command,
Your prospect of success became precarious:
His plans were good, but Launcelot succeeded
And realized them better far than He did.

His discipline was steadfast and austere,
Unalterably fix'd, but calm and kind;
Founded on admiration, more than fear,
It seem'd an emanation from his mind;
The coarsest natures that approach'd him near
Grew courteous for the moment and refin'd;
Beneath his eye the poorest, weakest wight
Felt full of point of honour like a knight.

In battle he was fearless to a fault,
The foremost in the thickest of the field;
His eager valour knew no pause nor halt,
And the red rampant Lion in his Shield
Scal'd Towns and Towers, the foremost in assault,
With ready succour where the battle reel'd;
At random like a thunderbolt he ran,
And bore down shields, and pikes, and horse, and man.

III.

THE KNIGHTS AND THE GIANTS.

From Canto II., Selected Stanzas.

BEFORE the feast was ended, a report
Fill'd every soul with horror and dismay ;
Some Ladies, on their journey to the Court,
Had been surpris'd, and were convey'd away
By the aboriginal Giants, to their fort—
An unknown fort—for Government, they say,
Had ascertain'd its actual existence,
But knew not its direction, nor its distance.

A waiting-damsel, crooked and mis-shap'd,
Herself the witness of a woeful scene,
From which, by miracle, she had escap'd,
Appear'd before the Ladies and the Queen
Her figure was funereal, veil'd and crap'd,
Her voice convuls'd with sobs and sighs between,
That with the sad recital, and the sight,
Revenge and rage inflam'd each worthy knight.

Sir Gawain rose without delay or dallying,
“Excuse us, madam,—we've no time to waste——”
And at the palæe-gate you saw him sallying,
With other knights, equipp'd and armed in haste ;
And there was Tristram making jests, and rallying
The poor mis-shapen damsel, whom he placed
Behind him on a pillion, pad, or pannel ;
He took, besides, his falcon and his spaniel

But what with horror, and fatigue, and fright,
 Poor soul, she could not recollect the way.
 They reach'd the mountains on the second night,
 And wander'd up and down till break of day,
 When they discover'd, by the dawning light,
 A lonely glen, where heaps of embers lay;
 They found unleaven'd fragments, scorch'd and toasted
 And the remains of mules and horses roasted. . . .

Huge mountains of immeasurable height
 Encompass'd all the level valley round,
 With mighty slabs of rock, that slop'd upright,
 An insurmountable, enormous mound;
 The very river vanish'd out of sight,
 Absorb'd in secret channels under ground:
 That vale was so sequester'd and secluded,
 All search for ages past it had eluded. . . .

A rock was in the centre, like a cone,
 Abruptly rising from a miry pool,
 Where they beheld a pile of massy stone,
 Which masons of the rude primæval school
 Had rear'd by help of Giant hands alone,
 With rocky fragments unreduc'd by rule,
 Irregular, like Nature more than Art,
 Huge, rugged, and compact in every part.

But on the other side a river went,
 And there the craggy rock and ancient wall
 Had crumbled down with shelving deep descent;
 Time and the wearing stream had worked its fall:
 The modern Giants had repair'd the rent,
 But poor, reduc'd, and ignorant withal,
 They patch'd it up, contriving as they could
 With stones and earth, and palisades of wood:

Sir Gawain tried a parley, but in vain—

A true bred Giant never trusts a Knight —
He sent a herald, who return'd again

All torn to rags and perishing with fright ;
A trumpeter was sent, but he was slain—

To trumpeters they bear a mortal spite :
When all conciliatory measures fail'd,
The castle and the fortress was assail'd.

But when the Giants saw them fairly under,

They shovell'd down a cataract of stones,
A hideous volley like a peal of thunder,
Bouncing and bounding down, and breaking bones,
Rending the earth, and riving rocks asunder ;

Sir Gawain inwardly laments and groans,
Retiring last, and standing most expos'd ;—
Success seem'd hopeless, and the combat clos'd.

A Council then was call'd, and all agreed

To call in succour from the country round ;
By regular approaches to proceed,
Intrenching, fortifying, breaking ground.

That morning Tristram happen'd to secede :

It seems his falcon was not to be found ;
He went in search of her, but some suspected
He went lest his advice should be neglected.

At Gawain's summons all the country came ;

At Gawain's summons all the people aided ;
They called upon each other in his name,
And bid their neighbours work as hard as they did
So well belov'd was he, for very shame

They dug, they delv'd, entrench'd, and palisaded,
Till all the fort was thoroughly blockaded,
And every ford where giants might have waded.

Sir Tristram found his falcon, bruise'd and lame,
 After a tedious search, as he averr'd,
 And was returning back the way he came,
 When in the neighbouring thicket something stirr'd,
 And flash'd across the path, as bright as flame :
 Sir Tristram follow'd it, and found a bird
 Much like a pheasant, only crimson red,
 With a fine tuft of feathers on his head.

Sir Tristram's mind—invention—pow'rs of thought,
 Were occupied, abstract'd, and engag'd,
 Devising ways and means to have it caught
 Alive—entire—to see it safely cag'd :
 The Giants and their siege he set at nought
 Compar'd with this new warfare that he wag'd,
 He gain'd his object after three days' wandering,
 And three nights' watching, meditating, pondering,

And to the camp in triumph he return'd :
 He makes them all admire the creature's crest,
 And praise and magnify the prize he earn'd.

Sir Gawain rarely ventur'd on a jest,
 But ere his heart with indignation burn'd :

"Good Cousin, yonder stands an eagle's nest !
 —"A prize for fowlers such as you and me."—
 Sir Tristram answer'd mildly, "We shall see."

Good humour was Sir Tristram's leading quality,
 And in the present case he prov'd it such ;
 If he forbore, it was that in reality

His conscience smote him with a secret touch,
 For having shock'd his worthy friend's formality—

He thought Sir Gawain had not said too much ;
 He walks apart with him—and he discourses
 About their preparation and their forces—

Approving everything that had been done—

“ It serves to put the Giants off their guard—
Less hazard and less danger will be run—

I doubt not we shall find them unprepar’d—
The Castle will more easily be won,
And many valuable lives be spar’d ;
The Ladies else, while we blockade and threaten,
Will most infallibly be kill’d and eaten.” . . .

The Giants, with their brutal want of sense,
In hurling stones to crush them with the fall,
And in their hurry taking them from thence,
Had half dismantled all the new-built wall.
They left it here and there, a naked fence
Of stakes and palisades, upright and tall.
Sir Tristram form’d a sudden resolution,
And recommended it for execution.

“ My lads,” he cried, “ an effort must be made
To keep those monsters half an hour in play,
While Gawain is advancing to our aid,
Or else the Ladies will be made away.
By mounting close within the palisade,
You’ll parry their two-handed, dangerous sway—
Their clubs and maces : recollect my words,
And use your daggers rather than your swords.” . . .

The Ladies ?—They were tolerably well,
At least as well as could have been expected :
Many details I must forbear to tell,
Their toilet had been very much neglected ;
But by supreme good luck it so befell
That when the castle’s capture was effected,
When those vile cannibals were overpower’d,
Only two fat duennas were devour’d.

IV.

THE MONKS AND THE GIANTS.

(1818.)

From Cantos III. and IV., Selected Stanzas.

(CANTO III.)

SOME ten miles off, an ancient abbey stood,
Amidst the mountains, near a noble stream ;
A level eminence, enshrin'd with wood,
Slop'd to the river's bank and southern beam ;
Within were fifty friars fat and good,
Of goodly persons, and of good esteem,
That pass'd an easy, exemplary life,
Remote from want and care, and worldly strife. . . .
In castles and in courts Ambition dwells,
But not in castles or in courts alone ;
She breath'd a wish, throughout those sacred cells,
For bells of larger size, and louder tone ;
Giants abominate the sounds of bells,
And soon the fierce antipathy was shown,
The tinkling and the jingling, and the clangour,
Rous'd their irrational gigantic anger.
Unhappy mortals ! ever blind to fate !
Unhappy Monks ! you see no danger nigh ;
Exulting in their sound and size and weight,
From morn till noon the merry peal you ply :
The belfry rocks, your bosoms are elate,
Your spirits with the ropes and pulleys fly ;
Tir'd, but transported, panting, pulling, hauling,
Ramping and stamping, overjoy'd and bawling.
Meanwhile the solemn mountains that surround
The silent valley where the convent lay,
With tintinnabular uproar were astounded,
When the first peal burst forth at break of day :

Feeling their granite ears severely wounded,
They scarce knew what to think, or what to say ;
And (though large mountains commonly conceal
Their sentiments, dissembling what they feel,
Yet) Cader-Gibbrish from his cloudy throne,
To huge Loblommon gave an intimation
Of this strange rumour, with an awful tone,
Thund'ring his deep surprise and indignation ;
The lesser hills, in language of their own,
Discussed the topic by reverberation ;
Discoursing with their echoes all day long,
Their only conversation was, "ding-dong."
Those giant-mountains inwardly were mov'd,
But never made an outward change of place :
Not so the mountain-giants—(as behov'd
A more alert and locomotive race),
Hearing a clatter which they disapprov'd,
They ran straight forward to besiege the place
With a discordant universal yell,
Like house-dogs howling at a dinner-bell. . . .
Long, long before, upon a point of weight,
Such as a ring of bells complete and new,
Chapters were summon'd, frequent, full, and late ;
The point was view'd in every point of view,
Till, after fierce discussion and debate,
The wiser monks, the wise are always few,
That from the first oppos'd the plan *in toto*,
Were over-borne, *canonicali voto*.
A prudent monk, their reader and librarian,
Observ'd a faction, angry, strong, and warm,
(Himself an anti-tintinnabularian),
He saw, or thought he saw, a party form
To scout him as an alien and sectarian.
There was an undefin'd impending storm !

The opponents were united, bold, and hot ;
They might degrade, imprison him—what not ?
Now faction in a city, camp or cloister,
While it is yet a tender raw beginner,
Is nourish'd by superfluous warmth and moisture,
Namely, by warmth and moisture after dinner
And therefore, till the temper and the posture
Of things should alter—till a secret inner
Instinctive voice should whisper, all is right—
He deem'd it safest to keep least in sight.
He felt as if his neck were in the noose,
And evermore retir'd betimes from table,
For fear of altercation and abuse,
But made the best excuse that he was able ;
He never rose without a good excuse,
(Like Master Stork invited in the fable
To Mr. Fox's dinner) ; there he sat,
Impatient to retire and take his hat.
For only once or twice that he remain'd
To change this constant formal course, he found
His brethren awkward, sullen, and constrain'd,
—He caught the conversation at a bound,
And, with a hurried agitation, strain'd
His wits to keep it up, and drive it round.
—It sav'd him—but he felt the risk and danger,
Behav'd-to like a pleasant utter stranger.
Wise people sometimes will pretend to sleep,
And watch and listen while they droop and snore—
He felt himself a kind of a black sheep,
But studied to be neither less nor more
Obliging than became him—but to keep
His temper, style, and manner as before ;
It seem'd the best, the safest, only plan,
Never to seem to feel as a mark'd man.

Wise curs, when canister'd, refuse to run ;
They merely crawl and creep about, and whine,
And disappoint the boys, and spoil the fun—
That picture is too mean—this Monk of mine
Ennobled it, as others since have done,
With grace and ease, and grandeur of design ;
He neither ran nor howl'd, nor crept nor turn'd,
But wore it as he walk'd, quite unconcern'd.

To manifest the slightest want of nerve
Was evidently perfect, utter ruin,
Therefore the seeming to recant or swerve,
By meddling any way with what was doing,
He felt within himself would only serve
To bring down all the mischief that was brewing :
“No duty binds me, no constraint compels
To bow before the Dagon of the Bells,

“To flatter this new foolery, to betray
My vote, my conscience, and my better sense,
By bustling in the belfry day by day ;
But in the grange, the cellar, or the spence,
(While all are otherwise employ'd), I may
Deserve their thanks, at least avoid offence ;
For (while this vile anticipated clatter
Fills all their hearts and senses), every matter

“Behoveful for our maintenance and needs
Is wholly disregarded, and the course
Of our conventual management proceeds
At random, day by day, from bad to worse ;
The larder dwindles and the cellar bleeds !
Besides,—besides the bells, we must disburse
For masonry, for frame-work, wheels and fliers ;
Next winter we must fast like genuine friars.”

As bees, that when the skies are calm and fair,
In June, or the beginning of July,
Launch forth colonial settlers in the air,
Round, round, and round-about, they whiz, they fly,
With eager worry whirling here and there,
They know not whence, nor whither, where, nor why,
In utter hurry-scurry, going, coming,
Maddening the summer air with ceaseless humming ;

Till the strong Frying-pan's energetic jangle,
With thrilling thrum their feeble hum doth drown,
Then passive and appeased, they droop and dangle,
Clinging together close and clustering down,
Linked in a multitudinous living tangle
Like an old Tassel of a dingy brown ;
The joyful Farmer sees, and spreads his hay,
And reckons on a settled sultry day.

E'en so the Monks, as wild as sparks of fire,
(Or swarms unpacified by pan or kettle,)
Ran restless round the Cloisters and the Quire,
Till those huge masses of sonorous metal
Attracted them towards the Tower and Spire ;
There you might see them cluster, crowd, and settle,
Thronged in the hollow tintinnabular Hive ;
The Belfry swarmed with Monks ; it seemed alive. . . .

Yet, sitting with his books, he felt unclogg'd,
Unfetter'd ; and for hours together tasted
The calm delight of being neither dogg'd,
Nor watch'd, nor worried ; he transcrib'd, he pasted,
Repair'd old bindings, index'd, catalogued,
Illuminated, mended clasps, and wasted
An hour or two sometimes in actual reading ;
Meanwhile the belfry business was proceeding ;

And the first opening peal, the grand display,
In prospect ever present to his mind,
Was fast approaching, pregnant with dismay,
With loathing and with horror undefin'd,
Like th' expectation of an Ague-day;
The day before he neither supp'd nor din'd,
And felt beforehand, for a fortnight near,
A kind of deafness in his fancy's ear :

But most he fear'd his ill-digested spleen,
Inflam'd by gibes, might lead him on to wrangle,
Or discompose, at least, his looks and mien ;
So, with the belfry's first prelusive jangle,
He sallied from the garden-gate unseen,
With his worst hat, his boots, his line and angle,
Meaning to pass away the time, and bring
Some fish for supper, as a civil thing.

The prospect of their after-supper talk
Employ'd his thoughts, forecasting many a scoff,
Which he with quick reply must damp and balk,
Parrying at once, without a hem or cough,
"Had not the bells annoy'd him in his walk ?—
No, faith ! he liked them best when farthest off."
Thus he prepar'd and practis'd many a sentence,
Expressing ease, good humour, independence.

His ground-bait had been laid the night before,
Most fortunately !—for he us'd to say,
"That more than once the belfry's bothering roar
Almost induc'd him to remove away ;"
Had he so done,—the gigantean corps
Had sack'd the convent on that very day,
But providentially the perch and dace
Bit freely, which detain'd him at the place.

(CANTO IV.)

A MIGHTY current, unconfin'd and free,
Ran wheeling round beneath the mountain's shade,
Battering its wave-worn base ; but you might see
On the near margin many a wat'ry glade,
Becalm'd beneath some little island's lee
All tranquil, and transparent, close embay'd ;
Reflecting in the deep serene and even
Each flower and herb, and every cloud of Heaven ;
The painted kingfisher, the branch above her,
Stand in the steadfast mirror fixt and true ;
Anon the fitful breezes brood and hover,
Fresh'ning the surface with a rougher hue ;
Spreading, withdrawing, pausing, passing over,
Again returning to retire anew :
So rest and motion, in a narrow range,
Feasted the sight with joyous interchange.
The monk with handy jerk, and petty baits,
Stands twitching out apace the perch and roach ;
His mightier tackle, pitch'd apart, awaits
The groveling barbel's unobserv'd approach :
And soon his motley meal of homely Cates
Is spread, the leather bottle is a-broach ;
Eggs, bacon, ale, a napkin, cheese and knife,
Forming a charming picture of still-life. . . .
But hark !—the busy chimes fall fast and strong,
Clattering and pealing in their full career ;
Closely the thickening sounds together throng,
No longer painful to the Friar's ear,
They bind his fancy with illusion strong ;
While his rapt spirit hears, or seems to hear,
" *Turn, turn again—gen—gen, thou noble Friar,
Elec'le—licle—licle—lected prior.*"

Thus the mild monk, as he unhook'd a gudgeon,
Stood musing—when far other sounds arise,
Sounds of despite and ire, and direful dudgeon ;
And soon across the river he espies,
In wrathful act, a hideous huge curmudgeon
Calling his comrades on with shouts and cries,
“There !—there it is !—I told them so before ;”
He left his line and hook, and said no more ;

But ran right forward, (pelted all the way,)
And bolted breathless at the convent-gate,
The messenger and herald of dismay ;
But soon with conscious worth, and words of weight
Gives orders which the ready monks obey :
Doors, windows, wickets, are blockaded straight ;
He reinspires the convent's drooping sons,
Is here and there, and every where at once.

“Friends! fellow-monks!” he cried, (“for well you know,
That mightiest giants must in vain essay
Across yon river's foaming gulf to go :)
The mountainous, obscure and winding way,
That guides their footsteps to the ford below,
Affords a respite of desir'd delay—
Seize then the passing hour!” the monk kept bawling,
In terms to this effect, though not so drawling.

His words were these, “Before the ford is crost,
We've a good hour,—at least three quarters good—
Bestir yourselves, my lads, or all is lost—

Drive down this staunchion, bring those spars of wood
This bench will serve—here, wedge it to the post ;

Come, Peter, quick! strip off your gown and hood—
Take up the mallet, man, and bang away !
Tighten those ropes—now lash them, and belay.

"Finish the job while I return—I fear

Yon postern-gate will prove the convent's ruin ;
You, brother John, my namesake ! stay you here,
And give an eye to what these monks are doing ;
Bring out the scalding sweet-wort, and the beer,
Keep up the stoke-hole fire, where we were
And pull the gutters up and melt the lead— [brewing:
(Before a dozen aves can be said,)

"I shall be back amongst you."—Forth he went,

Secur'd the postern, and return'd again,
Disposing all with high arbitrament,
With earnest air, and visage on the main
Concern of public safety fixt and bent ;
For now the Giants, stretching o'er the plain,
Are seen, presenting in the dim horizon
Tall awful forms, horrific and surprising— . . .

Intrepid, eager, ever prompt to fly

Where danger and the convent's safety call ;
Where doubtful points demand a judging eye,
Where on the massy gates huge maces fall ;
Where missile volleyed rocks are whirl'd on high,
Pre-eminent upon the embáttl'd wall,
In gesture, and in voice, he stands confest ;
Exhorting all the monks to do their best. . . .

He check'd the rash, the boisterous, and the proud,

By speech and action, manly but discreet ;
During the siege he never once allow'd
Of chapters, or convok'd the monks to meet,
Dreading the consultations of a crowd.

Historic parallels we sometimes meet—
I think I could contrive one—if you please,
I shall compare our monk to Pericles. . . .

Dinner and supper kept their usual hours ;
Breakfast and luncheon never were delay'd,
While to the sentries on the walls and towers
Between two plates hot messes were convey'd.
At the departure of the invading powers,
It was a boast the noble Abbot made,
None of his monks were weaker, paler, thinner,
Or, during all the siege, had lost a dinner.

This was the common course of their hostility ;
The giant forces being foil'd at first,
Had felt the manifest impossibility
Of carrying things before them at a burst,
But still, without a prospect of utility,
At stated hours they pelted, howl'd, and curs'd ;
And sometimes, at the peril of their pates,
Would bang with clubs and maces at the gates ;

Them the brave monkish legions, unappall'd,
With stones that serv'd before to pave the court,
(Heap'd and prepar'd at hand), repell'd and maul'd,
Without an effort, smiling as in sport,
With many a broken head, and many a scald
From stones and molten lead and boiling wort ;
Thus little Pillicock was left for dead,
And old Loblolly forced to keep his bed.

The giant-troops invariably withdrew,
(Like mobs in Naples, Portugal, and Spain,)
To dine at twelve o'clock, and sleep till two,
And afterwards (except in case of rain),
Return'd to clamour, hoot, and pelt anew.

The scene was every day the same again ;
Thus the blockade grew tedious : I intended
A week ago, myself, to raise and end it. . . .

And now the Gates are open'd, and the throng
Forth issuing, the deserted camp survey;
"Here Murdomack, and Mangonell the strong,
And Gorboduc were lodg'd," and "here," they say,
"This pigsty to Poldavy did belong;
Here Brindleback, and here Phagander lay."
They view the deep indentures, broad and round,
Which mark their posture squatting on the ground.

Then to the traces of gigantic feet,
Huge, wide apart, with half a dozen toes;
They track them on, till they converge and meet,
(An earnest and assurance of repose)
Close at the ford; the cause of this retreat
They all conjecture, but no creature knows;
It was ascrib'd to causes multifarious,
To saints, as Jerom, George, and Januarius,
To their own pious founder's intercession,
To Ave-Maries, and our Lady's Psalter;
To news that Friar John was in possession,
To new wax candles plac'd upon the altar,
To their own prudence, valour, and discretion;
To reliques, rosaries, and holy water;
To beads and psalms, and feats of arms—in short,
There was no end of their accounting for't.

But though they could not, you, perhaps, may guess;
They went, in short, upon their last adventure:
After the Ladies—neither more nor less—
Our story now revolves upon its centre,
And I'm rejoic'd myself, I must confess,
To find it tally like an old indenture;
They drove off mules and horses half a score,
The same that you saw roasted heretofore.

THE BOY AND THE PARROT.

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.

From "Fables for Five Years Old," written for the instruction of his nephew, afterwards the Rev. John Frere, Rector of Cottenham.

PARROT, if I had your wings
I should do so many things :
The first thing I should like to do
If I had little wings like you,
I should fly to uncle Bartle,
Don't you think 'twould make him startle,
If he saw me when I came,
Flapping at the window frame
Exactly like the parrot of fame ?
All this the wise old parrot heard,
The parrot was an ancient bird,
And paused and ponder'd every word,
First, therefore, he began to cough,
Then said,—“It is a great way off,
A great way off, my dear ; ” and then
He paused awhile—and coughed again :—
“Master John, pray think a little,
What will you do for beds and victual ? ”
“Oh ! parrot, uncle John can tell—
But we should manage very well ;
At night we'd perch upon the trees,
And so fly forward by degrees.”
“Does uncle John,” the parrot said,
“Put nonsense in his nephew's head ?
Instead of telling you such things,
And teaching you to wish for wings,
I think he might have taught you better,
You might have learnt to write a letter :—
That is the thing that I should do
If I had little hands like you.”

George Canning.

1770—1827.

GEORGE CANNING was born in London on April 11th, 1770. When he was only a year old his father, who had been a wine-merchant, died in poverty, and his mother went upon the stage. The cost of his education was defrayed by his uncle, Stratford Canning, a banker. He was sent first to a school in London, and afterwards to Eton, where he formed a lasting friendship with John Hookham Frere and Charles Ellis, along with whom he brought out *The Microcosm*, a bright little schoolboys' magazine. In 1788 he went up to Christ Church College, Oxford, and in the following year he gained the Chancellor's prize for Latin verse. He went to Lincoln's Inn in 1790, but acting, it is said, on the suggestion of Burke, abandoned the bar for politics, and took his seat for Newtown, in the Isle of Wight, in 1793. He quickly gained reputation as an orator. his maiden speech, on the proposed grant of a subsidy to the King of Sardinia, being delivered with brilliant success on January 31st, 1794. He was made Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in 1796, and soon afterwards obtained the post of Receiver-General of the Alienation Office with a salary of £700 a year. In 1797 he was returned as member for Wendover. In the same year, along with his former colleagues, Frere and

Ellis, he started the *Anti-Jacobin*, which was edited by Gifford, and to which Pitt, Jenkinson, and Mornington (afterwards Marquis Wellesley) were said to be contributors. The writers met every Sunday at the house of Wright, the publisher (No. 169, Piccadilly), which, with a boyish pretence of shunning recognition, they entered by a door in a neighbouring house. The paper appeared on Mondays, and was sold for sixpence. It had an immediate success, which on literary grounds at least was thoroughly merited. A notable feature in its columns was the satirical verse written by Canning, Ellis, and Frere. No such brilliant pasquinades appeared in any contemporary journal. Some of these keenly edged and neatly turned little pieces are still fairly well known. Their wit retains its flavour, and one of them, Canning's famous "U—niversity of Göttingen," has never passed out of popularity. The paper did good service to the party of Pitt; it ceased, however, to appear in July 1798. In the same year Canning added greatly to his reputation by his speeches in favour of the abolition of the slave trade, and against the proposal to conclude peace with the French Directory.

In 1800 he married Joan, daughter of Major-General John Scott. She was the sister of the Duchess of Portland, and brought Canning a dowry of £100,000. When Pitt resigned in 1801 on the Roman Catholic question, Canning followed him out of office, and became the bitter assailant of the Addington administration. Pitt returning to power in 1804, Canning was made Treasurer of the Navy, an office which he retained until Pitt's death in 1806.

In 1807 he was Foreign Secretary in the Duke of Portland's cabinet, and in the following year he took part in founding the *Quarterly Review*. While in office he advocated the vigorous prosecution of the war in Spain, and was mainly responsible for the expedition which seized the Danish fleet and bombarded Copenhagen. He resigned in 1809, his disapproval of the Walcheren expedition having led to a rupture with Lord Castlereagh. The result of the quarrel between the two statesmen was a duel on Putney Heath, on September 21st, 1809, in which Canning was wounded in the thigh. "Canning, Wellington, the Peninsular War; Castlereagh, Chatham (the Second), the Walcheren expedition; these names," says Mr. Frank Hill, "are decisive of the controversy between the political rivals." Canning was elected in 1812 for Liverpool, where he declared that his "political allegiance was buried in the grave of Pitt." He journeyed to the South of France in 1814, and on his return in 1816, was made President of the Board of Control. He refused to support the policy pursued against Queen Caroline, and in 1821, when he was offered office by Lord Liverpool, the King would not agree to his inclusion in the ministry. He was returned for Harwich in 1822, and in the same year was nominated Governor-General of India. His departure, however, was arrested by the suicide of Castlereagh, and he was reinstalled in the post of Foreign Secretary. Through his influence a new direction was given to British affairs. He opposed the policy of the Holy Alliance, and was the first to recognise the independence of the South American republics—he called the New World into existence, he said, to redress

the balance of the Old. He despatched troops to protect Portugal against Spain, and mediated successfully between Portugal and Brazil. He ardently espoused the cause of Catholic emancipation, and by steadily undermining the prohibitive system he opened the way for the abolition of the corn laws. He declared, however, against Parliamentary reform. A stroke of paralysis forcing Lord Liverpool to retire in February 1827, Canning became Prime Minister. Eldon, Wellington, and Peel at once resigned, and Canning formed what was to all intents a Liberal administration. Mainly through his influence, England, France, and Russia, were induced to unite as the Triple Alliance for the settlement of the Græco-Turkish question. But his tenure of the premiership was brief, his health breaking down under the burden of work and the attacks of the Opposition. He died somewhat suddenly in the Duke of Devonshire's house at Chiswick, on August 8th, 1827, in the same room in which Fox had died twenty-one years before. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, near to the resting-place of Pitt.

"Canning," wrote Byron, "is a genius, almost a universal one, an orator, a wit, a poet, a statesman." His gifts were assuredly brilliant and manifold. No other English statesman, excepting Bolingbroke and Beaconsfield, has exerted such a fascination, not only over his contemporaries, but over their successors. Like Bolingbroke, he had a singularly handsome person, a pleasing voice, and manners irresistibly winning. And like Bolingbroke, he had a fine literary faculty, and stood in the front rank of English orators. He had not the majesty of Burke nor the persuasiveness of Fox, yet Byron set him

above either as a speaker, and described him in "The Age of Bronze" as—

"Our last, our best, our only orator."

Lord Holland said he was the first logician in Europe, and Sir George Cornewall Lewis held that as an orator he had never been surpassed. He was a master of polished, clear, incisive expression; a scathing satirist, a wit of the first water. De Quincey has accused him of indulging in over-florid rhetoric, and of displaying "too juvenile an air, too gaudy a flutter of plumage" in his "more solemn exhibitions." Such censure is unjust. "Speaking," said Canning, "must take conversation as its basis rather than anything studied or stately." He regarded the set exordiums and perorations of the old rhetoricians as antiquated and distasteful to the House. First and last, he said, you must aim at reasoning—"if you could you might be eloquent at any time, but not at an appointed time." And his practice was, on the whole, consistent with his theory. His best speeches were, like his despatches, models of close reasoning and lucid expression. Unfortunately, in preparing them for the press, he was apt to encumber the style by introducing superfluous and affected phrases.

The merits of Canning's home and foreign policy cannot be discussed here. He made many enemies by his wit—which he was too apt to exercise at the expense of his colleagues as well as of his enemies,—and by the midway position which he eventually took up between the adverse parties, Tories and Radicals alike reviled him. Thus Cobbett repeatedly referred to him as "that impudent spouter Canning," while De Quincey described him

as a "trading politician," who descended to a vulgar scuffle for power. He won his high place by sheer intellectual ability, and though his ambition was strong it was not stronger than his love of England. Quincy Adams called him "the most thoroughly English" of all his country's statesmen. But despite his personal fascination, his political and literary genius, and his oratorical supremacy, he failed to inspire confidence in the mass of the nation. His brilliance and versatility alarmed the more slow-witted of his countrymen. During the trying years from 1812 to 1816 they showed that they had stronger trust in Castlereagh than in his far more gifted but less cool-headed rival. That he was excluded from the Foreign Office during the closing period of the Napoleonic wars was a source of lifelong regret to Canning.

Had he not given himself to politics Canning could have won a high place in literature as a writer both of verse and prose. There is no doubt a lack of good-humour in the *Anti-Jacobin* lampoons; the satire is as cold as it is keen. But the writers are honest and thoroughly in earnest. Canning's victims were selected, not at the bidding of personal dislike or caprice, but as representatives of opinions which he firmly believed to be subversive of healthy morality and the national welfare. Although his scorn of wild revolutionary theories certainly carried him too far, he showed sound sense as well as robust, if somewhat narrow, patriotism in many of his antipathies. The *Anti-Jacobin* was not written by free-lances. Its contributors had a set of clearly-defined principles, and were consistent in their liking and their hatreds.

Canning detested the atheism, the extreme republicanism, the cosmopolitanism and "theophilanthropy" which were then in the air, and assailed them with all his powers of sarcasm and invective.

He showed good taste in his literary judgments. He did well in covering the extravagances of the German drama with ridicule, in condemning the fashion of writing Johnsonese prose, and in deriding Southey's predilection for metrical forms uncongenial to the English tongue. The men of the *Anti-Jacobin* were again and again unjust in their sneers and strictures, but they never stooped to the scurrility and falsehood with which such partisans as Wolcott defiled political controversy at the end of the eighteenth century. It is impossible to say with certainty what was Canning's exact share in the authorship of several of the *Anti-Jacobin* lampoons. He appears to have been the sole author of "The New Morality," of the second and third parts of "The Loves of the Triangles," of the "Inscription for the Door of the Cell of Mrs. Brownrigg, the 'Prentice-cide," and of the second and third parts of "The Progress of Man." The play of "The Rovers; or, The Double Arrangement," was written by Canning, Ellis, and Frere. The first five stanzas of "The Song of Rogero" are assigned to Canning, the last to Pitt.

Canning's impatience of dulness repeatedly betrayed him into indiscretion and injustice. He had an unhappy propensity for flouting the weaknesses of his colleagues. There was something almost diabolical in the fire of epigram and insult which he kept up year after year upon Addington and Addington's supporters. Of these lampoons, which

were published for the most part in the *Oracle*, a number were much coarser than any which appeared in the *Anti-Jacobin*. One of the bitterest is the "Anacreontic," issued after Addington had appointed his brother, Hiley Addington, Secretary of War, and his brother-in-law Bragge, Treasurer of the Navy :—

"When his speeches hobble vilely,
What 'Hear him's' burst from Brother Hiley;
When his faltering periods lag,
Hark to the cheers of Brother Bragge;
When the faltering periods lag,
Or the yawning audience flag;
When his speeches hobble vilely
Or the House receives them drily,
Cheer, oh, cheer him, Brother Bragge,
Cheer, oh, cheer him, Brother Hiley.
Each a gentleman at large,
Lodged and fed at public charge,
Paying (with a grace to charm ye),
This the Fleet and that the Army.
Brother Bragge and Brother Hiley
Cheer him when he speaks so vilely;
Cheer him when his audience flag,
Brother Hiley, Brother Bragge."

Years afterwards Canning and Addington met at the Home Office, and Addington asked that they should be reconciled—a request which so moved Canning that he broke down and was unable to acknowledge the other's generosity. A wanton readiness to exercise his wit at the expense of friends as well as foes, and an occasional tendency to stoop to intrigue—these are the chief blemishes on the character of Canning—assuredly one of the noblest and most variously gifted of the statesmen who have moulded the destinies of the country he so passionately loved.

WALTER WHYTE.

THE ANTI-JACOBIN.

I.—INTRODUCTION TO THE POETRY OF THE “ANTI-JACOBIN.”

November 20th, 1797.

. . . THE Poet in all ages has despised riches and grandeur. The *Jacobin* Poet improves this sentiment into a hatred of the rich and the great. The Poet of other times has been an enthusiast in the love of his native soil. The *Jacobin* Poet rejects all restriction in his feelings. *His* love is enlarged and expanded so as to comprehend all human kind. The love of all human kind is without doubt a noble passion: it can hardly be necessary to mention that its operation extends to *Freemen*, and them only, all over the world. The Old Poet was a warrior—at least in imagination; and sung the actions of the Heroes of his Country in strains which “made Ambition Virtue,” and which overwhelmed the horrors of War in its glory. The *Jacobin* poet would have no objection to sing battles too—but *he* would make a distinction. The prowess of Buonaparte indeed he might chaunt in his loftiest strain of exultation. *There* we should find nothing but trophies, and triumphs, and branches of laurel and olive, phalanxes of Republicans shouting victory, satellites of Despotism biting the ground, and geniuses of Liberty planting standards on mountain-tops. But let his own Country triumph, or her Allies obtain an advan-

tage;—straightway the “bèauteous face of War” is changed; the “pride, pomp, and circumstance” of Victory are kept carefully out of sight—and we are presented with nothing but contusions and amputations, plundered peasants and deserted looms. Our Poet points the thunder of his blank verse at the head of the Recruiting Sergeant, or roars in dithyrambs against the Lieutenants of Pressgangs. But it would be endless to chace the coy Muse of *Jacobinism* through all her characters. *Mille habet ornatus*. The *Mille decenter habet* is perhaps more questionable. For in whatever disguise she appears, whether of mirth or of melancholy, of piety or tenderness, under all disguises, like *Sir John Brute* in woman’s clothes, she is betrayed by her drunken swagger and ruffian tone. In the poem which we have selected for the edification of our Readers, and our own imitation, this day, the principles which are meant to be inculcated speak so plainly for themselves, that they need no previous introduction.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE APARTMENT IN CHEPSTOW
CASTLE, WHERE HENRY MARTEN, THE REGICIDE,
WAS IMPRISONED THIRTY YEARS.

For thirty years secluded from mankind
Here Marten linger’d. Often have these walls
Echoed his footsteps, as with even tread
He pac’d around his prison; not to him
Did Nature’s fair varieties exist;
He never saw the Sun’s delightful beams;
Save when thro’ yon high bars he pour’d a sad
And broken splendour. Dost thou ask his crime?
He had REBELL’D AGAINST THE KING, AND SAT
IN JUDGMENT ON HIM; for his ardent mind

Shap'd goodliest plans of happiness on earth,
 And Peace and Liberty. Wild dreams ! but such
 As Plato lov'd ; such as with holy zeal
 Our Milton worshipp'd. Blessed hopes ! a-while
 From man with-held, even to the latter days
 When Christ shall come, and all things be fulfill'd !

(IMITATION.)

INSCRIPTION FOR THE DOOR OF THE CELL IN
 NEWGATE, WHERE MRS. BROWNRIGG, THE
 'PRENTICE-CIDE, WAS CONFINED PREVIOUS TO
 HER EXECUTION.

For one long Term, or e'er her trial came,
 Here Brownrigg linger'd. Often have these cells
 Echoed her blasphemies, as with shrill voice
 She scream'd for fresh Geneva. Not to her
 Did the blithe fields of Tothill, or thy street,
 St. Giles, its fair varieties expand ;
 Till at the last in slow-drawn cart she went
 To execution. Dost thou ask her crime ?
 SHE WHIPP'D TWO FEMALE 'PRENTICES TO DEATH,
 AND HID THEM IN THE COAL-HOLE. For her mind
 Shap'd strictest plans of discipline. Sage Schemes !
 Such as Lycurgus taught, when at the shrine
 Of the Orthyian Goddess he bade flog
 The little Spartans ; such as erst chastised
 Our Milton, when at College. For this act
 Did Brownrigg swing. Harsh Laws ! But time
 shall come,
 When France shall reign, and Laws be all repealed !

II.—INTRODUCTION TO THE POETRY OF THE “FRIEND OF HUMANITY.”

November 27th, 1797.

IN the specimen of Jacobin Poetry which we gave in our last Number, was developed a principle, perhaps one of the most universally recognised in the Jacobin Creed ; namely, “that the animadversion of *Human Law* upon *Human Actions* is for the most part nothing but *gross oppression* ; and that, in all cases of the administration of *Criminal Justice*, the truly benevolent mind will consider only the *severity of the punishment*, without any reference to the *malignity of the crime*.” This principle has of late years been laboured with extraordinary industry, and brought forward in a variety of shapes, for the edification of the Public. It has been inculcated in bulky quartos, and illustrated in popular novels. It remained only to fit it with a poetical dress, which has been attempted in the INSCRIPTION for CHEPSTOW CASTLE, and which (we flatter ourselves) was accomplished in that for MRS. BROWNRIGG’S CELL. Another principle no less devoutly entertained, and no less sedulously disseminated, is the *natural and eternal warfare of the Poor and the Rich*. In those orders and gradations of Society, which are the natural result of the original difference of the talents and of industry among mankind, the Jacobin sees nothing but a graduated scale of violence and cruelty. He considers every rich man as an oppressor, and every person in a lower situation as the victim of avarice, and the slave of aristocratical insolence and contempt. These truths he declares loudly, not to

excite compassion, or to soften the consciousness of superiority in the higher, but for the purpose of aggravating discontent in the inferior orders. A human being, in the lowest state of penury and distress, is a treasure to a reasoner of this cast. He contemplates, he examines, he turns him in every possible light, with a view of extracting from the variety of his wretchedness new topics of invective against the pride of property. He indeed (if he is a true Jacobin), refrains from *relieving* the object of his compassionate contemplation ; as well knowing that every diminution from the general mass of human misery, must proportionally diminish the force of his argument. This principle is treated at large by many Authors. It is verified in Sonnets and Elegies without end. We trace it particularly in a Poem by the same Author from whom we borrowed our former illustration of the Jacobin Doctrine of Crimes and Punishments. In this Poem the pathos of the Matter is not a little relieved by the absurdity of the Metre. We shall not think it necessary to transcribe the whole of it, as our imitation does not pretend to be so literal as in the last instance, but merely aspires to convey some idea of the manner and sentiment of the original. One Stanza, however, we must give, lest we should be suspected of painting from fancy and not from life. The learned reader will perceive that the Metre is SAPPHIC, and affords a fine opportunity for his *scanning* and *proving*, if he has not forgotten them.

Cōld wās thē night wind ; drīftīng fāst thē snōws fēll,
 Wīde wēre thē Dōwns, ānd shēltērless ānd nākēd :
 Whēn ā poōr Wānd'rēr strūglēd ōn hēr jōurnēy
 Wēāry ānd wāy-sōrē.

This is enough : unless the Reader should wish to be informed how

Fāst o'ēr thē blēāk hēāth rāttlīng drōve ā Chārīōt ;

or how, not long after,

Lōūd blēw thē wīnd, ūnheārd wās hēr cōmplāīnīng—ōn wēnt
thē hōrsēmān.

We proceed to give our IMITATION, which is of the *Amabaan* or *Collocutory* kind.

(IMITATION.)

SAPPHICS.

*THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE
KNIFE-GRINDER.*

Friend of Humanity.

“NEEDY Knife-grinder ! whither are you going ?
Rough is the road, your Wheel is out of order—
Bleak blows the blast ;—your hat has got a hole in't,
So have your breeches !

“Weary Knife-grinder ! little think the proud ones
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
road, what hard work 'tis crying all day, ‘Knives and
‘Scissors to grind O !”

“Tell me, Knife-grinder, how came you to grind knives ?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you ?
Was it the Squire ? or Parson of the parish ?
Or the Attorney ?

“Was it the Squire for killing of his game ? or
Covetous Parson, for his Tithes distraining ?
Or roguish Lawyer, made you lose your little
All in a law-suit ?

“(Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom Paine ?)
 Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids
 Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
 Pitiful story.”

Knife-grinder.

“Story ! God bless you ! I have none to tell, Sir,
 Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers,
 This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
 Torn in a scuffle.

“Constables came up for to take me into
 Custody ; they took me before the justice ;
 Justice Oldmixon put me in the Parish-
 -stocks for a Vagrant.

“I should be glad to drink your Honour’s health in
 A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence ;
 But for my part, I never love to meddle
 With Politics, sir.”

Friend of Humanity.

“I give thee sixpence ! I will see thee damn’d first—
 Wretch ! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to
 vengeance—
 Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
 Spiritless outcast !”

[Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in
 a transport of republican enthusiasm and universal
 philanthropy.]

III.—ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JEAN BON
ST. ANDRÉ.

May 14th, 1798.

THE following exquisite tribute to the memory of an unfortunate republican, is written with such a touching sensibility, that those who can command salt tears, must prepare to shed them. The narrative is simple and unaffected; the event in itself interesting, the moral obvious and awful.—We have only to observe, that as this account of the transaction is taken from the French papers, it may possibly be somewhat partial. The Dey's own statement of the affair has not yet been received. Every friend of Humanity will join with us, in expressing a candid and benevolent hope that this business may not tend to kindle the flames of war between these two Unchristian powers; but that by mutual concession and accommodation they may come to some point (short of the restoration of Jean Bon's head to his shoulders, which in this stage of the discussion is hardly practicable) by which the peace of the Pagan World may be preserved. For our part, we pretend not to decide from which quarter the concessions ought principally to be made. There are probably faults on *both sides*, in this, as in most other cases. For the character of the Dey we profess a sincere respect on the one hand; and on the other, we should naturally have wished that the head of Jean Bon St. André should have been reserved for his own *Guillotine*.

ELEGY, OR DIRGE.

ALL in the town of *Tunis*,
In *Africa* the torrid,
On a *Frenchman* of rank
Was play'd such a prank,
As Lepaux must think quite horrid.

No story half so shocking,
By Kitchen-fire or Laundry,
Was ever heard tell,—
As that which befell
The great Jean Bon St. André.

Poor John was a gallant Captain,
In Battles much delighting ;
He fled full soon
On the *First of June*—
But he bade the rest keep fighting.

To *Paris* then returning,
And recover'd from his panic,
He translated the plan
Of "*Paine's Rights of Man*"
Into language *Mauritanic*.

He went to teach at *Tunis*—
Where as Consul he was settled—
Amongst other things,
That the "*People are Kings !*"
Whereat the Dey was nettled.

The *Moors* being rather stupid
And in temper somewhat mulish,
Understood not a word
Of the Doctrine they heard,
And thought the Consul foolish.

He form'd a *Club of Brothers*,
And moved some Resolutions—
“Ho ! ho ! (says the Dey),
So this is the way
That the *French* make *Revolutions*.”

The Dey then gave his orders
In *Arabic* and *Persian*—
“Let no more be said—
But bring me his head !—
These *Clubs* are my aversion.”

The Consul quoted Wicquefort,
And Puffendorf and Grotius ;
And proved from Vattel
Exceedingly well,
Such a deed would be quite atrocious.

'Twould have moved a *Christian's* bowels
To hear the doubts he stated ;—
But the *Moors* they did
As they were bid,
And strangled him while he prated.

His Head with a sharp-edged sabre
They sever'd from his shoulders,
And stuck it on high,
Where it caught the eye,
To the wonder of all beholders.

This sure is a doleful story
As e'er you heard or read of,—
If at *Tunis* you prate
Of matters of State,
Anon they cut your head off!

But we hear the French Directors
 Have thought the point so knotty,
 That the Dey having shown
 He *dislikes* Jean Bon,
 They have sent him Bernadotté.

On recurring to the French papers to verify our Correspondent's statement of this singular adventure of Jean Bon St. André, we discovered, to our great mortification, that it happened at *Algiers*, and not at *Tunis*. We should have corrected this mistake, but for two reasons—*first*, that *Algiers* would not stand in the verse; and, *secondly*, that we are informed by the young man who conducts the Geographical Department of the "Morning Chronicle," that both the towns are in Africa, or Asia (he is not quite certain which), and, what is more to the purpose, that both are peopled by Moors. *Tunis*, therefore may stand.

IV.—THE ROVERS; OR, THE DOUBLE ARRANGEMENT.

June 4th, 1798.

(FROM ACT I.)

Scene changes to a Subterranean Vault in the Abbey of QUEDLINEBURGH; with Coffins, 'Scutcheons, Death's Heads and Cross-bones.—Toads and other loathsome Reptiles are seen traversing the obscurer parts of the Stage.—ROGERO appears, in chains, in a Suit of rusty Armour, with his beard grown, and a Cap of a grotesque form upon his head.—Beside him a Crock, or Pitcher, supposed to contain his daily allowance of sustenance.—A long silence, during which the wind is heard to whistle through the Caverns.—ROGERO rises, and comes slowly forward, with his arms folded.

ELEVEN years! It is now eleven years since I was first immured in this living Sepulchre—The cruelty of a Minister—The perfidy of a Monk—Yes, MATILDA!

for thy sake—Alive amidst the dead—Chained—
Coffined—Confined—Cut off from the converse of my
fellow-men.—Soft!—what have we here? (*stumbles
over a bundle of sticks*). This Cavern is so dark,
that I can scarcely distinguish the objects under my
feet. Oh!—the register of my Captivity—Let me
see, how stands the account? (*Takes up the sticks,
and turns them over with a melancholy air; then
stands silent for a few moments, as if absorbed in
calculation*)—Eleven years and fifteen days!—Hah!
the twenty-eighth of August! How does the re-
collection of it vibrate on my heart! It was on this
day that I took my last leave of my MATILDA.—It
was a summer evening—her melting hand seemed
to dissolve in mine, as I prest it to my bosom—Some
Demon whispered me that I should never see her
more.—I stood gazing on the hated vehicle which
was conveying her away for ever.—The tears were
petrified under my eyelids.—My heart was crystallised
with agony.—Anon—I looked along the road.—The
Diligence seemed to diminish every instant.—I felt
my heart beat against its prison, as if anxious to
leap out and overtake it.—My soul whirled round as
I watched the rotation of the hinder wheels.—A long
trail of glory followed after her, and mingled with
the dust—it was the Emanation of Divinity, luminous
with Love and Beauty—like the splendour of the
setting Sun—but it told me that the sun of my joys
was sunk for ever—Yes, here in the depths of an
eternal Dungeon—In the Nursing Cradle of Hell—
The Suburbs of Perdition—In a nest of Demons,
where Despair in vain sits brooding over the putrid
eggs of Hope; where Agony woos the embrace of
Death; where Patience, beside the bottomless pool

of Despondency, sits angling for Impossibilities—Yet even *here*, to behold her, to embrace her—Yes, MATILDA, whether in this dark abode, amidst toads and spiders, or in a Royal Palace, amidst the more loathsome Reptiles of a Court, would be indifferent to me—Angels would shower down their hymns of gratulation upon our heads—while Fiends would envy the eternity of suffering Love. . . . — . . . Soft, what air was that? it seemed a sound of more than human warblings?—Again—(*listens attentively for some minutes*)—Only the wind. It is well, however,—it reminds me of the melancholy Air, which has so often solaced the hours of my Captivity. Let me see whether the damps of this dungeon have not yet injured my Guitar. (*Takes his Guitar, tunes it, and begins the following Air with a full accompaniment of Violins from the Orchestra.*)

SONG BY ROGERO.

WHENE'ER with haggard eyes I view
This Dungeon, that I'm rotting in,
I think of those Companions true
Who studied with me at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen.

(*Weeps, and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds—*)

Sweet kerchief, check'd with heav'nly blue,
Which once my love sat knotting in!—
Alas! MATILDA *then* was true!—
At least I thought so at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen.

At the repetition of this line ROGERO clanks his Chains in cadence.)

Barbs ! Barbs ! alas ! how swift you flew
 Her neat Post-Waggon trotting in !
 Ye bore MATILDA from my view.
 Forlorn I languish'd at the U—
 —niversity of Gottingen—
 —niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form ! this pallid hue !
 This blood my veins is clotting in.
 My years are many—They were few
 When first I entered at the U—
 —niversity of Gottingen—
 —niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,
 Sweet ! sweet MATILDA POTTINGEN !
 Thou wast the daughter of my Tu—
 —tor, *Law Professor* at the U—
 —niversity of Gottingen !
 —niversity of Gottingen !

(Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu !
 That kings and priests are plotting in :
 Here, doomed to starve on water gru—
 —el, never shall I see the U—
 —niversity of Gottingen,
 —niversity of Gottingen.)

[*During the last stanza, ROGERO dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his Prison ; and, finally, so hard as to produce a visible confusion. He then throws himself on the floor in agony. The Curtain drops—the Music still continuing to play, till it is wholly fallen.*]

END OF ACT I.

Hon. William Robert Spencer.

1770—1834.

THE Hon. William Robert Spencer was born on the 9th of July, 1770, in Kensington Palace. He was the youngest son of Lord Charles Spencer, second son of Charles, second Duke of Marlborough. He was educated at Harrow and Oxford, travelled on the Continent, and mingled with the best of literary and fashionable society. In Germany, when not more than nineteen years of age, he married the daughter of Count Jenison Walworth, a lady of considerable beauty, and with her visited Italy. In 1796 he published a translation of Lenore from the German of Burgen, which elicited high praise from Sir Walter Scott, and brought him considerable literary fame. Turning his attention to politics, he became Member of Parliament for Woodstock, resigning his seat in 1797 to accept the office of "Commissioner of Stamps." In 1802 he produced a comedy, entitled "*Urania; or, the Illuminé*," a satire on the weird and spectral school of literature which hailed from Germany. In 1811 he published a volume of poems.

His verses, thrown off with little effort, for the album of a "lady of quality" or the pages of an annual, are characterised by the "elegances" of these occasions. Horace Smith parodied them in the "*Rejected Addresses*," and Jeffrey designated

them as "flashy, artificial, and extravagant." Such as they are, however, they were among the best productions of their class of the time that preceded that of *Praed*. His ballad "*Beth Gelert*" attained an enormous popularity; and "*The Visionary*" gave expression to the breaking heart of Sir Walter Scott amid the wreck of his fortunes at *Abbotsford*.

THE VISIONARY.

- "When midnight o'er the moonless skies
Her pall of transient death has spread,
When mortals sleep, when spectres rise,
And nought is wakeful but the dead ;
- "No bloodless shape my way pursues,
No sheeted ghost my couch annoys ;
Visions more sad my fancy views,
Visions of long departed joys !
- "The shade of youthful hope is there,
That linger'd long and latest died ;
Ambition all dissolved to air,
With phantom honours at her side.
- "What empty shadows glimmer nigh ?
They once were Friendship, Truth, and Love ;
Oh ! die to thought, to memory die,
Since lifeless to my heart ye prove ! "

In 1825 he went to reside in France, first at Calais and afterwards at Paris, where he died, October the 23rd, 1834. A volume of his poems was published in 1835 with an interesting and sympathetic memoir, from which the particulars of this notice are taken. He was buried in the church at Harrow, where an engraved inscription bears testimony to his wit, his scholarship, his intellectual endowments, the warmth of his heart, and the sweetness of his manners.

ALFRED H. MILES.

POEMS.

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

1811.

I.—TO A LADY

WHO DISAPPROVED OF ITALIAN STUDIES.

TO lure me from the Tuscan Muse
Your wish is kind, your reason's true ;
But English Clio still should chuse
A better advocate than *You* !

In vain you plead for *England*, while
On *Italy* to fix my choice,
You've all her sunshine in your smile,
And all her music in your voice !

II.—WRITTEN IN A GARDEN.

YON lonely Rose that climbs the eaves,
How bright its dew-dropp'd tint appears !
As if Aurora on its leaves
Had left her blushes with her tears.—

And see two drooping willows nigh,
What heat their sickly foliage blanches !
As if some lover's burning sigh
Were all the gale that fann'd their branches.

Ah ! wish ye not, pale plants of woe,
Yon Rose's blooming state your own ?
Methinks I hear them murmur, " No,
Yon Rose is blooming, but alone !

" Knowst thou two hearts by love subdu'd,
Ask them which fate they covet,—whether
Health, joy, and life, in solitude,
Or sickness, grief, and death, together ! "

III.—TO LADY ANNE HAMILTON.

TOO late I stayed, forgive the crime,
 Unheeded flew the hours ;
 How noiseless falls the foot of Time
 That only treads on flow'rs !

What eye with clear account remarks
 The ebbing of his glass,
 When all its sands are di'mond sparks,
 That dazzle as they pass ?

Ah ! who to sober measurement,
 Time's happy swiftness brings,
 When birds of Paradise have lent
 Their plumage for his wings ?

IV.—TO MY GRAMMATICAL NIECE.

THE *Nom'native* case which I study's—"A Niece"
 Who is *Genitive* ever of kindness to me ;
 When I'm sad, she's so *Dative* of comfort and peace,
 That I scarce against fate can *Accusative* be !
 O Friendship (this *Vocative* most I prefer),
 Makes *my case* always *Ablative*—"by and with her."

Your Mother's a *Verb* from *Anomaly* free,
 Though *Indicative* always of learning and sense,
 In *all* of her moods she's *Potential* o'er me,
 And the *Perfect* is still her *invariable Tense* !
 Though *Passive* in temper, most *Active* in spirit,
 And we are *Deponents*—who swear to her merit !

For a *Syntax* like that which *unites her and you*
 Through folios of *Grammar* in vain we may seek ;
 As in *Gender*, in *Number* your *Concord's* most true,
 For as *Mother* and *Daughter*, you both are—*Unique*,
 And in goodness to *all*, as in kindness to *me*,
 You both, in *all cases*, are *sure to agree !*

From *Prosodia*, perhaps I might learn (if I tried),
 “To *scan* my own many defects,” (Vide Gray) ;
 But vain are all metrical rules when applied
 To charms which both *Mother* and *Daughter* display,
 For who could e'er learn, with all labour and leisure,
 To *scan* what are quite without *number* and *measure !*

V.—HOW-D'-Y'-DO AND GOOD-BYE.

ONE day, Good-bye met How-d'-y'-do,
 Too close to shun saluting,
 But soon the rival sisters flew,
 From kissing to disputing.

“Away !” says How-d'-y'-do, “your mien
 Appals my cheerful nature ;
 No name so sad as yours is seen
 In Sorrow's nomenclature.

“Whene'er I give one sunshine hour,
 Your cloud comes o'er to shade it ;
 Where'er I plant one bosom flower,
 Your mildew drops to fade it.

“Ere How-d'-y'-do has tun'd each tongue
 To Hope's delightful measure ;
 Good-bye in Friendship's ear has rung,
 The knell of parting pleasure !

"From sorrows past, my chemic skill
Draws smiles of consolation,
While you from present joys distil
The tears of separation."—

Good-bye replied, "Your statement's true,
And well your cause you've pleaded;
But pray who'd think of How-d'-y'-do,
Unless Good-bye preceded?"

"Without my prior influence,
Could yours have ever flourish'd;
And can your hand one flower dispense
But those my tears have nourish'd?"

"How oft, if at the court of Love
Concealment be the fashion,
When How-d'-y'-do has fail'd to move,
Good-bye reveals the passion.

"How oft, when Cupid's fires decline,
As every heart remembers,
One sigh of mine, and only mine,
Revives the dying embers.

"Go bid the timid lover choose,
And I'll resign my charter;
If he, for ten kind How-d'-y'-do's,
One kind Good-bye would barter.

"From Love and Friendship's kindred source
We both derive existence,
And they would both lose half their force,
Without our joint assistance.

"'Tis well the world our merit knows,
Since time, there's no denying,
One half in How-d'-y'-doing goes,
And t'other in Good-byeing."

James Hogg.

1770—1835.

WHATEVER may be the capacity of the average Scot for the enjoyment of southern wit, there can be no doubt that the Scotch poets have shown themselves capable of providing rich stores of humour for the delectation of the southern mind. To go no further back than a hundred years, and leaving Allan Ramsay and the earlier Scotch writers out of the question, few better illustrations of the immortal in humour could be cited than some to be found in the pages of Robert Burns; and from his day to ours, from "Tam o' Shanter" to "Tim o' Hara," there have not been wanting Scotch bards who have given abundant evidence of the power which can both create and appreciate humour.

James Hogg was one of those who, largely animated by the influence of Burns, followed him in more than one department of his work. It is true that the two men lived in the same country, and at the most but a few miles apart for twenty-six years, without even hearing of each other, and that it was not until a year after the death of Burns that Hogg became acquainted with his poetry; and yet, though, to quote his own description of himself, Hogg might often have been seen in earlier days among his Ettrick haunts, with his plaid about him, "best mantle of inspiration," a benk of auld ballants

as yellow as the cowslips" in his hand or bosom, his "inkhorn dangling at a button hole," "a bit stump o' pen nae bigger than an auld wife's pipe" in his mouth, "and a piece o' paper torn out of the hinder end of a volume" crinkling on his knee; prior to his meeting with the poetry of Burns, he does not seem to have done more than store his mind with materials for future use, and develop his faculties by exercise. It was "Tam o' Shanter," which he committed to memory, that first fired Hogg's ambition to rival Burns, an ambition which with more honesty than wisdom he frequently expressed. His songs will not bear comparison with the best of his master's, and as a poet generally he takes much lower rank; some, indeed, in our day denying him all poetic rank whatever; but, without instituting comparisons where none are necessary, the reader may enjoy "The Witch of Fife" as an example of northern wit and humour, well worthy of a place in any collection of humorous poetry. "The Queen's Wake," in which it appears, was first published in 1813, and became an immediate success. Its author was a born balladist, and the form of this effort exactly suited his powers. In the result he produced a work which can hardly fail to give him a permanent place in literature.

ALFRED H. MILES.

THE WITCH OF FIFE.

JAMES HOGG.

(FROM THE "QUEEN'S WAKE," FIRST EDITION).

"**Q**UHARE haif ye been, ye ill womyne,
These three lang nightis fra hame ?
Quhat garris the sweit drap fra yer brow,
Like clotis of the saut sea faem ?

"It fearis me muckil ye haif seen
Quhat good man never knew ;
It fearis me muckil ye haif been
Quhare the gray cock never crew.

"But the spell may crack, and the brydel breck,
Then sherpe yer werde will be ;
Ye had better sleipe in yer bed at hame,
Wi' yer deire littil bairnis and me."—

"Sit dune, sit dune, my leile auld man,
Sit dune, and listin to me ;
I'll gar the hayre stand on yer crown,
And the cauld sweit blind yer e'e.

"But tell nae wordis, my gude auld man,
Tell never word again ;
Or deire shall be yer courtisye,
And driche and sair yer pain.

"The first leet-nychte, quhan the new moon set,
Quhan all was douffe and mirk,
We saddled our naigis wi' the moon-fern leif,
And rode fra Kilmerrin Kirk.

"Some horses ware of the brume-cow framit,
And some of the green bay tree;
But mine was made of ane humloke schaw,
And a stout stallion was he.

"We raide the tod doune on the hill,
The martin on the law;
And we huntyd the hoolet out of brethe,
And forcit him doune to fa'."—

"Quhat gude was that, ye ill womyne?
Quhat gude was that to thee?
Ye wald better haif been in yer bed at hame,
Wi' yer deire littil bairnis and me."

"And ay we raide, and se merrily we raide,
Throw the merkist gloffis of the night;
And we swam the floode, and we darnit the woode,
Till we cam to the Lommond height.

"And quhen we cam to the Lommond height,
Sae lythlye we lychtid doune;
And we drank fra the hornis that never grew,
The beer that was never browin.

"Then up there rase ane wee, wee man,
Fra 'nethe the moss-grey stane;
His fece was wan like the collifloure,
For he nouthir had blude nor bane.

"He set ane reid-pipe till his muthe,
And he playit se bonnilye,
Till the grey curlew, and the black-cock flew
To listen his melodye.

"It rang se sweet through the grein Lommond,
That the nycht-winde lowner blew ;
And it soupit alang the Loch Leven,
And wakinit the white sea-mew.

"It rang se sweet through the grein Lommond,
Se sweetly butt and se shill,
That the wezlis laup out of their mouldy holis,
And dancid on the mydnycht hill.

"The corby craw cam gledgin' near,
The crn gede veeryng bye ;
And the troutis laup out of the Leven Louch,
Charmit with the melodye.

"And ay we dancit on the green Lommond,
Till the dawn on the ocean grew :
Ne wonder I was a weary wycht
Quhan I cam hame to you."—

"Quhat gude, quhat gude, my weird, weird wyfe,
Quhat gude was that to thee ?
Ye wald better haif been in yer bed at hame
Wi' yer deire littil bairnis and me."—

"The second nychte quhan the new moon set,
O'er the roaryng sea we flew ;
The cockle-shell our trusty bark,
Our sailis of the grein sea-rue.

"And the bauld windis blew, and the fire-flauchtis flew,
And the sea ran to the skie ;
And the thunner it growlit, and the sea-dogs howlit,
As we gaed scouryng bye.

And ay we mountit the sea-green hillis,
Quhill we brushit thro' the cludis of the hevin ;
Than sousit dounright, like the stern-shot light
Fra the liftis blue casement driven.

“ But our taickil stood, and our bark was good,
And se pang was our pearily prow ;
Quhan we cauldna speil the brow of the wavis,
We needilit them throu belowe.

“ As fast as the hail, as fast as the gale,
And fast as the midnycht leme,
We borit the breiste of the burstyng swale,
Or fluffit i' the flotyng faem.

“ And quhan to the Norraway shore we wan,
We muntyd our steedis of the wynd,
And we splashit the floode, and we darnit the woode,
And we left the shouir behynde.

“ Fleet is the roe on the green Lommond,
And swift as the couryng grew ;
The rein-deir dun can eithly run,
Quhan the houndis and the hornis pursue.

“ But nowther the roe, nor the rein-deer dun,
The hinde nor the couryng grew,
Culde fly owr muntaine, muir, and dale,
As owr braw steedis they flew.

“ The dales war deep, and the Doffrinis steep,
And we raise to the skyis e'e-bree ;
Quhite, quhite, was our rode, that was never trode
Owr the snawis of eternity

“And quhan we cam to the Lapland lone,
The fairies war all in array,
For all the genii of the north
War keepyng their holeday.

“The warlock men and the weerd wemvng,
And the fays of the wood and the steep,
And the phantom hunteris all war there,
And the mermaidis of the deep.

“And they washit us all with the witch-water,
Distillit fra the muirland dew,
Quhill our beauty blumit like the Lapland rose,
That wylde in forest grew.”—

“Ye lee, ye lee, ye ill womyne,
Se loud as I heir ye lee !
For the warst-faurd wyfe on the shoris of Fyfe
Is cumlye comparit wi’ thee.”—

“Then the mermaidis sang, and the woodlandis rang,
Se sweetly swellit the quire ;
On every cliff a herpe they hang,
On every tree a lyre.

“And ay they sang, and the woodlandis rang,
And we drank, and we drank se deep ;
Then soft in the armis of the warlock men,
We laid us dune to sleep.”—

“Away, away, ye ill womyne,
An ill deed met ye dee !
Quhan ye hae pruvit se false to yer Co’,
Ye can never pruve trew to me !”—

“ And there we lernit fra the fairy foke,
And fra our master true,
The wordis that can beire us throu the air,
And lockkis and baris undo.

“ Last nycht we met at Maisry’s cot!
Richt weil the wordis we knew;
And we set a foot on the black cruik-shell,
And out at the lum we flew.

“ And we flew ow’r hill, and we flew ow’r dale,
And we flew ow’r firth and sea,
Until we cam to merry Carlisle,
Quhare we lightit on the lea.

“ We gaed to the vault beyond the towir,
Quhare we enterit free as ayr;
And we drank, and we drank of the Bishopis wyne,
Quhill we culde drynk ne mair.”—

“ Gin that be trew, my guid auld wyfe,
Whilk thou hast tauld to me,
Betide my death, betide my life,
I’ll beire thee companye.

“ Neist tyme ye gaung to merry Carlisle
To drynk of the blude-reid wine,
Beshrew my heart, I’ll fly with thee,
If the deil shulde fly behynde.”—

“ Ah! little do ye ken, my silly auld man,
The daingeris we maun dree;
Last nichte we drank of the Bishopis wyne,
Quhill near, near ta’en war we.

"Afore we wan to the Sandy Ford,
The gor-cockis nichering flew ;
The lofty crest of Ettrick Pen
Was wavit about with blew,
And, flichtering throu the air, we fand
The chill, chill mornying dew.

"As we flew ow'r the hillis of Braid,
The sun raise fair and clear ;
There gurly James, and his baronis braw,
War out to hunt the decre.

"Their bowis they drew, their arrowis flew,
And piercit the ayr with speede,
Quhill purpil fell the mornying dew,
With witch-blude rank and reide.

"Littil do ye ken, my silly auld man,
The daingeris we maun dree ;
Ne wonder I am a weary wycht
Qhuan I come hame to thee."—

"But tell me the *word*, my guid auld wyfe ;
Come tell it me speedilye ;
For I lang to drink of the guid reide wyne,
And to wyng the ayr with thee.

"Yer hellish horse I wilna ryde,
Nor sail the seas in the wynd ;
But I can flee as well as thee,
And I'll drynk quhill ye be blynd."—

"O fy ! O fy ! my leil auld man,
That word I darena tell ;
It wald turn this warld all upside down,
And make it warse than hell.

“For all the lasses in the land
Wald munt the wynd and fly;
And the men wald doff their doublets' syde,
And after them wald ply.”

But the auld gudeman was ane cunnyng auld man,
And ane cunnyng auld man was he;
And he watchit, and he watchit for mony a nychte,
The witches' flychte to see.

Ane nychte he darnit in Maisry's cot;
The fearless haggs came in;
And he heard the word of awsome weird,
And he saw their deedis of synn.

Then ane by ane, they said that word,
As fast to the fire they drew;
Then set a foot on the black cruik-shell
And out at the lum they flew.

The auld gudeman cam fra his hole
With feire and muckil dreide,
But yet he culdna think to rue,
For the wyne cam in his head.

He set his foot in the black cruik-shell,
With ane fixit and ane wawlyng e'e;
And he said the word that I darena say,
And out at the lum flew he.

The witches skalit the moon-beam pale;
Deep groanit the trembling wynde;
But they never wist till our auld gudeman
Was hoveyng them behynde.

They flew to the vaultis of merry Carlisle,
Quhair they enterit free as ayr ;
And they drank, and they drank of the Byshopis wyne,
Quhill they culde drynk ne mair.

The auld gudeman he grew se crouse,
He dancit on the mouldy ground,
And he sang the bonniest sangis of Fife,
And he tuzzlit the kerlyngs round.

And ay he piercit the tither butt,
And he suckit, and he suckit se lang,
Quhill his een they closit, and his voice grew low,
And his tongue wold hardly gang.

The kerlyngs drank of the Bishopis wyne
Quhill they scentit the mornying wynde
Then clove again the yielding ayr,
And left the auld man behynde.

And ay he slepit on the damp, damp floor,
He slepit and he snorit amain ;
He never dremit he was far fra hame,
Or that the auld wyvis war gane.

And ay he slepit on the damp, damp floor,
Quhill past the mid-day highte,
Quhan wakenit by five rough Englishmen,
That trailit him to the lychte.

“ Now, quha are ye, ye silly auld man,
That sleepis se sound and se weil ?
Or how gat ye into the Bishopis vault
Throu’ lokkis and baris of steel ? ”

The auld gudeman he tryit to speak,
But ane word he culdna fynde ;
He tryit to think, but his head whirlit round,
And ane thing he culdna mynde ;—
“ I cam fra Fyfe,” the auld man cryit,
“ And I cam on the midnycht wynde.”

They nickit the auld man, and they prickit the auld man,
And they yerkit his limbis wi’ twine,
Quhill the reide blude ran in his hose and shoon,
But some cryit it was wyne.

They lickit the auld man, and they prickit the auld man,
And they tyit him till ane stone ;
And they set ane bele-fire him about,
And they burnit him skin and bone.

“ Now wae be to the puir auld man,
That ever he saw the day !
And wae be to all the ill wemyng,
That lead puir men astray !

“ Let never ane auld man after this,
To lawless greide inclyne ;
Let never an auld man after this,
Rin post to the deil for wyne.”

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

1772—1834.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, for all his tendency to sermonise, had a sense of humour which found expression in occasional verse, and for all his philosophy could even stoop to the perpetration of a pun. But for documentary evidence one would hesitate to attribute the following to the author of "Christabel" and the "Ancient Mariner."

"So Mr. Baker heart did pluck—
And did a-courting go,
And Mr. Baker is a buck;
For why? he *needs* the *doc*."

His lines upon "would-be" poets come perhaps a little nearer recognition, to wit "A Rhymester."

"Jem writes his verses with more speed
Than the printer's boy can set 'em;
Quite as fast as we can read,
And only not so fast as we forget 'em."

His definition of an Epigram nearer still.

"What is an epigram? a dwarfish whole,
Its body brevity, and wit its soul."

Or the following "On a Reader of His Own Verses":—

"Hoarse Mævius reads his hobbling verse
To all, and at all times;
And deems them both divinely smooth,
His voice, as well as rhymes.

“ But folks say,—‘ Mævius is no ass !’
 But Mævius makes it clear
 That he’s a monster of an ass,
 An ass without an ear.”

The couplet “ On a Bad Singer ” gives pointed expression to feelings often vaguely felt since the poet’s day.

“ Swans sing before they die :—’twere no bad thing
 Should certain persons die before they sing ”

“ Giles’ Hope ” of perfect happiness has been shaken by the doctrine of a literal physical resurrection, and so Coleridge gives expression to his fears.

“ What ? rise again with *all* one’s bones,
 Quoth Giles, I hope you fib :
 I trusted, when I went to Heaven,
 To go without my rib.”

The lines headed “ Sentimental ” are in another vein.

“ The rose that blushes like the morn,
 Bedecks the valleys low ;
 And so dost thou, sweet infant corn,
 My Angelina’s toe.

“ But on the rose there grows a thorn
 That breeds disastrous woe ;
 And so dost thou, remorseless corn,
 On Angelina’s toe.

Some verses of “ The Devil’s Thoughts,” in part suggested by Southey, and as a whole wrongly attributed to Professor Porson, together with the sonnet “ On a Ruined House in a Romantic Country ” are given in the following pages.

ALFRED H. MILES.

HUMOROUS VERSE.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

I.—THE DEVIL'S THOUGHTS.

FROM his brimstone bed at break of day
A-walking the Devil is gone,
To visit his snug little farm the Earth,
And see how his stock goes on.

Over the hill and over the dale,
And he went over the plain,
And backward and forward he swished his long tail,
As a gentleman swishes his cane.

And how, then, was the Devil drest ?
Oh ! he was in his Sunday's best ;
His jacket was red, and his breeches were blue,
And there was a hole where the tail came through.

He saw a Lawyer killing a Viper
On a dunghill beside his stable ;
And the Devil smiled, for it put him in mind
Of Cain and his brother Abel.

An Apothecary on a white horse
Rode by on his vocations ;
And the Devil thought of his old Friend
Death in the Revelations.

He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility ;
And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility.

He went into a rich bookseller's shop,
Quoth he ! We are both of one college !
For I sate myself like a cormorant, once,
Hard by the tree of knowledge.

Down the river there plied, with wind and tide,
A pig, with vast celerity ;
And the Devil look'd wise as he saw how the while
It cut its own throat. "There!" quoth he, with a smile
"Goes England's commercial prosperity."

As he went through Cold-Bath Fields he saw
A solitary cell ;
And the Devil was pleased, for it gave him a hint
For improving his prisons in Hell.

General — — —'s burning face
He saw with consternation ;
And back to hell his way did take,
For the Devil thought by a slight mistake
It was General Conflagration.

II.—ON A RUINED HOUSE IN A ROMANTIC COUNTRY.

AND this reft house is that, the which he built,
Lamented Jack ! and here his malt he piled,
Cautious in vain ! these rats that squeak so wild,
Squeak not unconscious of their father's guilt.
Did he not see her gleaming through the glade ?
Belike 'twas she, the maiden all forlorn.
What though she milked no cow with crumpled horn,
Yet, aye she haunts the dale where erst she strayed ;
And, aye beside her stalks her amorous knight !
Still on his thighs their wonted brogues are worn,
And through those brogues, still tattered and betorn,
His hindward charms gleam an unearthly white.
Ah ! thus through broken clouds at night's high noon
Peeps in fair fragments forth the full-orb'd harvest moon !

Robert Southey.

1774—1843.

To put an old head upon young shoulders is as impossible in process as it would be unsatisfactory in results; but to retain a young heart when the head has acquired gravity from knowledge and wisdom from experience has been the happy and delightful lot of many. Robert Southey was one of those who thus united the wisdom of the head and of the heart. Few men have had a higher moral purpose as a rule of life, few have pursued such a purpose with more wise and thoughtful zeal, fewer still have maintained through it all the lightness of heart and the elasticity of step which is characteristic of buoyant, hopeful youth. For one whose sense of humour reveals itself constantly in his voluminous correspondence, the charming vignettes of his home life, sketched and penned by his many friends, and in that remarkable book, "The Doctor," he did not produce many avowedly humorous poems, but humorous verses lightly thrown off for the amusement of his own children, or for the mere exercise of a faculty that could not long remain idle, were the frequent outcome of his lighter moods. With the former, "The Cataract of Lodore," always taken too seriously by those who are "nothing if they are not critical," may be classed, as well as many others which have not

been preserved. Sir Henry Taylor, in Ward's *English Poets*, gives the following "Inscription for a Coffee-Pot," written in his presence, as an example of this impromptu versification:—

"A golden medal was voted to me
By a certain Royal Society.
'Twas not a thing at which to scoff,
For fifty guineas were the cost thereof.
On the one side the head of the King you might see,
And on the other was Mercury.
But I was scant of worldly riches,
And moreover the Mercury had no breeches.
So, thinking of honour and utility too,
And having modesty also in view,
I sold the medal,—why should I not?
And with the money which for it I got
I purchased this silver coffee-pot;
Which I trust my son will preserve with care,
To be handed down from heir to heir.
These verses are engraven here,
That the truth of the matter may appear;
And I hope the Society will be so wise
As in future to dress their Mercuries."

"The Well of St. Keyne" has been one of the most popular of Southey's many popular poems, and with "St. Romuald," and the verses in which "The Poet relates how he stole a Lock of Delia's Hair, and her Anger" is included in the following pages. "The Pious Painter," too long for quotation here, written in a form of stanza, admirably adapted for humorous subjects, and as conspicuously unsuited to the narration of a serious story, witness the same author's "Mary the Maid of the Inn," is an amusing contribution to the ballad literature of demonology.

ALFRED H. MILES.

HUMOROUS VERSE.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

I.—THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

1798.

A WELL there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen ;
There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm-tree stand beside,
And behind doth an ash-tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne ;
Joyfully he drew nigh,
For from cock-crow he had been travelling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat down upon the bank
Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the house hard by
At the Well to fill his pail ;
On the Well-side he rested it,
And he bade the Stranger hail.

" Now art thou a bachelor ?" quoth he,
" For an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

“Or hast thy good woman, if one thou hast,
Ever here in Cornwall been ?
For an if she have, I’ll venture my life
She has drank of the Well of St. Keyne.”

“I have left a good woman who never was here,”
The Stranger he made reply,
“But that my draught should be the better for that,
I pray you answer me why ?”

“St. Keyne,” quoth the Cornish-man, “many a time
Drank of this crystal Well,
And before the Angel summon’d her,
She laid on the water a spell.

“If the Husband, of this gifted Well
Shall drink before his Wife,
A happy man henceforth is he,
For he shall be Master for life.

“But if the Wife should drink of it first,—
God help the Husband then !”
The Stranger stoop’d to the Well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

“You drank of the Well I warrant betimes ?”
He to the Cornish-man said :
But the Cornish-man smiled as the Stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

“I hasten’d as soon as the Wedding was done,
And left my Wife in the porch ;
But i’ faith she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to Church.”

II.—ST. ROMUALD.

1798.

ONE day, it matters not to know
How many hundred years ago,
A Frenchman stopp'd at an inn door :
The Landlord came to welcome him, and chat
Of this and that,
For he had seen the Traveller there before.

“Doth holy Romuald dwell
Still in his cell ?”

The Traveller asked ; “or is the old man dead ?”

“No ; he has left his loving flock, and we
So great a Christian never more shall see,”
The Landlord answered, and he shook his head.

“Ah, Sir ! we knew his worth !
If ever there did live a Saint on earth !—

Why, Sir, he always used to wear a shirt
For thirty days, all seasons, day and night ;
Good man, he knew it was not right
For Dust and Ashes to fall out with Dirt !
And then he only hung it out in the rain,
And put it on again.

“There has been perilous work
With him and the Devil there in yonder cell ;
For Satan used to maul him like a Turk.

There they would sometimes fight
All through a winter's night,
From sunset until morn,—
He with a cross, the Devil with his horn ;
The Devil spitting fire with might and main
Enough to make St. Michael half afraid :
He splashing holy water till he mad—
His red hide hiss again,

And the hot vapour filled the smoking cell.
This was so common that his face became
All black and yellow with the brimstone flame,—
And then he smelt,—O Lord ! how he did smell !

“Then, Sir ! to see how he would mortify
The flesh ! If any one had dainty fare,
Good man, he would come there,
And look at all the delicate things, and cry,
‘O Belly, Belly,
You would be gormandizing now, I know ;
But it shall not be so !—
Home to your bread and water—home, I tell ye !’ ”

“But,” quoth the Traveller, “wherefore did he leave
A flock that knew his saintly worth so well ?”
“Why,” said the Landlord, “Sir, it so befell
He heard unluckily of our intent
To do him a great honour : and, you know,
He was not covetous of fame ‘below,’
And so by stealth one night away he went.”

“What might this honour be ?” the Traveller cried.
“Why, Sir,” the Host replied,
“We thought perhaps that he might one day leave us ;
And then, should strangers have
The good man’s grave,
A loss like that would naturally grieve us,
For he’ll be made a Saint of, to be sure.
Therefore we thought it prudent to secure
His relics while we might ;
And so we meant to strangle him one night.”

III.—THE POET RELATES HOW HE STOLE A
LOCK OF DELIA'S HAIR, AND HER ANGER.

1799.

OH ! be the day accurst that gave me birth !
Ye Seas, to swallow me, in kindness rise !
Fall on me, Mountains ! and thou merciful Earth,
Open, and hide me from my Delia's eyes !

Let universal Chaos now return,
Now let the central fires their prison burst,
And earth and heaven and air and ocean burn—
For Delia frowns—she frowns, and I am eurst !

Oh ! I could dare the fury of the fight,
Where hostile millions sought my single life ;
Would storm volcano batteries with delight,
And grapple with grim death in glorious strife.

Oh ! I could brave the bolts of angry Jove,
When ceaseless lightnings fire the midnight skies ;
What is his wrath to that of her I love ?
What is his lightning to my Delia's eyes ?

Go, fatal lock ! I cast thee to the wind ;
Ye serpent curls, ye poison-tendrils, go !
Would I could tear thy memory from my mind,
Accursed lock,—thou cause of all my woe !

Seize the curst curls, ye Furies, as they fly !
Demons of darkness, guard the infernal roll,
That thence your cruel vengeance when I die,
May knit the knots of torture for my soul.

Last night,—Oh hear me, heaven, and grant my prayer!

The book of fate before thy suppliant lay,

And let me from its ample records tear

Only the single page of yesterday!

Or let me meet old Time upon his flight,

And I will stop him on his restless way:

Omnipotent in Love's resistless might,

I'll force him back the road of yesterday.

Last night, as o'er the page of Love's despair

My Delia bent deliciously to grieve,

I stood a treacherous loiterer by her chair,

And drew the fatal scissors from my sleeve;

And would that at that instant o'er my thread

The shears of Atropos had open'd then,

And when I reft the lock from Delia's head,

Had cut me sudden from the sons of men!

She heard the scissors that fair lock divide,

And, whilst my heart with transport panted big,

She cast a fury frown on me, and cried,

"You stupid Puppy,—you have spoiled my wig!"

James Smith.

1775—1839.

JAMES SMITH was born in Basinghall Street, London, on February 10th, 1775. His father, Robert Smith, was solicitor to the Board of Ordnance. He was educated at Chigwell, in Essex, received a legal training, and succeeded to his father's appointment. He shared with his brother, Horace Smith, the authorship of the famous "Rejected Addresses." In 1812 the present Drury Lane Theatre was completed, the older house having been destroyed by fire. The committee of management invited the authors of the day to compete in writing addresses which were to be sent in before a certain date, and of which the best was to be read on the opening of the new theatre. None, however, of the copies of verses submitted was held to be of sufficient merit, and in the end the address was written by Lord Byron. The idea of writing a series of addresses purporting to be examples of those rejected by the committee was suggested by Mr. Ward, the secretary to the Theatre, and was at once acted on by James Smith and his brother Horace, the latter having been one of the unsuccessful competitors. The book had to be planned, written, and published within an interval of six weeks, so as to appear before the opening of the theatre. Having arranged which writers they should severally imitate, James went to work

in London. and Horace in Cheltenham, and the result of their labours was the "Rejected Addresses," the most successful volume of Parodies ever issued. Its authors had, at first, no little difficulty in finding a publisher, though they asked nothing for the copyright of their verses. At last, however, Mr. John Miller of Covent Garden undertook to publish the book at his own risk, and to share the profits, should there be any, with the writers. The success of the little book was brilliant and immediate. Edition after edition was called for, and not one of the writers parodied, says Horace Smith, "ever betrayed the least soreness on the occasion, or refused to join in the laugh." Jeffrey declared that the "Rejected Addresses" revealed a talent to which he did not know where to look for a parallel. "I think the 'Rejected Addresses,'" Byron wrote to Murray, "by far the best thing of the kind since 'The Rolliad,' and wish *you* had published them. Tell the author I forgive him, were he twenty times over our satirist." "I certainly must have written that myself," said Sir Walter Scott, pointing to the travesty of his "Marmion," "although I forget upon what occasion." "In their versification," said Crabbe, "they have done me admirably. They are extraordinary men; but it is easier to imitate style than to furnish ideas." The honours of the authorship were pretty fairly divided between James and Horace. The parodies on Wordsworth, Crabbe, Southey, and Coleridge, and the first stanza of the parody on Byron, were contributed by James. He was especially happy in burlesquing Wordsworth and Crabbe. The gravest member of the Wordsworth Society could hardly resist "The Baby's

Debut," and the manner of our "Pope in Worsted Stockings"—as Horace Smith called Crabbe—is inimitably exaggerated in the episode of Pat Jennings, though the lines may not, as Jeffrey remarked, reproduce "the pathos and moral sublimity" of the original:—

"John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire.
But when John Dwyer 'listed in the Blues,
Emanuel Jennings polish'd Stubbs's shoes.
Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy
Up as a corn-cutter, a safe employ :
At Holywell Street, St. Pancras, he was bred
(At number twenty-seven, it is said),
Facing the pump, and near the Granby's Head :
He would have bound him to some shop in town,
But with a premium he could not come down.
Pat was the urchin's name—a red-hair'd youth,
Fonder of purl and skittle-grounds than truth."

The burlesque on "Kehama" opens well—

"I am a blessèd Glendoveer,
'Tis mine to speak, and yours to hear"—

but after a little, the piece becomes almost as tedious as the lines it travesties, and in "Playhouse Musings" the writer's ingenuity fails to capture the secret of Coleridge's style. The parodist, however, is again at his best in "The Hampshire Farmer's Address," which is delivered in "plain homespun ycoman's prose," the speaker, "W. C." (William Cobbett) disdaining "the gewgaw fetters of rhyme, which were invented by the monks to enslave the people."

James Smith wrote a number of verses, which were collected after his death by his brother, but

he is only remembered for his parodies. He was never married, a fact which he himself recorded :—

“Should I seek Hymen’s tie
As a poet I die—
Ye Benedicks mourn my distresses!
For what little fame
Is annexed to my name
Is derived from ‘Rejected Addresses.’”

James Smith died in Crane Street, near the Strand, in his sixty-fifth year, on December 24th. 1839.

WALTER WHYTE.

REJECTED ADDRESSES.

1812.

JAMES AND HORACE SMITH.

I.—THE BABY'S DEBUT, BY W. W.

(WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.)

JAMES SMITH.

"Thy lisping prattle and thy mincing gait,
All thy false mimic fooleries I hate ;
For thou art Folly's counterfeit, and she
Who is right foolish hath the better plea ;
Nature's true Idiot I prefer to thee."

CUMBERLAND.

[*Spoken in the character of Nancy Lake, a girl eight years of age, who is drawn upon the stage in a child's chaise by Samuel Hughes, her uncle's porter.*]

MY brother Jack was nine in May,
And I was eight on New-year's-day ;
So in Kate Wilson's shop
Papa (he's my papa and Jack's)
Bought me, last week, a doll of wax,
And brother Jack a top.

Jack's in the pouts, and this it is,—
He thinks mine came to more than his ;
So to my drawer he goes,
Takes out the doll, and, O, my stars !
He pokes her head between the bars,
And melts off half her nose !

Quite cross, a bit of string I beg,
And tie it to his peg-top's peg,
And bang, with might and main,

Its head against the parlour-door :
Off flies the head, and hits the floor,
And breaks a window-pane.

This made him cry with rage and spite :
Well, let him cry, it serves him right.

A pretty thing, forsooth !
If he's to melt, all scalding hot,
Half my doll's nose, and I am not
To draw his peg-top's tooth !

Aunt Hannah heard the window break,
And cried, "O naughty Nancy Lake,
Thus to distress your aunt :
No Drury-Lane for you to-day !"
And while papa said, "Pooh, she may !"
Mamma said, "No, she sha'n't !"

Well, after many a sad reproach,
They got into a hackney coach,
And trotted down the street.
I saw them go : one horse was blind,
The tails of both hung down behind,
Their shoes were on their feet.

The chaise in which poor brother Bill
Used to be drawn to Pentonville,
Stood in the lumber-room :
I wiped the dust from off the top,
While Molly mopp'd it with a mop,
And brushed it with a broom.

My uncle's porter, Samuel Hughes,
Came in at six to black the shoes,
(I always talk to Sam :)
So what does he, but takes, and drags
Me in the chaise along the flags,
And leaves me where I am.

My father's walls are made of brick,
But not so tall and not so thick
 As these ; and, goodness me !
My father's beams are made of wood,
But never, never half so good
 As those that now I see.

What a large floor ! 'tis like a town !
The carpet, when they lay it down,
 Won't hide it, I'll be bound.
And there's a row of lamps !—my eye !
How they do blaze ! I wonder why
 They keep them on the ground.

At first I caught hold of the wing,
And kept away ; but Mr. Thing-
 um bob, the prompter man,
Gave with his hand my chaise a shove,
And said, " Go on, my pretty love ;
 Speak to 'em, little Nan.

" You've only got to curtsey, whisper,
hold your chin up, laugh, and lisp,
 And then you're sure to take :
I've known the day when brats, not quite
Thirteen, got fifty pounds a night ;
 Then why not Nancy Lake ? "

But while I'm speaking, where's papa ?
And where's my aunt ? and where's mamma ?
 Where's Jack ? O, there they sit !
They smile, they nod ; I'll go my ways,
And order round poor Billy's chaise,
 To join them in the pit.

And now, good gentlefolks, I go
 To join mamma. and see the show ;
 So, bidding you adieu,
 I curtsey, like a pretty miss,
 And if you'll blow to me a kiss,
 I'll blow a kiss to you.

[*Blow a kiss, and exit.*]

II.—THE THEATRE, BY G. C.

(GEORGE CRABBE.)

'TIS sweet to view, from half-past five to six,
 Our long wax-candles, with short cotton wicks,
 Touch'd by the lamplighter's Promethean art,
 Start into light, and make the lighter start ;
 To see red Phœbus through the gallery-pane
 Tinge with his beam the beams of Drury Lane ;
 While gradual parties fill our widen'd pit,
 And gape, and gaze, and wonder, ere they sit.

At first, while vacant seats give choice and ease,
 Distant or near, they settle where they please ;
 But when the multitude contracts the span,
 And seats are rare, they settle where they can.

Now the full benches to late-comers doom
 No room for standing, miscall'd, *standing room*.

Hark ! the check-taker moody silence breaks,
 And bawling " Pit full !" gives the check he takes ;
 Yet onward still the gathering numbers cram,
 Contending crowdiers shout the frequent damn,
 And all is bustle, squeeze, row, jabbering, and jam.

See to their desks Apollo's sons repair—
 Swift rides the rosin o'er the horse's hair !

In unison their various tones to tune,
Murmurs the hautboy, growls the hoarse bassoon ;
In soft vibration sighs the whispering lute,
Tang goes the harpsichord, too-too the flute,
Brays the loud trumpet squeaks the fiddle sharp,
Winds the French-horn, and twangs the tingling harp ;
Till, like great Jove, the leader, figuring in,
Attunes to order the chaotic din.
Now all seems hush'd —but, no, one fiddle will
Give, half-ashamed, a tiny flourish still.
Foiled in his crash, the leader of the clan
Reproves with frowns the dilatory man :
Then on his candlestick thrice taps his bow,
Nods a new signal, and away they go.

Perchance, while pit and gallery cry, " Hats off ! "
And awed Consumption checks his chided cough,
Some giggling daughter of the Queen of Love
Drops, reft of pin, her play-bill from above :
Like Icarus, while laughing galleries clap,
Soars, ducks, and dives in air the printed scrap ;
But, wiser far than he, combustion fears,
And, as it flies, eludes the chandeliers ;
Till, sinking gradual, with repeated twirl,
It settles, curling, on a fiddler's curl ;
Who from his powder'd pate the intruder strikes,
And, for mere malice, sticks it on the spikes.

Say, why these Babel strains from Babel tongues ?
Who's that calls " Silence ! " with such leathern lungs ?
He who, in quest of quiet, " Silence ! " hoots,
Is apt to make the hubbub he imputes.

What various swains our motley walls contain !—
Fashion from Moorfields, honour from Chick Lane

Bankers from Paper Buildings here resort,
Bankrupts from Golden Square and Riches Court ;
From the Haymarket canting rogues in grain,
Gulls from the Poultry, sots from Water Lane ;
The lottery-cormorant, the auction-shark,
The full-price master, and the half-price clerk ;
Boys who long linger at the gallery-door,
With pence twice five—they want but twopence more ;
Till some Samaritan the twopence spares,
And sends them jumping up the gallery-stairs.

Critics we boast who ne'er their malice balk,
But talk their minds—we wish they'd mind their talk ;
Big-worded bullies, who by quarrels live—
Who give the lie, and tell the lie they give ;
Jews from St. Mary's Axe, for jobs so wary,
That for old clothes they'd even axe St. Mary ;
And bucks with pockets empty as their pate,
Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait ;
Who oft, when we our house lock up, carouse
With tippling tipstaves in a lock-up house.

Yet here, as elsewhere, Chance can joy bestow,
Where scowling Fortune seem'd to threaten woe.

John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire ;
But when John Dwyer 'listed in the Blues,
Emanuel Jennings polish'd Stubbs's shoes.
Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy
Up as a corn-cutter—a safe employ ;
In Holywell Street, St. Pancras, he was bred
(At number twenty-seven, it is said),
Facing the pump, and near the Granby's Head :

He would have bound him to some shop in town,
But with a premium he could not come down.
Pat was the urchin's name—a red-hair'd youth,
Fonder of purl and skittle-grounds than truth.

Silence, ye gods ! to keep your tongues in awe,
The Muse shall tell an accident she saw.

Pat Jennings in the upper gallery sat,
But, leaning forward, Jennings lost his hat :
Down from the gallery the beaver flew,
And spurn'd the one to settle in the two.
How shall he act ? Pay at the gallery-door
Two shillings for what cost, when new, but four ?
Or till half-price, to save his shilling, wait,
And gain his hat again at half-past eight ?
Now, while his fears anticipate a thief,
John Mullens whispers, "Take my handkerchief."
"Thank you," cries Pat ; "but one won't make a line."
'Take mine," cried Wilson ; and cried Stokes, "Take
mine."

A motley cable soon Pat Jennings ties,
Where Spitalfields with real India vies.
Like Iris' bow, down darts the painted clue,
Starr'd, striped, and spotted, yellow, red, and blue,
Old calico, torn silk, and muslin new.
George Green below, with palpitating hand,
Loops the last 'kerchief to the beaver's band—
Up soars the prize ! The youth with joy unfeign'd,
Regain'd the felt, and felt what he regain'd ;
While to the applauding galleries grateful Pat
Made a low bow, and touch'd the ransom'd hat.

III. THE REBUILDING, BY R. S.

(ROBERT SOUTHEY.)

———"Per audaces nova dithyrambos
Verba devolvit, numerisque fertur
Lege solutis."

HORAT.

(INTRODUCTION.)

[*Spoken by a Glendoveer.*]

I AM a blessed Glendoveer :
'Tis mine to speak, and yours to hear.
Midnight, yet not a nose
From Tower Hill to Piccadilly snored !
Midnight, yet not a nose
From Indra drew the essence of repose !
See with what crimson fury,
By Indra fann'd, the god of fire ascends the walls of
Drury !

Tops of houses, b'ue with lead,
Bend beneath the landlord's tread.
Master and 'prentice, serving-man and lord,
Nailor and tailor,
Grazier and brazier,
Through streets and alleys pour'd—
All, all abroad to gaze,
And wonder at the blaze.
Thick calf, fat foot, and slim knee,
Mounted on roof and chimney,

The mighty roast, the mighty stew
To see;
As if the dismal view
Were but to them a Brentford jubilee.

Vainly, all-radiant Surya, sire of Phaeton
(By Greeks call'd Apollo)
Hollow
Sounds from thy harp proceed;
Combustible as reed,
The tongue of Vulcan licks thy wooden legs:
From Drury's top, dissever'd from thy pegs,
Thou tumblest,
Humblest,
Where late thy bright effulgence shone on high;
While, by thy somerset excited, fly
Ten million
Billion
Sparks from the pit, to gem the sable sky.

Now come the men of fire to quench the fires:
To Russell Street see Globe and Atlas run,
Hope gallops first, and second Sun;
On flying heel,
See Hand-in-Hand
O'ertake the band!
View with what glowing wheel
He nicks
Phoenix!

While Albion scampers from Bridge Street, Black-
friars—

Drury Lane! Drury Lane!

Drury Lane! Drury Lane!

They shout and they bellow again and again.

All, all in vain!

Water turns steam;

Each blazing beam

Hisses defiance to the eddying spout:

It seems but too plain that nothing can put it out!

Drury Lane! Drury Lane!

See, Drury Lane expires!

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Walter Savage Landor.

1775—1864.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR had a rare sense of humour, which occasionally found expression in his verse. Of humour in epigram, what could be better than the following ?—

“The burden of an ancient rhyme
Is ‘By the forelock seize on Time.’
Time in some corner heard it said ;
Pricking his ears, away he fled ;
And, seeing me upon the road,
A hearty curse on me bestow’d.
‘What if I do the same to thee ?
How would thou like it ?’ thundered he,
And without answer thereupon
Seizing *my* forelock—it was gone.”

Some of Landor's epigrams display a wit as keen as it is merciless. The following lines on Lord Melville are a case in point :—

“God's laws declare
Thou shalt not swear
By aught in heaven above or earth below.
‘*Upon my honour !*’ Melville cries ;
He swears, and lies ;

Does Melville then break God's commandment ? No.”

Or the following on “Percival,”—

“‘Fear God !’ says Percival : and when you hear
Tones so lugubrious, you perforce must fear :
If in such awful accents he should say,
‘Fear lovely Innocence !’ you'd run away.”

Of political verse one example may be cited :—

“Ireland never was contented :
Say you so ? You are demented.
Ireland was contented when
All could use the sword and pen,
And when Tara rose so high
That her turrets split the sky,
And about her courts were seen
Liveried angels robed in green,
Wearing, by St. Patrick’s bounty,
Emeralds big as half a county.”

As a critic also Landor was often severe :—

“*A Paraphrase on Job* we see
By Young : it loads the shelf :
He who can read one half must be
Patient as Job himself.”

Love, which always found the heart of Landor young, even after it had been beating for fourscore years, and which inspired so many a lyric from his pen, is the subject of a dramatic vignette given on p. 122. The story of the trial of a poacher by a clerical magistrate of Buckingham (p. 120) shows a mingling of humour, satire, and pathos. That of “Pievano Arlotto,” “that merry priest” (p. 117), is perhaps the best example of pure humour that we can quote from Landor’s verse. Here we have a story such as one no sooner hears than one desires to repeat, and such as makes one wistfully inquire for more.

ALFRED H. MILES.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

I.—PIEVANO ARLOTTO.

(CCLII.)

“ I WILL invite that merry priest
Arlotto for to-morrow's feast,”
Another, quite as merry, said,
“ And you shall see his fun repaid.
When dinner's on the board, we'll draw
(Each of the company) a straw :
The shortest straw shall tap the wine
In cellar, while the others dine :
And now I'll show how we'll contrive
He draws the shortest of the five. ’

They learn their lesson : there are few
Good priests (where eating goes) but do,
From Helgabalus ending with
Humour's pink primate Sydney Smith.
Such food more suits them, truth to speak,
Than heavy joints of tough-grain'd Greek.

Well ; all are seated.

“ Where's our Chianti ? ”

Cries one ; “ without it feasts are scanty.
We will draw lots then who shall go
And fill the bottles from below.”
They drew. Arlotto saw their glee,
And nought discomfited was he.

Down-stairs he went : he brought up two,
And saw his friends (as friends should do)
Enjoying their repast, and then
For the three others went again.
Although there was no long delay,
Dish after dish had waned away.
Minestra, liver fried, and raw
Delicious ham, had plumpt the maw.
Polpetti, roll'd in anise, here
Show their fat sides and disappear.
Salame, too, half mules half pigs,
Moisten'd with black and yellow figs ;
And maccaroni by the ell
From high-uplifted fingers fell.
Garlic and oil and cheese unite
Their concert on the appetite,
Breathing an odour which alone
The laic world might dine upon.

But never think that nought remains
To recompense Arlotto's pains.
There surely was the nicest pie
That ever met Pievano's eye.
Full fifty toes of ducks and geese,
Heads, gizzards, windpipes, soaked in grease
Were in that pie, and thereupon
Sugar and salt and cinnamon ;
Kid which, while living, any goat
Might look at twice and never know't ;
A quarter of grill'd turkey scored
And lean as a backgammon board,
And dark as Saint Bartholomew,
And quite as perfectly done through.

Birds that, two minutes since, were quails,
And a stupendous stew of snails.
"Brother Arlotto!" said the host,
"There's yet a little of our roast.
Brother Arlotto! never spare."
Arlotto gaily took his chair
And readily fell to: but soon
He struck the table with a spoon,
Exclaiming, "Brother! let us now
Draw straws again. Who runs below
To stop the casks? for very soon
Little is there within, or none."
Far flies the napkin, and our host
Is down the cellar stairs.

"All lost!

Santa Maria! The Devil's own trick!
Scoffer, blasphemer! heretic!
Broaching—by all the Saints—five casks
Only to fill as many flasks!
Methinks the trouble had been small
To have replaced the plugs in all."
Arlotto heard and answer'd. "You
Forgot to tell me what to do.
But let us say no more, because
We should not quarrel about straws.
If you must play your pranks, at least
Don't play 'em with a brother priest."

II.—AT THE BUCKINGHAM SESSIONS.

(CCLXII.)

YESTERDAY, at the sessions held in Buckingham,
The Reverend Simon Shutwood, famed for tucking ham
And capon into his appointed maw,
Gravely discuss a dreadful breach of law,
And then committed to the county jail
(After a patient hearing) William Flail:
For that he, Flail, one day last week,
Was seen maliciously to sneak
And bend his body by the fence
Of his own garden, and from thence
Abstract, out of a noose, a hare,
Which he unlawfully found there;
Against the peace (as may be seen
In Burn and Blackstone) of the queen.

He, question'd thereupon, in short
Could give no better reason for't,
Than that his little boys and he
Did often in the morning see
Said hare and sundry other hares
Nibbling on certain herbs of theirs.
Teddy, the seventh of the boys,
Counted twelve rows, fine young savoy,
Bit to the ground by them, and out
Of ne'er a plant a leaf to sprout:
And Sam, the youngest lad, did think
He saw a couple at a pink.

“Come,” cried the reverend, “come, confess !”
Flail answered “I will do no less.
Puss we did catch ; puss we did eat ;
It was her turn to give the treat.
Nor over much was there for eight o’ us
With a half-gallon o’ potatoes :
Eight ; for our Sue lay sick a-bed,
And poor dear Bessy with the dead.”

“We cannot listen to such idle words,”
The reverend said. “The hares are all my lord’s.
Have you no more, my honest friend, to say
Why we should not commit you, and straightway ?”

Whereat Will Flail
Grew deadly pale,

And cried, “If you are so severe on me,
An ignorant man, and poor as poor can be,
O Mister Shutwood ! what would you have done
If you had caught God’s blessed only Son,
When he broke off (in land not his, they say)
That ear of barley on the Sabbath-day ?
Sweet Jesus ! in the prison he had died,
And never for our sins been crucified.”

With the least gouty of two doe-skin feet
The reverend stamp’d, then cried in righteous heat,
“Constable ! take that man down-stairs,
He quotes the Scripture and eats hares.

III.—GIFTS RETURNED.

(CXXIX.)

"You must give back," her mother said,
To a poor sobbing little maid,
"All the young man has given you,
Hard as it now may seem to do."

"'Tis done already, mother dear!"
Said the sweet girl, "So, never fear."

Mother. Are you quite certain? Come, recount
(There was not much) the whole amount.

Girl. The locket: the kid gloves.

Mother. Go on.

Girl. Of the kid gloves I found but one.

Mother. Never mind that. What else? Proceed.
You gave back all his trash?

Girl. Indeed.

Mother. And was there nothing you would save?

Girl. Everything I could give I gave.

Mother. To the last little?

Girl. Even to that.

Mother. Freely?

Girl. My heart went *pit-a-pat*
At giving up . . . ah me! ah me!
I cry so I can hardly see . . .
All the fond looks and words that past,
And all the kisses, to the last.

Charles Lamb.

1775—1834.

CHARLES LAMB's wit was ordinarily of the quiet, unobtrusive kind which wins rather than compels attention. The following is a picture of him as he appeared to a contemporary in his den at the East India Office, with an example of his work-a-day wit. "I opened the little pew door which enclosed his desk," says a writer, "and being determined to introduce myself, walked up to him, and, hat in hand, said to him with a respectful bow, 'Mr. Charles Lamb, I believe?' 'Yes,' said Lamb, slowly feeling and coaxing at the same time his short thin gray whiskers, 'yes, they call me Lamb yet, though I am old enough to be a sheep!'" Tom Moore in his diary tells the story of the birth of a phrase which has passed into common use, and which has surely been quoted with regard to every listless listener since. Lamb was sitting next to a lady who evidently had more volubility than sense at dinner, on one occasion, and, as was natural to him, was paying no more attention to her than her conversation deserved. Noticing his listlessness, she said to him, "You don't seem to be at all the better for what I have been saying to you!" "No, madam," said Lamb, "but the gentleman on the other side of me must be, for it all came in at one ear and went out at

the other!" His own whimsical autobiography, written in 1827, may, with some appropriateness, be given here:—

"Charles Lamb, born in the Inner Temple, 10th February, 1775; educated in Christ's Hospital; afterwards a clerk in the Accountants' Office, East India House; pensioned off from that service, 1825, after thirty-three years' service; is now a gentleman at large; can remember few specialities in his life worth noting, except that he once caught a swallow flying (*teste suā manu*). Below the middle stature; cast of face slightly Jewish, with no Judaic tinge in his complexional religion; stammers abominably, and is therefore more apt to discharge his occasional conversation in a quaint aphorism, or a poor quibble, than in set and edifying speeches; has consequently been libelled as a person always aiming at wit; which, as he told a dull fellow who charged him with it, is at least as good as aiming at dullness. A small eater, but not drinker; confesses a partiality for the production of the juniper berry; was a fierce smoker of tobacco, but may be resembled to a volcano burnt out, emitting only now and then an occasional puff. Has been guilty of obtruding upon the public a tale in prose, called 'Rosamond Gray,' a dramatic sketch named 'John Woodvil,' a 'Farewell Ode to Tobacco,' with sundry other poems and light prose matter, collected in two slight crown octavos, and pompously christened his works, though, in fact, they were his recreations; and his true works may be found on the shelves of Leadenhall Street, filling some hundred folios. He is also the true Elia, whose essays are

extant in a little volume. He died 18— much lamented.

"Witness his hand,

"CHARLES LAMB.

"April 18th, 1827."

Lamb's humour found its true expression in his prose rather than in his verse; indeed it is remarkable how little his verse reveals of the humorous side of his nature. His "Farewell to Tobacco" is given in the following pages, followed by the lines on "Going into Breeches," from "Poetry for Children." The well-known sonnet on "Work" may be given here:—

"Who first invented Work, and bound the free
And holiday-rejoicing spirit down
To the ever-haunting importunity
Of business in the green fields, and the town—
To plough, loom, anvil, spade—and oh! most sad,
To that dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood?
Who but the Being unblest, alien from good,
Sabbathless Satan! he who his unglad
Task ever plies 'mid rotatory burnings,
That round and round incalculably reel—
For wrath Divine hath made him like a wheel—
In that red realm from which are no returnings:
Where toiling, and turmoiling, ever and aye
He, and his thoughts, keep pensive working-day."

In representation of Lamb's occasional verse we may also include his sonnet written in the album of Edith Southey:—

"In Christian world Mary the garland wears!
Rebecca sweetens on the Hebrew ear;
Quakers for pure Priscilla are more clear;
And the light Gaul by amorous Ninon swears.
Among the lesser lights how Lucy shines!

What air of fragrance Rosamond throws around !
How like a hymn doth sweet Cecilia sound !
Of Marthas, and of Abigails, few lines
Have bragged in verse. Of coarsest household stuff
Should homely Joan be fashioned. But can
You Barbara resist or Marian ?
And is not Clare for love excuse enough ?
Yet, by my faith in numbers, I profess,
These all, than Saxon Edith, please me less."

ALFRED H. MILES.

POEMS.

I.—A FAREWELL TO TOBACCO.

CHARLES LAMB.

MAY the Babylonish curse
Straight confound my stammering veise,
If I can a passage see
In this word-perplexity,
Or a fit expression find,
Or a language to my mind
(Still the phrase is wide or scant),
To take leave of thee, Great Plant !
Or in any terms relate
Half my love, or half my hate :
For I hate yet love thee so
That, whichever thing I show,
The plain truth will seem to be
A constrained hyperbole,
And the passion to proceed
More from a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine,
Bacchus' black servant, negro fine ;
Sorcerer that mak'st us dote upon
Thy begrimed complexion,
And, for thy pernicious sake,
More and greater oaths to break
Than reclaim'd lovers take
'Gainst women : thou thy siege dost lay
Much, too, in the female way,
While thou suck'st the labouring breath
Faster than kisses, or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us
That our worst foes cannot find us,
And ill fortune that would thwart us
Shoots at rovers, shooting at us ;

While each man, through thy heightening steam,
Does like a smoking Etna seem,
And all about us does express
(Fancy and wit in richest dress)
A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Thou through such a mist dost show us
That our best friends do not know us,
And, for those allowed features
Due to reasonable creatures,
Liken'st us to fell Chimeras,
Monsters that who see us fear us ;
Worse than Cerberus or Geryon,
Or, who first loved a cloud, Ixion.

Bacchus we know, and we allow,
His tipsy rites. But what art thou,
That but by reflêx canst show
What his deity can do,
As the false Egyptian spell
Aped the true Hebrew miracle ?
Some few vapours thou mayst raise
The weak brain may serve to amaze,
But to the reins and nobler heart
Canst nor life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born,
The old world was sure forlorn
Wanting thee, that aidest more
The god's victories than before
All his panthers, and the brawls
Of his piping Bacchanals.
These, as stale, we disallow,
Or judge of *thee* meant : only thou

His true Indian conquest art ;
And, for ivy round his dart,
The reformèd god now weaves
A finer thyrsus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich perfume
Chemic art did ne'er presume
Through her quaint alembic strain,
None so sovereign to the brain ;
Nature, that did in thee excel,
Framed again no second smell.
Roses, violets, but toys
For the smaller sort of boys,
Or for greener damsels meant ;
Thou art the only manly scent.

Stinking'st of the stinking kind,
Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind,
Africa, that brags her foison,
Breeds no such prodigious poison.
Henbane, nightshade, both together,
Hemlock, aconite—

Nay, rather
Plant divine, of rarest virtue ;
Blisters on the tongue won't hurt you !
'Twas but in a sort I blamed thee ;
None e'er prospered who defamed thee.
Irony all, and feigned abuse,
Such as perplexed lovers use
At a need, when, in despair
To paint forth their fairest fair,
Or in part but to express
That exceeding comeliness
Which their fancies doth so strike.
They borrow language of dislike :

And, instead of Dearest Miss,
Jewel, Honey, Sweetheart, Bliss,
And those forms of old admiring,
Call her Cockatrice and Siren,
Basilisk, and all that's evil,
Witch, Hyena, Mermaid, Devil,
Ethiop, Wench, and Blackamoor,
Monkey, Ape, and twenty more ;
Friendly Traitress, loving Foe ;—
Not that she is truly so,
But no other way they know
A contentment to express
Borders so upon excess
That they do not rightly wot
Whether it be pain or not.
Or as men constrained to part
With what's nearest to their heart,
While their sorrow's at the height,
Lose discrimination quite,
And their hasty wrath let fall,
To appease their frantic gall,
On the darling thing whatever
Whence they feel it death to sever,
Though it be, as they, perforce,
Guiltless of the sad divorce.

For I must (nor let it grieve thee,
Friendliest of plants, that I must) leave thee.
For thy sake, Tobacco, I
Would do anything but die,
And but seek to extend my days
Long enough to sing thy praise.
But as she who once hath been
A King's consort is a queen

Ever after, nor will bate
Any title of her state,
Though a widow or divorced,
So I, from thy converse forced,
The old name and style retain,
A right Katherine of Spain ;
And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys
Of the blest Tobacco Boys.
Where, though I, by sour physician
Am debarred the full fruition
Of thy favours, I may catch
Some collateral sweets, and snatch
Sidelong odours, that give life
Like glances from a neighbour's wife ;
And still live in the by-places
And the suburbs of thy graces,
And in thy borders take delight,
An unconquered Canaanite.

II.—GOING INTO BREECHES.

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

Joy to Philip!—he this day
Has his long coats cast away,
And (the childish season gone)
Put the manly breeches on.
Officer on gay parade,
Red-coat in his first cockade,
Bridegroom in his wedding trim,
Birthday beau surpassing him,
Never did with conscious gait
Strut about in half the state,
Or the pride (yet free from sin)
Of my little Manikin ;
Never was their pride or bliss
Half so rational as his.

Sashes, frocks, to those that need 'em—
Philip's limbs have got their freedom ;
He can run, or he can ride,
And do twenty things beside,
Which his petticoats forbad.
Is he not a happy lad ?
Now he's under other banners :
He must leave his former manners,
Bid adieu to female games,
And forget their very names—
Puss-in-corners, hide-and-seek,
Sports for girls and punies weak !
Baste-the-bear he may now play at,
Leap-frog, football, sport away at ;
Show his skill and strength at cricket—
Mark his distance, pitch his wicket ;
Run about in winter's snow
Till his cheeks and fingers glow ;
Climb a tree, or scale a wall,
Without any fear to fall.
If he get a hurt or bruise,
To complain he must refuse,
Though the anguish and the smart
Go unto his little heart ;
He must have his courage ready,
Keep his voice and visage steady,
Brace his eyeballs stiff as drum,
That a tear may never come ;
And his grief must only speak
From the colour in his cheek.
This, and more, he must endure—
Hero he in miniature !
This, and more, must now be done,
Now the breeches are put on.

Thomas Moore.

1779—1852.

TOM MOORE was one of the lightest hearted of men as well as one of the most facile of wits. As such he found in fashionable society a sphere which exactly suited his talents, and probably produced more light "occasional" verse than any poet of his time. Of dainty, epigrammatic stanzas he wrote many, as, for instance, the following from the French :—

" 'I never give a kiss,' says Prue,
 'To naughty man, for I abhor it.'—
She will not *give* a kiss, 'tis true ;
She'll *take* one though, and thank you for it ! "

Or the lines entitled " A Surprise " :—

" Chloris, I swear, by all I ever swore,
That from this hour I shall not love thee more.
'What! love no more? Oh! why this alter'd vow?'
Because I *cannot* love thee *more*—than *now* ! "

The following is an " Impromptu, written upon being obliged to leave a pleasant party, from the want of a pair of breeches to dress for dinner in." "

" Between Adam and me the great difference is,
Though a Paradise each has been forced to resign,
That he never wore breeches till turn'd out of his,
While, for want of my breeches, I'm banish'd from mine. "

This reminds us of the well-known couplet :—

" Oh, ye gods and little fishes,
What is a man without his breeches ? "

Much of Moore's humorous verse was political, of which "King Crack," "A Dream of Hindostan," and "Paddy's Metamorphosis" are given in the following pages. Sydney Smith, in speaking of the Irish Church, once said: "I have always compared it to setting up butchers' shops in Hindostan, where they don't eat meat. 'We don't want this,' they say. 'Aye, aye, true enough, but you must support our shops.'" Whether this remark suggested "The Dream of Hindostan" to Moore, or "The Dream" suggested it does not appear. "The Snake" is an admirable example of wit as distinct from humour in verse, though the weight of its moral carries it further than is usual with light verse.

"My love and I, the other day,
Within a myrtle arbour lay,
When near us, from a rosy bed,
A little Snake put forth its head.
'See,' said the maid, with laughing eyes—
'Yonder the fatal emblem lies!
Who could expect such hidden harm
Beneath the rose's velvet charm?'
Never did moral thought occur
In more unlucky hour than this;
For oh! I just was leading her
To talk of love and think of bliss.
I rose to kill the snake, but she
In pity pray'd it might not be.
'No,' said the girl—and many a spark
Flash'd from her eyelid as she said it—
'Under the rose, or in the dark,
One might, perhaps, have cause to dread it
But when its wicked eyes appear,
And when we know for what they wink so,
One must be very simple, dear,
To let it sting one—don't you think so?'"

ALFRED H. MILES.

HUMOROUS VERSE.

THOMAS MOORE.

I.—A DREAM OF HINDOSTAN.

—risum teneatis, amici ?

“THE longer one lives, the more one learns,”
Said I, as off to sleep I went,
Bemused with thinking of Tithe concerns,
And reading a book by the Bishop of Ferns,
On the Irish Church Establishment.
But, lo ! in sleep not long I lay,
When Fancy her usual tricks began,
And I found myself bewitch’d away
To a goodly city of Hindostan—
A city, where he who dares to dine
On aught but rice, is deem’d a sinner ;
Where sheep and kine are held divine,
And accordingly—never drest for dinner.

“But how is this ?” I wondering cried,
As I walked that city, fair and wide,
And saw, in every marble street,
A row of beautiful butchers’ shops—
“What means for men who don’t eat meat,
This grand display of loins and chops ?”
In vain I ask’d—’twas plain to see
That nobody dared to answer me.

So, on, from street to street I strode ;
And you can’t conceive how vastly odd
The butchers look’d—a roseate crew,
Inshrined in *stalls*, with nought to do ;
While some on a *bench*, half dozing, sat,
And the Sacred Cows were not more fat.

Still posed to think, what all this scene
 Of sinecure trade was *meant* to mean,
 "And, pray," ask'd I,—“by whom is paid
 The expense of this strange masquerade?”—
 “Th’ expense!—Oh, that’s of course defray’d ”
 (Said one of these well-fed Hecatombers,)
 “By yonder rascally rice-consumers.”
 “What! *they*, who mustn’t eat meat!”—“No matter ”
 (And, while he spoke, his cheeks grew fatter,)
 “The rogues may munch their *Paddy* crop,
 But the rogues must still support *our* shop.
 And, depend upon it, the way to treat
 Heretical stomachs that thus dissent,
 Is to burden all that won’t eat meat,
 With a costly *Meat Establishment*.”

On hearing these words so gravely said,
 With a volley of laughter loud I shook ;
 And my slumber fled, and my dream was sped,
 And I found I was lying snug in bed,
 With my nose in the Bishop of Ferns’s book.

II.—PADDY’S METAMORPHOSIS.

ABOUT fifty years since, in the days of our daddies,
 A That plan was commenced which the wise now appla
 Of shipping off Ireland’s most turbulent Paddies,
 As good raw materials for *settlers*, abroad.

Some West Indian Island, whose name I forget,
 Was the region then chosen for this scheme so romanti
 And such the success the first colony met,
 That a second, soon after, set sail o’er th’ Atlantic.

Behold them now safe at the long look'd for shore,
 Sailing in between banks that the Shannon might greet,
 And thinking of friends whom, but two years before,
 They had sorrow'd to lose, but would soon again meet.

And, hark ! from the shore a glad welcome there came—
 "Arrah, Paddy from Cork, is it you, my sweet boy ?"
 While Pat stood astounded, to hear his own name
 Thus hailed by black devils, who caper'd for joy !

Can it possibly be ?—half amazement—half doubt,
 Pat listens again—rubs his eyes and looks steady ;
 Then heaves a deep sigh, and in horror yells out,
 "Good Lord ! only think—black and curly already !"

Deceived by that well-mimick'd brogue in his ears,
 Pat read his own doom in these wool-headed figures,
 And thought, what a climate, in less than two years
 To turn a whole cargo of Pats into niggers !

MORAL.

'Tis thus,—but alas ! by a marvel more true
 Than is told in this rival of Ovid's best stories,
 Your Whigs, when in office a short year or two,
 By a *lusus naturæ*, all turn into Tories.

And thus, when I hear them "strong measures" advise,
 Ere the seats that they sit on have time to get steady,
 I say, while I listen, with tears in my eyes,
 "Good Lord !—only think,—black and curly already !"

III.—KING CRACK AND HIS IDOLS.

WRITTEN AFTER THE LATE NEGOCIATION FOR A NEW MINISTRY.

KING CRACK was the best of all possible Kings
(At least, so his courtiers would swear to you gladly),
But Crack now and then would do het'rodox things,
And, at last, took to worshipping *Images* sadly.

Some broken-down Idols, that long had been placed
In his Father's old *Cabinet*, pleased him so much,
That he knelt down and worshipp'd, tho'—such was his taste!—
They were monstrous to look at, and rotten to touch!

And these were the beautiful Gods of King Crack!—
Till his people, disdaining to worship such things,
Cried aloud, one and all, "Come, your Godships must pack—
You will not do for *us*, though you *may* do for *Kings*."

Then, trampling the gross Idols under their feet,
They sent Crack a petition, beginning "Great Cæsar!
We are willing to worship, but only entreat
That you'll find us some *decenter* Godheads than these are."

'I'll try," says King Crack—then they furnish'd him models
Of better-shaped Gods, but he sent them all back;
Some were chisell'd too fine, some had heads 'stead of noddles,
In short, they were all *much* too godlike for Crack!

So he took to his darling old Idols again,
And, just mending their legs and new bronzing their faces,
In open defiance of Gods and of men,
Set the monsters up grinning once more in their places!

Horace Smith.

1779—1849.

HORATIO SMITH was born in Basinghall Street on December 31st, 1779. He was educated at Chigwell in Essex, and became a member of the London Stock Exchange. He published a series of clever verses, entitled "Imitations of Horace," in the *Monthly Magazine* during the years 1807—1810. The circumstances attending the appearance of "Rejected Addresses; or, The New Theatrum Poetarum," the joint work of Horace and his brother James, are mentioned in the notice of James Smith. After acquiring a considerable fortune, Horace Smith went to live in France, and finally settled with his wife and family at Brighton. He wrote a number of novels, one of which, "Brambletye House," was highly popular for a time. "The earliest of his novels, 'Brambletye House,'" says Leigh Hunt, "ran a hard race with the novel of 'Woodstock,' and contained more than one character not unworthy of the best volumes of Sir Walter. I allude to the ghastly troubles of the Regicide in his lone house; the outward phlegm and merry inward malice of Winky Boss (a happy name), who gravely smoked a pipe with his mouth, and laughed with his eyes; and, above all, to the character of the princely Dutch merchant, who would cry out that he should be ruined at seeing a few nutmegs drop from a bag,

and then go and give a thousand ducats for an antique. This is hitting the high mercantile character to a nicety." The best known of his verses, exclusive of his "Rejected Addresses," are the "Lines to an Egyptian Mummy." He died at Tunbridge Wells, in his seventieth year, on July 12th, 1849.

Horace Smith was frank, manly, affable, and generous. "A finer nature than Horace Smith's," said Leigh Hunt, "except in the single case of Shelley, I never met with in man; nor even in that instance, all circumstances considered, have I a right to say that those who knew him as intimately as I did the other would not have had the same reasons to love him." Shelley thought no less highly of him than did Hunt, and paid him a tribute in the "Letter to Maria Gisborne":—

"Wit and sense,
Virtue and human knowledge, all that might
Make this dull world a business of delight,
Are all combined in Horace Smith."

Another time Shelley remarked that it was odd that the only generous person he knew, who had money to be generous with, should be a stockbroker: "And he writes poetry too—he writes poetry and pastoral dramas, and yet knows how to make money, and does make it, and is still generous!"

Horace Smith was at least equal to his brother in wit and humour and literary craftsmanship. He had an unsurpassed gift of catching and wickedly emphasising an author's mannerisms. What could be more telling than his travesty of the "creaking couplets" of Fitzgerald?—

“ Who burnt (confound his soul !) the houses twain
Of Covent Garden and of Drury Lane?
Who, while the British Squadron lay off Cork
(God bless the Regent and the Duke of York !)
With a foul earthquake ravaged the Caraccas,
And raised the price of dry goods and tobaccos ?

* * * * *

Why he, who, forging for this isle a yoke,
Reminds me of a line I lately spoke,
‘ The tree of freedom is the British oak.’
Bless every man possess’d of aught to give ;
Long may Lord Tylney Wellesley Long Pole live ;
God bless the army, bless their coats of scarlet,
God bless the navy, bless the Princess Charlotte ;
God bless the guards, though worsted Gallia scoff,
God bless their pigtails, though they’re now cut off ;
And oh ! in Downing Street should Old Nick revel,
England’s prime minister, then bless the devil ! ”

And the imitation of Moore’s flowing verse, and
arch, fanciful trifling is almost equally happy :—

“ How well would our actors attend to their duties,
Our house save in oil, and our authors in wit,
In lieu of yon lamps, if a row of young beauties
Glanced light from their eyes between us and the pit !

“ The apples that grew on the fruit-tree of knowledge
By woman were pluck’d, and she still wears the prize,
To tempt us in theatre, senate, or college,—
I mean the love-apples that bloom in the eyes.

“ There too is the lash which, all statutes controlling,
Still governs the slaves that are made by the fair ;
For man is the pupil, who, while her eye’s rolling,
Is lifted to rapture, or sunk in despair.”

In the address wherein the Ale-King discomfits
the Firc-King, Horace achieved the seemingly im-
possible task of burlesquing the bedlamite rant of
Monk Lewis. But the crowning triumph of his skill,
the piece which outweighs all else that he ever wrote.
is the surpassing “ Tale of Drury Lane, by W. S.

The verse has the energy, the vividness, the very turn and rhythm of Sir Walter's. The genius of parody could no farther go; Calverley has, indeed, done as well, but no man has done better. Horace, however, was not always successful in his bantering. His lines after the manner of "Childe Harold" lack vigour and point; his attempted reproduction of Johnsonese English is singularly flat; and "Drury's Dirge, by Laura Matilda," provokes a comparison which it cannot sustain with Swift's "Verses by a Lady of Quality." Worst of all is the closing piece, "Punch's Apotheosis," apparently written in imitation of Theodore Hook's rattling and careless rhymes. This essay in doggerel is, indeed, so vulgar and inane,—the words which the author places in the mouths of Othello and Hamlet, and Romeo and Juliet, are such an outrage on good taste, that it is hard to conceive how Horace Smith could have lowered himself to writing it—harder still to understand how, having written it, he allowed it to remain in its present place.

WALTER WHYTE.

REJECTED ADDRESSES.

1812.

JAMES AND HORACE SMITH.

A TALE OF DRURY LANE, BY W. S.

(WALTER SCOTT.)

HORACE SMITH.

[To be spoken by Mr. Kemble in a suit of the Black Prince's armour, borrowed from the Tower.]

SURVEY this shield, all bossy bright—
These cuisses twain behold!

Look on my form in armour dight

Of steel inlaid with gold;

My knees are stiff in iron buckles,

Stiff spikes of steel protect my knuckles.

These once belong'd to sable prince,

Who never did in battle wince;

With valour tart as pungent quince,

He slew the vaunting Gaul.

Rest there awhile, my bearded lance,

While from green curtain I advance

To yon foot-lights, no trivial dance,

And tell the town what sad mischance

Did Drury Lane befall.

The Night.

On fair Augusta's towers and trees

Flitted the silent midnight breeze,

Curling the foliage as it past,

Which from the moon-tipp'd plumage cast

A spangled light, like dancing spray,

Then re-assumed its still array;

When, as night's lamp unclouded hung

And down its full effulgence flung,

It shed such soft and balmy power

That cot and castle, hall and bower,

And spire and dome, and turret height,
Appeared to slumber in the light.
From Henry's chapel, Rufus' hall,
To Savoy, Temple, and St. Paul ;
From Knightsbridge, Pancras, Camden Town,
To Redriffe, Shadwell, Horsleydown,
No voice was heard, no eye unclosed,
But all in deepest sleep reposed.
They might have thought, who gazed around
Amid a silence so profound,
 It made the senses thrill,
That 'twas no place inhabited,
But some vast city of the dead—
 All was so hush'd and still.

The Burning.

As Chaos, which, by heavenly doom,
Had slept in everlasting gloom,
Started with terror and surprise
When light first flash'd upon her eyes—
So London's sons in nightcap woke,
 In bed-gown woke her dames ;
For shouts were heard 'mid fire and smoke,
And twice ten hundred voices spoke—
 " The playhouse is in flames !"
And, lo ! where Catherine Street extends,
A fiery tale its lustre lends
 To every window-pane ;
Blushes each spout in Martlet Court,
And Barbican, moth-eaten fort,
And Covent Garden kennels sport,
 A bright ensanguined drain ;
Meux's new Brewhouse shows the light,
Rowland Hill's Chapel, and the height

Where Patent Shot they sell ;
The Tennis Court, so fair and tall,
Partakes the ray, with Surgeons' Hall,
The Ticket-Porters' House of Call,
Old Bedlam, close by London Wall,
Wright's shrimp and oyster shop withal,
And Richardson's hotel.

Nor these alone, but far and wide,
Across red Thames's gleaming tide,
To distant fields, the blaze was borne,
And daisy white and hoary thorn
In borrow'd lustre seem'd to sham
The rose or red sweet Wil-li-am.
To those who on the hills around
Beheld the flames from Drury's mound,

As from a lofty altar rise,
It seem'd that nations did conspire
To offer to the god of fire

Some vast stupendous sacrifice !
The summon'd firemen woke at call,
And hied them to their stations all :
Starting from short and broken snooze,
Each sought his pond'rous hobnail'd shoes,
But first his worsted hosen plied,
Plush breeches next, in crimson dyed,

His nether bulk embraced ;
Then jacket thick, of red or blue,
Whose massive shoulder gave to view
The badge of each respective crew,
In tin or copper traced.

The engines thunder'd through the street,
Fire-hook, pipe, bucket, all complete,
And torches glared, and clattering feet
Along the pavement paced.

And one, the leader of the band,
From Charing Cross along the Strand,
Like stag by beagles hunted hard,
Ran till he stopp'd at Vin'gar Yard.
The burning badge his shoulder bore,
The belt and oil-skin hat he wore,
The cane he had, his men to bang,
Show'd foreman of the British gang---
His name was Higginbottom. Now
'Tis meet that I should tell you how

The others came in view :

The Hand-in-Hand the race begun,
Then came the Phoenix and the Sun,
Th' Exchange, where old insurers run,

The Eagle, where the new ;

With these came Rumford, Bumford, Cole,
Robins from Hockley in the Hole,
Lawson and Dawson, cheek by jowl,

Crump from St. Giles's Pound :

Whitford and Mitford join'd the train,
Huggins and Muggins from Chick Lane,
And Clutterbuck, who got a sprain

Before the plug was found.

Hobson and Jobson did not sleep,
But ah ! no trophy could they reap,
For both were in the Donjon Keep

Of Bridewell's gloomy mound !

E'en Higginbottom now was posed,
For sadder scene was ne'er disclosed ;
Without, within, in hideous show,
Devouring flames resistless glow,
And blazing rafters downward go,
And never halloo, " Heads below ! "

Nor notice give at all.
The firemen terrified are slow
To bid the pumping torrent flow,
For fear the roof should fall.
Back, Robins, back! Crump, stand aloof.
Whitford, keep near the walls!
Huggins, regard your own behoof,
For lo! the blazing rocking roof
Down, down in thunder falls!
An awful pause succeeds the stroke,
And o'er the ruins volumed smoke,
Rolling around its pitchy shroud,
Conceal'd them from th' astonished crowd.
At length the mist awhile was clear'd,
When, lo! amid the wreck uprear'd,
Gradual a moving head appear'd,
And Eagle firemen knew
'Twas Joseph Muggins, name revered,
The foreman of their crew,
Loud shouted all in signs of woe,
"A Muggins! to the rescue, ho!"
And poured the hissing tide:
Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,
And strove and struggled all in vain,
For, rallying but to fall again,
He totter'd, sunk, and died!

Did none attempt, before he fell,
To succour one they loved so well?
Yes, Higginbottom did aspire
(His fireman's soul was all on fire),
His brother chief to save;
But ah! his reckless, generous ire
Served but to share his grave!

'Mid blazing beams and scalding streams,
Through fire and smoke he dauntless broke,
Where Muggins broke before.
But sulph'ry stench and boiling drench
Destroying sight o'erwhelm'd him quite,
He sunk to rise no more.
Still o'er his head, while Fate he braved,
His whizzing water-pipe he waved ;
" Whitford and Mitford, ply your pumps,
You, Clutterbuck, come, stir your stumps,
Why are you in such doleful dumps ?
A fireman, and afraid of bumps !—
What are they fear'd on ? fools ! 'od rot 'em !"—
Were the last words of Higginbottom.

The Revival.

Peace to his soul ! new prospects bloom,
And toil rebuilds what fires consume !
Eat we and drink we, be our ditty,
" Joy to the managing committee !"
Eat we and drink we, join to rum
Roast beef and pudding of the plum ;
Forth from thy nook, John Horner, come,
With bread of ginger brown thy thumb,
For this is Drury's gay day :
Roll, roll thy hoop, and twirl thy tops,
And buy, to glad thy smiling chops,
Crisp parliament with lollypops,
And fingers of the Lady.

Didst mark, how toil'd the busy train,
From morn to eve, till Drury Lane
Leap'd like a reebuck from the plain ?
Ropes rose and sunk, and rose again,

And nimble workmen trod ;
To realise bold Wyatt's plan
Rush'd many a howling Irishman ;
Loud clatter'd many a porter-can,
And many a ragamuffin clan
With trowel and with hod.

Drury revives ! her rounded pate
Is blue, is heavenly blue with slate ;
She "wings the midway air" elate,
As magpie, crow, or chough ;
White paint her modish visage smears,
Yellow and pointed are her ears,
No pendant portico appears
Dangling beneath, for Whitbread's shears
Have cut the bauble off.

Yes, she exalts her stately head ;
And, but that solid bulk outspread,
Opposed you on your onward tread,
And posts and pillars warranted
That all was true that Wyatt said,
You might have deem'd her walls so thick
Were not composed of stone or brick,
But all a phantom, all a trick,
Of brain disturb'd and fancy sick,
So high she soars, so vast, so quick !

MISCELLANEOUS VERSE.

HORACE SMITH.

I.—ADDRESS TO A MUMMY IN BELZONI'S EXHIBITION.

AND hast thou walk'd about, (how strange a story !)
In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And Time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak ! for thou long enough hast acted Dummy.
Thou hast a tongue—come—let us hear its tune ;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above-ground, Mummy !
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect,
To whom we should assign the Sphinx's fame ?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name ?
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer ?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer ?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—
Then say what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue which at sunrise play'd ?
Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinion'd flat,
Hath hob-a-nobb'd with Pharaoh, glass to glass;
Or dropp'd a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
Or doff'd thine own to let Queen Dido pass
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when arm'd,
Has any Roman soldier maul'd and knuckled,
For thou wast dead, and buried, and embalm'd
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled :
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that wither'd tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world look'd when it was fresh and young,
And the great Deluge still had left it green—
Or was it then so old, that History's pages
Contain'd no record of its early ages ?

Still silent ! incommunicative elf !
Art sworn to secrecy ? then keep thy vows ;
But prythee tell us something of thyself—
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house ;
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumber'd,
What hast thou seen—what strange adventures number'd ?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above-ground, seen some strange mutations.
The Roman empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,
And countless Kings have into dust been humbled,
Whilst not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyzes,
March'd armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confess'd,
The nature of thy private life unfold :—
A heart has throb'd beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek have roll'd.
Have children climb'd those knees, and kissed that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh—Immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecay'd within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When the great Trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost for ever?
Oh! let us keep the soul embalm'd and pure
In living virtue, that when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom!

II.—THE JESTER CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

ONE of the Kings of Scanderoon,
A royal jester,
Had in his train a gross buffoon,
Who used to pester
The Court with tricks inopportune,
Venting on the highest folks his
Scurvy pleasantries and hoaxes.
It needs some sense to play the fool ;
Which wholesome rule
Occurr'd not to our jackanapes,
Who consequently found his freaks
Lead to innumerable scrapes,
And quite as many kicks and tweaks,
Which only seem'd to make him faster
Try the patience of his master.
Some sin, at last, beyond all measure,
Incurr'd the desperate displeasure
Of his serene and raging highness :
Whether the wag had twitched his beard
Which he was bound to have revered,
Or had intruded on the shyness
Of the seraglio, or let fly
An epigram at royalty,
None knows—his sin was an occult one,
But records tell us that the Sultan,
Meaning to terrify the knave,
Exclaimed,—“'Tis time to stop that breath ;
Thy doom is sealed ;—presumptuous slave !
Thou stand'st condemn'd to certain death :
Silence, base rebel ! no replying !—
But such is my indulgence still,
That, of my own free grace and will
I leave to thee the mode of dying.”

"Thy royal will be done—'tis just,"
Replied the wretch, and kissed the dust ;
"Since, my last moments to assuage,
Your majesty's humane decree
Has deign'd to leave the choice to me,
I'll die, so please you, of old age !"

III.—THE COLLEGIAN AND THE PORTER.

A T Trin. Coll. Cam.—which means, in proper spelling,
Trinity College, Cambridge, there resided
One Harry Dashington—a youth excelling
In all the learning commonly provided
For those who choose that classic station
For finishing their education :
That is, he understood computing
The odds at any race or match ;
Was a dead hand at pigeon-shooting ;
Could kick up rows, knock down the watch—
Play truant and the rake at random—
Drink—tie cravats—and drive a tandem.

Remonstrance, fine, and rustication,
So far from working reformation,
Seem'd but to make his lapses greater ;
Till he was warn'd, the next offence
Would have this certain consequence—
Expulsion from his Alma Mater.

One need not be a necromancer
To guess that, with so wild a wight,
The next offence occurred next night,
When our incurable came rolling
Home as the midnight chimes were tolling,
And rang the College bell.—No answer.

The second peal was vain—the third

Made the street echo its alarum ;

When to his great delight he heard

The sordid Janitor, old Ben,

Rousing and growling in his den.

“ Who’s there ? I s’pose young Harum Scarum.”

“ ’Tis I, my worthy Ben, ’tis Harry.”

“ Ay, so I thought—and there you’ll tarry.

’Tis past the hour—the gates are closed,

You know my orders ; I shall lose

My place if I undo the door.”

“ And I” (young Hopeful interposed)

“ Shall be expelled if you refuse :

So prithee ”—Ben began to snore.

“ I’m wet,” cries Harry, “ to the skin ;

Hip ! holloa ! Ben !—don’t be a ninny ;

Beneath the gate I’ve thrust a guinea,

So tumble out and let me in.”

“ Humph,” growl’d the greedy old curmudgeon,

Half overjoy’d and half in dudgeon,

“ Now, you may pass, but make no fuss,

On tiptoe walk, and hold your prate.”

“ Look on the stones, old Cerberus,”

Cried Harry as he pass’d the gate,

I’ve dropp’d a shilling—take the light,

You’ll find it just outside ;—good-night.”

Behold the Porter, in his shirt,

Cursing the rain which never stopp’d,

Groping and raking in the dirt,

And all without success ; but that

Is hardly to be wondered at,

Because no shilling had been dropp’d.

So he gave o'er the search at last,
Regain'd the door, and found it fast !

With sundry oaths, and growls, and groans,
He rang once, twice, and thrice ; and then,
Mingled with giggling, heard the tones
Of Harry, mimicking old Ben.

"Who's there ?—'Tis really a disgrace
To ring so loud.—I've lock'd the gate—
I know my duty—'tis too late ;
You wouldn't have me lose my place ?"

"Pshaw ! Mr. Dashington : remember,
This is the middle of November,
I'm stripp'd, 'tis raining cats and dogs."
"Hush, hush !" quoth Hal, "I'm fast asleep ;"
And then he snored as loud and deep
As a whole company of hogs :

"But, harkye, Ben, I'll grant admittance
At the same rate I paid myself."

"Nay, master, leave me half the pittance,"
Replied the avaricious elf.

"No : all or none—a full acquittance :
The terms, I know, are somewhat high ;
But you have fix'd the price—not I,—
I won't take less, I can't afford it."

So, finding all his haggling vain,
Ben, with an oath and groan of pain,
Drew out the guinea, and restored it.

"Surely you'll give me," growled th' outwitted
Porter, when again admitted,
Something, now you've done your joking,
For all this trouble, time, and soaking."

"Oh ! surely, surely," Harry said ;
"Since, as you urge, I broke your rest,
And you're half-drown'd, and quite undress'd,
I'll give you—leave to go to bed"

Leigh Hunt.

1784—1859.

THE author of "The Feast of the Poets" and "Blue Stocking Revels" has a natural right to representation in a volume devoted to humorous verse, though the poems which give him his chief title are too long to give entire. In "The Feast of the Poets," with more geniality if less force than Byron, Leigh Hunt deals with English bards if not Scotch reviewers. Apollo visits the earth and gives a feast to the poets. The occasion is noised abroad, and many, besides the invited, present themselves for admission. One or two vignettes will illustrate :—

"The God then no sooner had taken a chair,
And rung for the landlord to order the fare,
Than he heard a strange noise and a knock from without,—
And scraping and bowing, came in *such* a rout !
There were all the worst play-wrights from Dibdin to Terry,
All grinning, as who should say, 'Sha'n't we be merry
And men of light comedy lumb'ring like bears up,
With men of deep tragedy patting their hairs up.
The God, for an instant, sat fix'd as a stone,
Till recov'ring, he said in a good-natur'd tone,
'Oh, the waiters, I see ;—ah, it's all very well,—
Only one of you'll do, just to answer the bell.'
But lord ! to see all the great dramatists' faces !
They look'd at each other, and made such grimaces !
Then turning about, left the room in vexation,
And Colman, they say, fairly mutter'd 'Damnation !'"

The idea of Apollo mistaking his self-invited visitors

for waiters is delicious, though it must have been difficult for the visitors themselves to enjoy the joke. The next picture is no less funny:—

“The God fell a-laughing to see his mistake,
But stopp’d with a sigh for poor Comedy’s sake;
Then gave mine host orders, who bow’d to the floor,
And had scarcely back’d out, and shut gently the door,
When a hemming was heard, consequential and snapping
And a sour little gentleman walk’d with a rap in:
He bow’d, look’d about him, seem’d cold, and sat down,
And said, ‘I’m surpris’d that you’ll visit this town:—
To be sure, there are one or two of us who know you,
But as for the rest, they are all much below you.
So stupid, in gen’ral, the natives are grown,
They really prefer Scotch reviews to their own;
So that what with their taste, their reformers, and stuff,
They have sickened myself and my friends long enough.’
‘Yourself and your friends!’ cried the God in high glee;
‘And pray, my frank visitor, who may you be?’
‘Who be?’ cried the other; ‘why really—this tone—
William Gifford’s a name, I think, pretty well known!’
‘Oh—now I remember,’ said Phœbus;—‘ah true—
The Anti-La Cruscan that writes the review:—
The rod, though ’twas no such vast matter, that fell
On that plague of the butterflies,—did very well;
And there’s something, which even distaste must respect,
In the self-taught example, that conquer’d neglect:
But not to insist on the recommendations
Of modesty, wit, and a small stock of patience,
My visit just now is to poets alone,
And not to small critics, however well known.’
So saying he rang, to leave nothing in doubt,
And the sour little gentleman bless’d himself out.”

After the dismissal of the critic, whom Leigh Hunt in a footnote describes as one “whose perceptions were all of a commonplace order,” and who “had a good commonplace judgment, which served him well enough to expose errors discernible by most people,” but who “only betrayed his own ignorance

and presumption, when he came to speak of such a poet as Mr. Keats," the poets began to arrive :—

"But glad look'd the God at the next who appear'd,
 For 'twas Campbell, by Poland's pale blessing endear'd :
 And Montgom'ry was with him, a freeman as true,
 (Heav'n loves the ideal, which practises too) ;
 And him follow'd Rogers, whose laurel tree shows
 Thicker leaves, and more sunny, the older it grows ;
 Rejoicing he came in the god-send of weather :
 Then Scott (for the famous ones all came together) ;
 His host overwhelm'd him with thanks for his novels ;
 Then Crabbe, asking questions concerning Greek hovels ;
 And Byron, with eager indifference ; and Moore
 With admiring glad eyes, that came leaping before ;
 And Keats, with young tresses and thoughts, like the God's ;
 And Shelley, a sprite from his farthest abodes ;
 Phœbus gave him commissions from Marlowe and Plato ;
 And Landor, whom two Latin poets sent bay to,
 (Catullus and Ovid) ; and Southey with looks
 Like a man just awak'd from the depth of his books ;
 And Coleridge, fine dreamer, with lutes in his rhyme ;
 And Wordsworth, the prince of the bards of his time."

But another interruption ensues, and the room is invaded by the eleventh plague, the plague of small poets :—

" 'And now,' said the God,—but he scarcely had spoken,
 When bang went the door—you'd have thought it was broken ;
 And in rush'd a mob with a scuffle and squeeze,
 Exclaiming, 'What! Wordsworth, and fellows like these !
 Nay then, we may all take our seats as we please !'
 I can't, if I would, tell you who they all were ;
 But a whole shoal of fops and of pedants were there,
 All the *heart* and *impart* men, and such as suppose
 They write like the Virgils, the Popes, and Boileaus.
 The God smil'd at first with a turn tow'rds the fire,
 And whisper'd, 'There, tell 'em they'd better retire' ;
 But lord! this was only to set all their quills up ;
 The rogues did but bustle ; and pulling their frills up,
 Stood fixing their faces, and stirr'd not an inch ;
 Nay, some took their snuff out, and join'd in a pinch."

To get rid of these Apollo reveals himself in all his glory, at which the great poets bow in obeisance and the small poets fly for their lives :—

“But Phœbus no sooner had gain'd his good ends,
Than he put off his terrors, and rais'd up his friends,
Who stood for a moment entranc'd to behold
The glories subside and the dim-rolling gold,
And listen'd to sounds, that with ecstasy burning
Seem'd dying far upward, like heaven returning.
Then 'Come,' cried the God in his elegant mirth,
'Let us make us a heaven of our own upon earth,
And wake with the lips, that we dip in our bowls,
That divinest of music,—congenial souls.'
So saying, he led through the door in his state,
Each bard as he follow'd him blessing his fate;
And by some charm or other, as each took his chair,
There burst a most beautiful wreath in his hair.
I can't tell 'em all, but the groundwork was bay,
And Campbell, in his, had some oak-leaves and May;
And Forget-me-not, Rogers; and Moore had a vine;
And Shelley, besides most magnificent pine,
Had the plant which thy least touch, Humanity, knows;
And Keats's had forest-tree, basil, and rose;
And Southey some buds of the tall Eastern palm;
And Coleridge mandragoras, mingled with balm;
And Wordsworth, with all which the field-walk endears,
The blossom that counts by its hundreds of years.”

“Blue-stocking Revels; or, the Feast of the Violets,” is a poem describing a similar reception given to the literary ladies of the time, in which each lady is introduced with circumstance, and receives comment and criticism, to say nothing, in some cases, of a chaste salute from the god of song.

For the rest Leigh Hunt's humorous verses are mostly translations, of which several are given in the following pages.

ALFRED H. MILES.

MISCELLANEOUS VERSE.

LEIGH HUNT.

I.—TO J. H.

FOUR YEARS OLD;—A NURSERY SONG.

. . . Pien d' amori,
Pien di canti, e pien di fiori.—FRUGONI.

A H little ranting Johnny,
For ever blithe and bonny,
And singing nonny, nonny,
With hat just thrown upon ye;
Or whistling like the thrushes
With voice in silver gushes;
Or twisting random posies
With daisies, weeds, and roses;
And strutting in and out so,
Or dancing all about so,
With cock-up nose so lightsome,
And sidelong eyes so brightsome,
And cheeks as ripe as apples,
And head as rough as Dapple's,
And arms as sunny shining
As if their veins they'd wine in;
And mouth that smiles so truly,
Heav'n seems to have made it newly,
It breaks into such sweetness
With merry-lipp'd completeness;—
Ah Jack, ah Gianni mio,
As blithe as Laughing Trio,
—Sir Richard, too, you rattler,
So christened from the Tatler,—
My Bacchus in his glory,
My little Cor-di-fiori,
My tricksome Puck, my robin,
Who in and out come bobbing.

As full of feints and frolic as
That fibbing rogue Autolycus,
And play the graceless robber on
Your grave-eyed brother Oberon,—
Ah! Dick, ah Dolce-riso!

How can you, can you be so?

One cannot turn a minute,
But mischief—there you're in it,
A getting at my books, John,
With mighty bustling looks, John;
Or poking at the roses,
In midst of which your nose is;
Or climbing on a table,
No matter how unstable,
And turning up your quaint eye
And half-shut teeth with "Mayn't I?"
Or else you're off at play, John,
Just as you'd be all day, John,
With hat or not, as happens,
And there you dance and clap hands,
Or on the grass go rolling,
Or plucking flow'rs, or bowling,
And getting me expenses
With losing balls o'er fences;
Or, as the constant trade is,
Are fondled by the ladies
With "What a young rogue this is!"
Reforming him with kisses;
Till suddenly you cry out,
As if you had an eye out,
So desperately tearful,
The sound is really fearful,
When lo! directly after,
It bubbles into laughter.

Ah rogue ! and do you know, John,
Why 'tis we love you so, John ?
And how it is they let ye
Do what you like and pet ye ?
Though all who look upon ye,
Exclaim " Ah, Johnny, Johnny ! "
It is because you please 'em
Still more, John, than you tease 'em ;
Because, too, when not present,
The thought of you is pleasant ;
Because, though such an elf, John,
They think that if yourself, John,
Had something to condemn too,
You'd be as kind to them too ;
In short, because you're very
Good-temper'd, Jack, and merry ;
And are as quick at giving,
As easy at receiving ;
And in the midst of pleasure
Are certain to find leisure
To think, my boy, of ours,
And bring us lumps of flowers.

But see, the sun shines brightly ;
Come, put your hat on rightly,
And we'll among the bushes,
And hear your friends the thrushes ;
And see what flow'rs the weather
Has render'd fit to gather ;
And, when we home must jog, you
Shall ride my back, you rogue you,
Your hat adorn'd with fine leaves,
Horse-chestnut, oak, and vine-leaves ;
And so, with green o'erhead, John,
Shall whistle home to bed, John.

II.—A DEPRECATION OF THE NAME OF JOHN.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF CASA.

WERE I some fifteen years younger or twenty,
Master Gandolfo, I'd unbaptize myself,
On purpose not to be called John. I never
Can do a single thing in the way of business,
Nor set out fast enough from my own door,
But half-a-dozen people are calling after me;
Though, when I turn, it isn't me; such crowds
Are issuing forth, nam'd John, at the same moment.

'Tis downright insult; a mere public scandal.
Clergymen, lawyers, pedants,—not a soul,
But his name's John. You shall not see a face,
Looking like what it is, a simpleton's—
Barber's, porkman's, or tooth-drawer's,—but the fellow
Seems by his look to be a John,—and *is* one!
I verily think, that the first man who cried
Boil'd apples or macaroni, was a John;
And so was he who found out roasted chestnuts,
And how to eat cucumbers, and new cheese.
By heavens! I'd rather be a German; nay,
I'd almost said a Frenchman; nay, a Jew
And be called Matthew, or Bartholomew,
Or some such beast,—or Simon. Really people
Who christen people, ought to pause a little,
And think what they're about.—O you who love me
Don't call me John, for God's sake; or at least,
If you must call me so, call it me softly;
For as to mentioning the name out loud,
You might as well call after one like a dog,—
Whistle, and snap your fingers, and cry, "Here, boy."

Think of the name of John upon a title-page !
 It damns the book at once ; and reasonably :
 People no sooner see it, than they conclude
 They've read the work before.—Oh I must say
 My father made a pretty business of it,
 Calling *me* John ! *me*, 'faith—his eldest son !
 Heir to his—poverty ! Why there's not a writ,
 But nine times out of ten, is serv'd on John,
 And what still more annoys me, not a bill :
 Your promiser to pay is always John.

Some people fondly make the word a compound,
 And get some other name to stand its friend,
 Christening the hapless devil John-Antony,
 John-Peter, or John-Baptist, or John-Charles ;
 There's even John-Barnard, and John-Martin !—Oh,
 See if the other name likes his society !
 It never does, humour it as you will.
 Change it, diminish it, call it Johnny, or Jacky,
 Or Jack, 'tis always a sore point,—a wound ;—
 Shocking, if left alone,—and worse, if touch'd.

III.—THE JOVIAL PRIEST'S CONFESSION.

The original of the following reverend piece of wit is preserved in the "Remains" of the learned Camden who says that "Walter de Mapes, Archdeacon of Oxford, confessed his love to good liquor in this manner " :—

I DEVISE to end my days—in a tavern drinking ;
 May some Christian hold for me—the glass when
 I am shrinking ;
 That the Cherubim may cry—when they see me
 sinking,
 God be merciful to a soul—of this gentleman's way
 of thinking.

A glass of wine amazingly—enlighteneth one's internals ;

'Tis wings bedewed with nectar—that fly up to supernals ;

Bottles cracked in taverns—have much the sweeter kernels,

Than the sups allowed to us—in the college journals.

Every one by nature hath—a mould which he was cast in ;

I happen to be one of those—who never could write fasting ;

By a single little boy—I should be surpassed in Writing so : I'd just as lief—be buried, tomb'd and grass'd in.

Every one by nature hath—a gift too, a dotation :

I, when I make verses, do get the inspiration

Of the very best of wine—that comes into the nation :

It maketh sermons to abound—for edification.

Just as liquor floweth good—floweth forth my lay so :

But I must moreover eat—or I could not say so ;

Nought it availeth inwardly—should I write all day so

But with God's grace after meat—I beat Ovidius Naso.

Neither is there given to me—prophetic animation,

Unless when I have eat and drank—yea, ev'n to saturation ;

Then in my upper story—hath Bacchus domination,

And Phœbus rusheth into me, and beggareth all relation.

IV.—ON THE LAUGH OF MADAME D'ALBRET.

FROM CLEMENT MAROT.

YES, that fair neck, too beautiful by half,
Those eyes, that voice, that bloom, all do her honour :
Yet after all, that little giddy laugh
Is what, in my mind, sits the best upon her.

Good God ! 'twould make the very streets and ways
Through which she passes, burst into a pleasure !
Did melancholy come to mar my days,
And kill me in the lap of too much leisure,
No spell were wanting, from the dead to raise me,
But only that sweet laugh, wherewith she slays me

V.—A LOVE-LESSON.

FROM THE SAME

A SWEET "No, no"—with a sweet smile beneath,
Becomes an honest girl: I'd have you learn it:—
As for plain "Yes," it may be said, i'faith,
Too plainly and too oft:—pray, well discern it.

Not that I'd have my pleasure incomplete,
Or lose the kiss for which my lips beset you ;
But that in suffering me to take it, sweet,
I'd have you say, "No, no, I will not let you."

VI.—THE CURATE AND HIS BISHOP.

FROM THE FRENCH. WRITTEN DURING THE OLD REGIME

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

ON business call'd from his abode,
A Curate jogg'd along the road.
In patient leanness jogg'd his mare ;
The Curate, jogging, breath'd a prayer ;
And jogging as she fac'd the meads,
His maid, behind him, told her beads.

They hear a carriage ; it o'ertakes 'em ;
With grinding noise and dust it rakes 'em ;
'Tis he himself ! they know his port ;
My Lord the Bishop, bound to court.
Beside him, to help meditation,
The lady sits, his young relation.

The carriage stops ! the Curate doffs
His hat, and bows ; the lady coughs :
The Prelate bends his lordly eyes,
And "How now, sir !" in wrath he cries ;
"What ! choose the very King's highway,
And ride with girls in open day !
Good heav'ns ! what next will curates do ?
My fancy shudders at the view,—
Girl, cover up your horrid stocking :
Was ever seen a group so shocking !"

"My Lord," replies the blushing man,
"Pardon me, pray, and pardon Anne ;
Oh deem it, good my Lord, no sin :
I had no coach to put her in."

Thomas Love Peacock.

1785—1866.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK was a typical example of the popular ideal of an English gentleman of the olden time. To a handsome physique, a ripe scholarship, and a fine classical taste, he added a unique literary faculty and a warm, convivial spirit, which resulted in a rare personality—a personality which, stamped upon the mintage of his brain, secured for it ready currency and wide circulation. His various novels—"Headlong Hall," "Nightmare Abbey," "Crotchet Castle," etc., etc.—contain many occasional lyrics in which he was much more successful than in his longer and more determined poetic efforts. Thackeray declared these songs, of which "Three Times Three" is a good specimen, to be among the best of their age.

"In his last binn Sir Peter lies,
Who knew not what it was to frown :
Death took him mellow, by surprise,
And in his cellar stopped him down,
Through all our land we could not boast
A knight more gay, more prompt than he,
To rise and fill a bumper toast,
And pass it round with **THREE TIMES THREE.**

"None better knew the feast to sway,
Or keep Mirth's boat in better trim ;
For Nature had but little clay
Like that of which she moulded him.

The meanest guest that graced his board
Was there the freest of the free,
His bumper toast when Peter poured,
And passed it round with THREE TIMES THREE.

"He kept at true good humour's mark
The social flow of pleasure's tide :
He never made a brow look dark,
Nor caused a tear, but when he died.
No sorrow round his tomb should dwell :
More pleased his gay old ghost would be,
For funeral song, and passing bell,
To hear no sound but THREE TIMES THREE."

Successful as his novels were, it is as a lyrist, humourist, and balladist that he is most likely to survive in literature. "The Pool of the Diving Friar," which appeared in his novel "Crotchet Castle," and "Love and Age," which occurs in "Gryll Grange," are likely to be long remembered. "Robin Hood," from "Maid Marion," "The Dappled Palfrey," from "Gryll Grange," and "The Priest and the Mulberry Tree," from "Crotchet Castle," are given in the following pages.

ALFRED H. MILES.

MISCELLANEOUS VERSE.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

I.—ROBIN HOOD.

(FROM "MAID MARION," CHAPTER XII.)

"BOLD Robin has robed him in ghostly attire,
And forth he is gone like a holy friar,
Singing hey down, ho down, down, derry down !
And of two gray friars he soon was aware,
Regaling themselves with dainty fare,
All on the fallen leaves so brown.

" 'Good morrow, good brothers,' said bold Robin Hood.
'And what make you in the good greenwood,
Singing hey down, ho down, down, derry down ?
Now give me, I pray you, wine and food ;
For none can I find in the good greenwood,
All on the fallen leaves so brown.

" 'Good brother,' they said, 'we would give you full fain
But we have no more than enough for twain,
Singing hey down, ho down, down, derry down !
'Then give me some money,' said bold Robin Hood ;
'For none can I find in the good greenwood,
All on the fallen leaves so brown.'

" 'No money have we, good brother,' said they :
'Then,' said he, 'we three for money will pray :
Singing hey down, ho down, down, derry down !
And whatever shall come at the end of our prayer
We three holy friars will piously share,
All on the fallen leaves so brown.'

“ ‘ We will not pray with thee, good brother, God wot :
For truly, good brother, thou pleasest us not,
Singing hey down, ho down, down, derry down ! ”
Then up they both started from Robin to run,
But down on their knees Robin pulled them each one,
All on the fallen leaves so brown.

“ The gray friars prayed with a doleful face,
But bold Robin prayed with a right merry grace,
Singing hey down, ho down, down, derry down !
And when they had prayed, their portmanteau he took,
And from it a hundred good angels he shook,
All on the fallen leaves so brown.

“ ‘ The saints,’ said bold Robin, ‘ have harkened our prayer,
And here’s a good angel apiece for your share—
If more you would have, you must win ere you wear—
Singing hey down, ho down, down, derry down ! ’
Then he blew his good horn with a musical cheer,
And fifty green bowmen came trooping full near,
And away the gray friars they bounded like deer,
All on the fallen leaves so brown.”

II.—THE DAPPLED PALFREY.

(FROM “ GRYLL GRANGE,” CHAPTER XV.)

“ My traitorous uncle has wooed for himself:
Her father has sold her for land and for pelf:
My steed, for whose equal the world they might search,
In mockery they borrow to bear her to church.

“ Oh ! there is one path through the forest so green,
Where thou and I only, my palfrey, have been :
We traversed it oft, when I rode to her bower
To tell my love tale through the rift of the tower.

"Thou know'st not my words, but thy instinct is good :
By the road to the church lies the path through the wood :
Thy instinct is good, and her love is as true :
Thou wilt see thy way homeward : dear palfrey, adieu."

They feasted full late and full early they rose,
And church-ward they rode more than half in a doze:
The steed in an instant broke off from the throng,
And pierced the green path, which he bounded along.

In vain was pursuit. though some followed pell-mell,
Through bramble and thicket they floundered and fell.
On the backs of their coursers some dozed as before,
And missed not the bride till they reached the church-door.

The knight from his keep on the forest-bound gazed :
The drawbridge was down, the portcullis was raised :
And true to his hope came the palfrey amain,
With his only loved lady, who checked not the rein.

The drawbridge went up ; the portcullis went down :
The chaplain was ready with bell, book, and gown :
The wreck of the bride-train arrived at the gate ;
The bride showed the ring, and they muttered " Too late ! "

" Not too late for a feast, though too late for a fray :
What's done can't be undone : make peace while you may : "
So spake the young knight, and the old ones complied,
And quaffed a deep health to the bridegroom and bride.

III.—THE PRIEST AND THE MULBERRY TREE.

(FROM "CROCHET CASTLE," CHAPTER XVIII.)

DID you hear of the curate who mounted his mare,
And merrily trotted along to the fair ?
Of creature more tractable none ever heard ;
In the height of her speed she would stop at a word ;
And again with a word, when the curate said Hey,
She put forth her mettle, and galloped away.

As near to the gates of the city he rode,
While the sun of September all brilliantly glowed,
The good priest discovered, with eyes of desire,
A mulberry tree in a hedge of wild briar ;
On boughs long and lofty, in many a green shoot,
Hung large, black, and glossy, the beautiful fruit.

The curate was hungry and thirsty to boot ;
He shrunk from the thorns, though he longed for the fruit,
With a word he arrested his courser's keen speed,
And he stood up erect on the back of his steed ;
On the saddle he stood, while the creature stood still,
And he gathered the fruit, till he took his good fill.

" Sure never," he thought, " was a creature so rare,
So docile, so true, as my excellent mare.
Lo, here, how I stand " (and he gazed all around),
' As safe and as steady as if on the ground ;
Yet how had it been, if some traveller this way,
Had, dreaming no mischief, but chanced to cry Hey? "

He stood with his head in the mulberry tree,
And he spoke out aloud in his fond reverie ;
At the sound of the word, the good mare made a push,
And down went the priest in the wild-briar bush.
He remembered too late, on his thorny green bed,
Much that well may be thought, cannot wisely be said.

Theodore Hook.

1788—1841.

EDWARD THEODORE HOOK was born in London in 1788. He was the youngest son of James Hook, a popular composer, and brother of the Rev. James Hook, sometime Dean of Worcester. He was educated at Harrow and Oxford, and when no more than seventeen years of age, produced his first drama, "The Soldier's Return," a comic opera, acted in 1805. This was followed by a musical farce, produced in 1806, entitled, "Catch him who can," from which the song given on p. 179 is quoted. Numerous other works of the same kind followed. In 1813 he was appointed accountant-general and treasurer of Mauritius, an office which he held until 1818, when, on account of the defalcations of his deputy, who afterwards destroyed himself, he was sent home, and, being held responsible for a large amount, was confined for some time in the King's Bench prison. In 1820 he became editor of *John Bull*, a Tory newspaper, to the pages of which he contributed. As his articles and verses are unsigned it is impossible now to determine which came from his pen. The political squib, "Ass-ass-ination," given on pp. 186-8, and taken from *John Bull*, is, however, doubtless one of his productions. In 1836 he became the editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*. He published a number of novels, including

"Sayings and Doings" (1824, 1825, and 1828); "Gilbert Gurney," an autobiography worked into a novel (1835); "Gurney Married" (1837); "Jack Brag" (1837); and "Perigrine Bunce," published posthumously in 1842.

Theodore Hook is best remembered for the qualities which made him most popular among his contemporaries: his ready wit, his practical jokes, and his remarkable powers of improvisation; though it is claimed for him that his novels have more permanent interest than many deemed of greater importance in his time. His wit, associated with an audacity rarely, if ever, equalled, was a passport into any society which he desired to enter. On more than one occasion he knocked at the door of an entire stranger, entered, remained to dinner, and afterwards entertained his host, whom he had never seen before, in such a manner as to make a permanent friendship with him, and this with no other means than those of a brilliant wit and a fascinating manner.

On one occasion, while walking in Soho Square with Terry the actor, he saw through the window of a brilliantly-lighted house a party assembling for dinner, and he laid a wager with Terry that he would introduce himself to the company, join them at dinner, and entertain them afterwards until Terry should call for him at a certain hour. Terry called at the appointed time, and was shown into the drawing-room, where he found Hook seated at the piano.

On seeing Terry enter, Hook brought his song to a conclusion with the verse,—

"I'm very much pleased with your fare,
Your cellar's as prime as your cook;—
My friend's Mr. Terry the player,
And I'm Mr. Theodore Hook!"

As a practical joker, he has, perhaps, never been excelled. Surely one of the hugest practical jokes ever perpetrated was that played on Mrs. Tottingham of 54, Berners Street, Oxford Street, in 1809. The house was a quiet, unpretending establishment; but Hook laid a wager that within a week it should be the most famous mansion in town. He dispatched hundreds of letters in the lady's name to tradespeople and professional men, appointing with them to deliver goods or render professional services at certain hours on a given day; and then took apartments on the opposite side of the street to witness the results. It is said that from the arrival of an army of chimney-sweeps and a cavalcade of coal-waggon in the early morning, until that of a regiment of mutes and a procession of hearses late in the evening, a continual stream of carts and carriages poured into Berners Street, laden with every kind of merchandise, or bearing every description of public official.

Such a story as this is not likely to lose in the telling, and the imaginations of the many who have recounted it is likely to have added somewhat to its artistic completeness; but it has been said that the distinguished persons who were led to take part in this joke included the Lord Mayor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Chairman of the East India Company, the Governor of the Bank of England, more than one Cabinet Minister, and H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief.

Hook's powers of improvisation were extraordinary, but, in the nature of things, his efforts in this direction passed without record, and but few examples remain. It is said that on one occasion he

was interrupted in a song by the arrival of a guest
whosename was Winter and who was a tax-collector:
Disdaining disturbance he continued his ditty,—

“Here comes Mr. Winter, collector of taxes;
I’d advise you to pay him whatever he axes;
Excuses won’t do; he stands no sort of flummery,
Though Winter his name is, his process is summary.”

Theodore Hook’s verses were written for his own musical sketches, for the pages of *John Bull*, or for one or other of the annuals so popular in his time. “The Keepsake” for 1831 contains a ballad of his entitled, “*Çaçon à son goût*,” too long for quotation, which describes the difficulties experienced by a gouty alderman in making love. In this the fair enslaver compels the alderman to kneel to her, and is then obliged to ring for the servants to help him to his feet again. This is said to have been a narrative of an incident actually occurring in the experience of Gibbon, the historian.

Hook’s “Life” and “Remains” were published in 1848 by Rev. R. H. Dalton Barham, son of the author of the “Ingoldsby Legends,” who gives therein the following “Impromptu” by the Rev. Edward Cannon, Theodore Hook’s friend, which is worth preserving here.

“If down his throat a man should choose
In fun, to jump or slide,
He’d scrape his shoes against his teeth,
Nor dirt his own inside.

“Or if his teeth were lost and gone,
And not a stump to scrape upon,
He’d see at once how very pat
His tongue lay there, by way of mat,
And he would wipe his feet on *that*!”

ALFRED H. MILES.

MISCELLANEOUS VERSE.

EDWARD THEODORE HOOK.

I.—SONG.

(FROM "CATCH HIM WHO CAN," 1806.)

MARY once had lovers two—
Whining—pining—sighing :
"Ah!" cries one, "what shall I do?
Mary dear, I'm dying!"
T'other vow'd him just the same—
Dead in grief's vagary;
But sighs could never raise a flame
In the heart of Mary.

A youth there came, all blithe and gay—
Merry—laughing—singing—
Sporting—courting, all the day—
And set the bells a-ringing.
Soon he tripp'd it off to church,
Lightly, gay, and airy;
Leaving t'others in the lurch,
Sighing after Mary.

II.—VALENTINE.

OLD Custom, which to-day allows
Addresses such as this;
When timid lovers breathe their vows,
And sing of promised bliss;
Emboldens one, who else would fear
To make his feelings known,
To whisper in the fair one's ear
A sorrow—all his own.

Old custom says, that rhyming words
Must form the Valentine ;
Yet jingling verse but ill accords
With sentiments like mine.
Beheld, like visions fair and bright,
At once your pow'r was prov'd,
No sooner seen, than lost to sight,
No sooner known, than lov'd.

The lightning's fire from angry skies
An instant death can give,
And who shall meet those soul-fraught eyes,
And yet unwounded live ?
Unlike the wrathful flame of heav'n,
Their radiance they impart ;
But not less sure the wound is giv'n
Which rankles in the heart.

The smiles that deck that downy cheek
To arch expression joined,
The goodness of the heart bespeak,
And powers of the mind ;
'Tis seldom in the world we trace
An union half so rare,
In one combining sense and grace,
As talented as fair.

Again to meet—again to part—
It may—it may *not* be ;
The thought but grieves an aching heart,
For what am *I* to *thee* !
Then fare thee well, no breast can own
A passion half so pure
As his, who loves unseen, unknown,
Nor ever hopes a cure.

III.—CAUTIONARY VERSES TO YOUTH OF BOTH SEXES.

'MY little dears, who learn to read, pray early
learn to shun
That very silly thing indeed which people call a
pun :
Read Entick's rules, and 'twill be found how simple
an offence
It is, to make the self-same sound afford a double
sense.

' For instance, *ale* may make you *ail*, your *aunt* an
ant may kill,
You in a *vale* may buy a *veil*, and *Bill* may pay the
bill.
Or if to France your bark you steer, at Dover, it
may be,
A *peer* appears upon the *pier*, who, blind, still goes
to *sea*.

"Thus one might say, when to a treat good friends
accept our greeting,
'Tis *meet* that men who *meet* to eat should eat their
meat when meeting.
Brawn on the board's no *bore* indeed, although from
boar prepared ;
Nor can the *fowl*, on which we feed, *foul* feeding be
declared.

"Thus *one* ripe fruit may be a *pear*, and yet be *pared*
again,
And still be *one*, which seemeth rare until we do
explain.

It therefore should be all your aim to speak with
ample care :

For who, however fond of game, would choose to
swallow *hair* ?

"A fat man's *gait* may make us smile, who have no
gate to close :

The farmer sitting on his *style* no *stylish* person
knows :

Perfumers men of *scents* must be ; some *Scilly* men
are bright ;

A *brown* man oft deep *read* we see, a *black* a wicked
wight.

"Most wealthy men good *manors* have, however
vulgar they ;

And actors still the harder slave, the oftener they
play :

So poets can't the *baize* obtain, unless their tailors
choose ;

While grooms and coachmen, not in vain, each
evening seek the *Mews*.

"The *dyer* who by *dyeing* lives, a *dire* life main-
tains ;

The glazier, it is known, receives—his profits from
his *panes* :

By gardeners *thyme* is *tied*, 'tis true, when spring is
in its prime ;

But *time* or *tide* won't wait for you, if you are *tied*
for *time*.

"Then now you see, my little dears, the way to make
a pun ;
A trick which you, through coming years, should
sedulously shun :
The fault admits of no defence ; for wheresoe'er 'tis
found,
You sacrifice for *sound* the *sense* : the *sense* is never
sound.

"So let your words and actions too, one single
meaning prove,
And, just in all you say or do, you'll gain esteem
and love :
In mirth and play no harm you'll know, when duty's
task is done ;
But parents ne'er should let you go unpunish'd for
a *pun* !"

IV.—A RIDDLE.

ON flutt'ring wings I early rose
In no exalted flight ;
The lily in the shade that blows,
Not purer nor more white.

At morning 'twas my pleasant sport
Adown the stream to glide ;
I helped my mother to support,
And never left her side.

A reckless man, who sealed my doom,
Resolved a prize to win,
Dragged me remorseless from my home,
And stripped me to the skin.

He cropped my hair, my skin he flayed,
And then his ends to seek
He slit my tongue, because he said,
He thus could make me speak.

'Twas done—my name and nature changed,
For love of hateful gold,
With many victims bound and ranged,
To slavery, I was sold.

I'm slave to any man, or all,
Yet do not toil for pelf;
And though I'm ready at the call,
I cannot work myself.

Still, I in every language write
To every foreign land;
But yet, which may surprise you quite,
Not one I understand.

Your tears and smiles I can excite,
Your inmost thoughts revealing,
Can give you sorrow or delight;
And yet I have no feeling.

I can dispense the royal grace,
Can make a man, or mar;
Confer a pension or a place—
A halter or a star.

The poet's verse, the doctor's draught,
Without my aid were failing,
Th' historian's page, the lawyer's craft,
Would all be unavailing.

Indeed, had man not changed my lot,
And claimed me for his own,
Shakespeare and Milton, Pope and Scott,
Perhaps had died unknown.

Wide spread abroad you'll find my fame,
In every shape and manner ;
America respects my name,
'Tis blazoned on her banner.

On silver beds with lords I rest,
On wood with poor and wise men ;
I clasp the tax-collector's breast,
And walk with the exciseman.

The dapper clerk, with office pay,
Who deaf to claims can be,
Although he drives me half the day,
Still lends his ear to *me*.

I'm growing old, and fate doth frown,
And altered is my station ;
I'm cut by friends who wear me down
By many an operation.

My mouth grows black, my lips are furred,
I never can get better,
I scarcely can express a word,
And hardly make a letter.

Long persecutions I have seen,
But this I must avow ;
I think I never yet have been
So badly used as now.

V.—ASS-ASS-INATION

(FROM "JOHN BULL.")

THE Earl of Grosvenor is an *Ass*—
—*exter* of our freedom ;
And were he Canterbury's Grace
The Gospels in his Sovereign's face
He'd rather throw than read 'em.

My Lord of Grantham is an *Ass*—
—*ailer* of Black Wooler ;
But if this blustering York Hussar
Were tried in any real war,
'Tis thought he might be cooler.

Lord Enniskillen is an *Ass*—
—*enter* to Lord Grantham ;
Bold, generous, noisy, swearing friends—
Till they have gain'd their private ends,
And that their patrons want 'em.

The Earl of Harewood is an *Ass*—
—*ured* help in trouble ;
For, when his lordship condescends,
Out of a scrape to help his friends,
He only makes it double.

The Earl of Morley is an *Ass*—
—*istant* to Lord Granville ;
His head outside is rich, in shoot ;
But to beat anything into 't
I'd rather thump an anvil.

The good Lord Kenyon is an *Ass*—

—*uager* of dissension ;

With feeble voice, and maudlin' eye,

He would have prayed for infamy,

And granted sin a pension.

The Lord Ashburton is an *Ass*—

—*iduous* attender ;

No voter for the queen is stouter,

Although he knows no more about her,

Than of the Witch of Endor.

The Duke of Leinster is an *Ass*—

—*ociate* whom she flatters ;

Though, by two uncles he has seen,

To hate a King and love a Queen

Are rather ticklish matters.

In short, each Whig Lord is an *Ass*—

—*emblage* of all merit ;

And to reward their virtuous lives,

May all their daughters and their wives

The Queen's good taste inherit.

Lord Blessington's a stage-struck *Ass*—

—*umer* of Lothario ;

But by his talents, wit, or grace,

(Had he but eyes to find his place,)

He's fitter for Paddy Cary O !

Lord Steward Cholmondeley is *Ass*—

—*imilate* Polonius !

He dares not blame "the mob-led Queen,"

Though he best knows, her loves have been

What others call erroneous.

Lord Arden's an official *Ass*—

—*ignee* of naval prizes ;

And as the moon affects the seas,

His loyalty obeys his fees,

And with them falls and rises.

Lord Hampden is a twaddling *Ass*—

—*assin* of our patience ;

This Guelphic Knight, so dire and thin,

Rides his white horse in the train of sin

Like Death in the Revelations.

Lord Byron.

1788—1824.

It would be idle to deny the author of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," "The Vision of Judgment," "The Blues," "Beppo," and "Don Juan," the sense of humour, albeit his wit was often of a fierce and cynical kind. A literary Ishmael, with his hand against that of every man and every man's hand against his, he pointed the shafts of ridicule against his critics with a brilliance and force at which the world has not done laughing yet; but his own laughter the while frequently betrays the mocking spirit which shows a nature at variance with the world because out of humour with itself. To compare the wit of Byron with that of Hood is to bring out the essential difference of wit and humour. "Between humour and wit," says Dr. Angus, "there is this slight difference. Humour, besides being genial and somewhat serious, has a dash of feeling in it—only a dash; if there is more the poetry excites feeling, and the mere wit or humour is felt to be absorbed—held in solution—in the nobler element." If geniality is an essential and distinctive quality of humour, Byron can be called a wit, but hardly a humourist, while Hood must be regarded as an example of both. Hood employed humour for its own sake; and underlying the wit of a mere pun there is often a

measure of feeling which approaches sympathy. Byron employed humour because it afforded him the best means of covering his enemies with ridicule; and, one cannot help thinking sometimes, because he knew that it would give the smartest sting. Under happier circumstances of birth, education, and experience the feeling which obviously enough underlies Byron's wit might have been of the genial quality, which, accepting the above definition, is an essential characteristic of humour; but, operating as it did, it produced some of the best examples the poetry of the nineteenth century can show of brilliant and scathing wit. The selections given in the following pages are from Byron's shorter poems, the works enumerated above being difficult to represent by detachments and too long to reproduce entire.

ALFRED H. MILES.

OCCASIONAL VERSE.

LORD BYRON.

I.—THE GIRL OF CADIZ

O, NEVER talk again to me
Of northern climes and British ladies;
It has not been your lot to see,
Like me, the lovely girl of Cadiz.
Altho' her eyes be not of blue,
Nor fair her locks, like English lasses',
How far its own expressive hue,
The languid azure eye surpasses!

Prometheus-like from Heaven she stole
The fire that thro' those silken lashes
In darkest glances seemed to roll,
From eyes that cannot hide their flashes;
And as along her bosom steal
In lengthen'd flow her raven tresses,
You'd swear each clustering lock could feel,
And curl'd to give her neck caresses.

Our English maids are long to woo,
And frigid even in possession;
And if their charms be fair to view,
Their lips are slow at Love's confession;
But, born beneath a brighter sun,
For love ordain'd the Spanish maid is,
And who,—when fondly, fairly won—
Enchants you like the girl of Cadiz?

The Spanish maid is no coquette,
Nor joys to see a lover tremble ;
And if she love, or if she hate,
Alike she knows not to dissemble.
Her heart can ne'er be bought or sold—
Howe'er it beats, it beats sincerely ;
And, tho' it will not bend to gold,
'Twill love you long, and love you dearly.

The Spanish girl that meets your love
Ne'er taunts you with a mock denial ;
For every thought is bent to prove
Her passion in the hour of trial.
When thronging foemen menace Spain
She dares the deed and shares the danger ;
And should her lover press the plain,
She hurls the spear, her love's avenger.

And when beneath the evening star,
She mingles in the gay Bolero ;
Or sings to her attuned guitar
Of Christian knight or Moorish hero ;
Or counts her beads with fairy hand
Beneath the twinkling rays of Hesper ;
Or joins devotion's choral band
To chant the sweet and hallow'd vesper ;

In each her charms the heart must move
Of all who venture to behold her :
Then let not maids less fair reprove,
Because her bosom is not colder ;
Thro' many a clime 'tis mine to roam
Where many a soft and melting maid is,
But none abroad, and few at home,
May match the dark-eyed girl of Cadiz.

II.—LINES TO MR. HODGSON.

(WRITTEN ON BOARD THE LISBON PACKET.)

Falmouth Roads, June 30th, 1809.

HUZZA ! Hodgson, we are going,
Our embargo's off at last ;
Favourable breezes blowing
Bend the canvas o'er the mast.
From aloft the signal's streaming,
Hark ! the farewell gun is fired ;
Sailors swearing, women screaming,
Tell us that our time's expired.
Here's a rascal
Come to task all,
Prying from the custom-house ;
Trunks unpacking,
Cases cracking :
Not a corner for a mouse
'Scapes unsearch'd amid the racket,
Ere we sail on board the Packet.

Now our boatmen quit their mooring,
And all hands must ply the oar ;
Baggage from the quay is lowering,
We're impatient—push from shore.
‘Have a care ! that case holds liquor—
Stop the boat—I'm sick—oh Lord !’
“Sick, ma'am, damme, you'll be sicker
Ere you've been an hour on board.”
Thus are screaming
Men and women,

Gemmen, ladies, servants, Jacks ;
Here entangling,
All are wrangling,
Stuck together close as wax.—
Such the general noise and racket,
Ere we reach the Lisbon Packet.

Now we've reached her, lo ! the captain,
Gallant Kidd, commands the crew ;
Passengers their berths are clapt in,
Some to grumble, some to spew.
“ Heyday ! call you that a cabin ?
Why, 'tis hardly three feet square :
Not enough to stow Queen Mab in—
Who the deuce can harbour there ? ”
“ Who, sir ? plenty—
Nobles twenty
Did at once my vessel fill.”—
“ Did they ? Bacchus,
How you pack us !
Would to God they did so still :
Then I'd scape the heat and racket
Of the good ship, Lisbon Packet.

Fletcher ! Murray ! Bob ! where are you ?
Stretch'd along the deck like logs—
Bear a hand, you jolly tar, you !
Here's a rope's end for the dogs.
Hobhouse, muttering fearful curses,
As the hatchway down he rolls,
Now his breakfast, now his verses,
Vomits forth—and damns our souls.
“ Here's a stanza
On Braganza—

Help!"—"A couplet?"—"No, a cup
Of warm water—"

"What's the matter?"

"Zounds! my liver's coming up;
I shall not survive the racket
Of this brutal Lisbon Packet."

Now at length we're off for Turkey,
Lord knows when we shall come back!
Breezes foul and tempests murky
May unship us in a crack.
But, since life at most a jest is,
As philosophers allow,
Still to laugh by far the best is,
Then laugh on—as I do now.
Laugh at all things,
Great and small things,
Sick or well, at sea or shore;
While we're quaffing,
Let's have laughing—
Who the devil cares for more?—
Some good wine! and who would lack it?
Ev'n on board the Lisbon Packet?

III.—TO MR. MURRAY.

FOR Orford and for Waldegrave
You give much more than me you gave;
Which is not fairly to behave,
My Murray.

Because if a live dog, 'tis said,
Be worth a lion fairly sped,
A *live lord* must be worth *two* dead,
My Murray.

And if, as the opinion goes,
 Verse hath a better sale than prose,—
 Certes, I should have more than those,
 My Murray.

But now this sheet is nearly cramm'd,
 So, if *you will*, I sha'n't be shamm'd,
 And if you *won't*, you may be damn'd,
 My Murray.

IV.—EPITAPH FOR JOSEPH BLACKETT, LATE
 POET AND SHOEMAKER.

STRANGER! behold, interr'd together,
 The *souls* of learning and of leather;
 Poor Joe is gone, but left his *all*:
 You'll find his relics in a *stall*.
 His works were neat, and often found
 Well stitch'd, and with *morocco* bound.
 Tread lightly—where the bard is laid
 He cannot mend the shoe he made.
 Yet is he happy in his hole,
 With verse immortal as his *sole*.
 But still to business he held fast,
 And stuck to Phœbus to the last.
 Then who shall say so good a fellow
 Was only "leather and prunella"?
 For character—he did not lack it;
 And if he did, 'twere shame to "Black it."

Richard Harris Barham.

1788—1845.

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM was born in Canterbury, on the 6th December, 1788. He was educated at St. Paul's School, and at Brasenose College, Oxford. In 1795 he succeeded to a moderate estate, including the farm and manor-house of Tappington, or Tapton Wood, familiar to readers of the "Ingoldsby Legends." When he was fourteen years of age his right arm was crippled for life through the upsetting of the Dover mail on which he was travelling to London. He took his Bachelor's degree in 1811, and was ordained two years afterwards. In 1814 he married Caroline, daughter of Captain Sinart of the Royal Engineers, and in 1817 he obtained the curacy of Warchorn, on the verge of Romney Marsh. There he became very popular among his rough neighbours, the marshmen, of whom not a few were engaged in the "Free Trade." "Many a time on returning homewards at night," says his son and biographer, "has he been challenged by a half-seen horseman; but on making known his name and office, he was invariably allowed to pass on with a 'Good-night: it's only parson!' while a long and shadowy line of mounted smugglers, each with his led horse laden with tubs, filed silently by." While living in this lonely parish, he wrote a novel called "Baldwin," which was published by the Minerva Press, but failed to attract notice. In 1821

he was enabled to quit Romney Marsh for London, where he had obtained a canonry in St. Paul's. He was appointed priest in ordinary of the chapels royal in 1824, and soon afterwards became incumbent of St. Gregory in the City. For about eighteen years he lived in a house in St. Paul's Churchyard, adjoining the entrance to Doctor's Commons. After settling in London he worked pretty steadily as an author. He contributed light articles and verses to *John Bull*, the *Literary Gazette*, the *Globe and Traveller*, and *Blackwood's Magazine*, and was for some time editor of the *London Chronicle*. He mixed in the best literary society, and was fond of club-life—he was one of the original members of the "Garrick"—but he always did his parochial work thoroughly. He was not a popular preacher, and he did not dabble in polemics, but he was untiring in his efforts to help the poor without as well as within the bounds of St. Gregory's. His story, "My Cousin Nicholas," appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1834, and in 1837 his "Ingoldsby Legends"—the work on which his literary reputation is founded—began to appear in the pages of *Bentley's Miscellany*. He believed that he had no power of inventing a story, and his legends were nearly all old tales retold. A number of them, dealing mainly with monks, and saints, and devils, were taken from mediæval chronicles; a few, such as "Nell Cook," "Grey Dolphin," and "The Ghost" were genuine Kentish legends; and others, such as "Hamilton Tighe," "The Dead Drummer," and "The Milkmaid's Story," were furnished to Barham by his friend Mrs. Hughes, the grandmother of the author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays."

Barham was a wonderfully rapid writer. "The Jackdaw of Rheims" was struck off, he tells us, at a heat and almost in despair, when he found it impossible to finish another piece of work in time for the press. The "Ingoldsby Legends" became immediately popular. A number of them were issued in a volume in 1840, and the complete series has since run through many editions. In 1843 Barham ceased to write for *Bentley's Miscellany*, and the later legends appeared in Colburn's *New Monthly Magazine*. In 1844 he was attacked by a severe inflammation of the throat, which through neglect became incurable before it was subjected to proper treatment, and he died, after prolonged suffering, on June 17th, 1845. His last verses, the lines "As I laye a-thynkyng," were at his request printed in *Bentley's Miscellany*, so that Thomas Ingoldsby's literary career might end where it began.

Barham retold his monkish and other legends in a manner which was new to most of his readers, but which in some ways resembles the style of certain of the French *Contes*. He had a vein of humour both rollicking and grim, and he was an expert in the art of weaving a story into verse. His command of rhyme was almost unsurpassable. The most intractable phrases become plastic and fluent at his touch; words which seem to defy the resources of the language to wed them with rhyme are set dancing down his lines in the most unexpected and comical partnerships. The ingenuity and vigour of the style, the wealth of incident, the gusto with which the best stories are told, the brisk canter and jingle of the verse, the broad drollery of some passages, and the grotesque power of others,

account for the immense popularity which "The Legends" at once secured, and which, in a great measure, they retain. And yet, with all their cleverness, have not their merits been somewhat over-rated? When two or three of them are read consecutively, does not the cleverness become a trifle irksome? Does not the dead rattle of the rhyme begin to jar on the ear? Does not one grow weary before long of that gluttonous, bibulous, amorous crew of burlesque monks, and churchmen, and saints, and devils, and frail fair ladies? His transitions from the jocose to the serious are often inartistic, and sometimes even repellent. The one mood does not glide easily and naturally into the other. In the "Black Mousquetaire," for example, there are certain stanzas describing the horrors of war. As part of a serious poem, they might not be unimpressive. Occurring where they do, they are not only ineffective in themselves; they likewise weaken the effect of the burlesque verse in which they are embedded. In "The Auto da Fé," "The Buccaneer's Curse," and "Netley Abbey," the author's sharp changes of tone are almost painfully discordant. Compare Praed's mock-heroic verses to Barham's—take, say, "The Bridal of Belmont," and note the ease, the aptness, the charming grace with which the one strain of sentiment plays into the other—how lightly and keenly the writer makes his point, and how flowingly he passes on:—

"For he, as he rode, was dreaming now,
Poor youth, of a woman's broken vow,
Of the cup dashed down, ere the wine was tasted
Of eloquent speeches sadly wasted,
Of a gallant heart all burnt to ashes,
And the Baron of Katzberg's long mustaches."

Barham has no such touches as these. He lacks charm, and he lacks variety and music of rhythm. After Praed's verses his rhymes sound like the clatter of castanets after a chime of silver bells. But with all his defects he was an original and vigorous writer, whose work has been the source of much honest amusement. He had a poetic as well as a humorous vein in his nature, and his fanciful, touching lines "As I laye a-thynkyng" make one wish that he had taken himself more seriously as a lyricist.

"As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the spraye!
There came a noble Knyghte,
With his hauberke shynynge brighte,
And his gallant heart was lyghte,
Free and gaye;
As I laye a-thynkyng, he rode upon his waye.

"As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the tree!
There seem'd a crimson plain,
Where a gallant Knyghte lay slayne,
And a steed with broken rein
Ran free,
As I laye a-thynkyng, most pitiful to see!

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the boughe;
A lovely Mayde came bye,
And a gentle youth was nyghe,
And he breathed many a sighe
And a vowe
As I lay a-thynkyng, her hearte was gladsome now.

“As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the thorne;
No more a youth was there,
But a maiden rent her haire,
And cried in sad despaire,
‘That I was borne!’

As I laye a-thynkyng, she perished forlorne.

“As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Sweetly sang the Birde as she sat upon the briar;
There came a lovely Childe,
And his face was meek and mild,
Yet joyously he smiled
On his sire;

As I laye a-thynkyng, a Cherub mote admire.

“But I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
And sadly sang the Birde as it perch’d upon a bier:
That joyous smile was gone,
And the face was white and wan,
As the downe upon the Swan
Doth appear,

As I lay a-thynkyng—oh! bitter flow’d the tear!

“As I laye a-thynkyng, the golden sun was sinking,
O merrie sang that Birde as it glitter’d on her breast
With a thousand gorgeous dyes
While soaring to the skies,
’Mid the stars she seem’d to rise,
As to her nest;

As I laye a-thynkyng, her meaning was exprest:—
‘Follow, follow me away,
It boots not to delay,’—
’Twas so she seem’d to say,
‘Here is rest!’”

His great popularity may have declined somewhat of late, but it seems little likely to pass soon away. Of all the doves and swans and nightingales and gay goshawks of romantic song, how many have won so wide a fame and seem so secure of remembrance as the Jackdaw of Rheims?

WALTER WHYTE.

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

1840.

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

I.—*THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS.*

THE Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair!
Bishop and abbot, and prior were there;
Many a monk, and many a friar,
Many a knight, and many a squire,
With a great many more of lesser degree,—
In sooth a goodly company;
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
Never, I ween,
Was a prouder seen,
Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!
In and out through the motley rout,
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about;
Here and there like a dog in a fair,
Over comfits and cakes,
And dishes and plates,
Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
Mitre and crosier! he hopp'd upon all!
With saucy air, he perch'd on the chair
Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;
And he peer'd in the face
Of his Lordship's Grace,
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
“We two are the greatest folks here to-day!”
And the priests, with awe, as such freaks they saw
Said, “The devil must be in that little Jackdaw!”
The feast was over, the board was clear'd,
The flawns and the custards had all disappear'd,
And six little singing-boys,—dear little souls!
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,

Came, in order due, two by two,
Marching that grand refectory through !

A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Emboss'd and fill'd with water, as pure
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
Carried lavender-water, and eau de Cologne ;
And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.

One little boy more
A napkin bore,
Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
And a Cardinal's Hat mark'd in " permanent ink."

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys dress'd all in white :
From his finger he draws his costly turquoise
And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
Deposits it straight by the side of his plate,
While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait ;
Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring !

There's a cry and a shout, and a deuce of a rout,
And nobody seems to know what they're about,
But the monks have their pockets all turn'd inside out ;
The friars are kneeling, and hunting, and feeling
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.
The Cardinal drew off each plum-colour'd shoe,
And left his red stockings exposed to the view ;
He peeps, and he feels,
In the toes and the heels ;

They turn up the dishes,—they turn up the plates,—
They take up the poker and poke out the grates,—

They turn up the rugs,

They examine the mugs :—

But, no !—no such thing ;—

They can't find THE RING !

And the Abbot declared that, “ when nobody twigg'd it,
Some rascal or other had popp'd in, and prigg'd it ! ”

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,

He call'd for his candle, his bell, and his book !

In holy anger, and pious grief,

He solemnly cursed that rascally thief !

He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed ;

From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head ;

He cursed him in sleeping, that every night

He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright ;

He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,

He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking ;

He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying ;

He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying,

He cursed him in living, he cursed him in dying !—

Never was heard such a terrible curse !

But what gave rise

To no little surprise,

Nobody seem'd one penny the worse !

The day was gone, the night came on,

The Monks and the Friars they search'd till dawn ;

When the Sacristan saw, on crumpled claw,

Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw ;

No longer gay, as on yesterday ;

His feathers all seem'd to be turn'd the wrong way ;—

His pinions droop'd - he could hardly stand,—

His head was as bald as the palm of your hand ;

His eye so dim, so wasted each limb,
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, "THAT'S HIM!—
'That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing!
'That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's ring!"

The poor little Jackdaw, when the monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw;
And turn'd his bald head, as much as to say,
"Pray, be so good as to walk this way!"
Slower and slower, he limp'd on before,
Till they came to the back of the belfry door,
Where the first thing they saw, midst the sticks and the straw,
Was the RING in the nest of that little Jackdaw!

Then the great Lord Cardinal call'd for his book,
And off that terrible curse he took;
The mute expression
Served in lieu of confession,
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!—
When those words were heard, that poor little bird
Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd.
He grew sleek, and fat; in addition to that,
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!

His tail waggled more
Even than before;
But no longer it wagg'd with an impudent air,
No longer he perch'd on the Cardinal's chair.
He hopp'd now about with a gait devout;
At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out;
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
He always seem'd telling the Confessor's beads.
If any one lied,—or if any one swore,—
Or slumber'd in prayer-time and happened to snore,

That good Jackdaw
Would give a great "Caw,"
As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!"
While many remark'd, as his manners they saw,
That they "never had known such a pious Jackdaw!"
He long lived the pride of that country side,
And at last in the odour of sanctity died;
When, as words were too faint, his merits to paint,
The Conclave determined to make him a Saint!
And on newly-made Saints and Popes, as you know,
It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,
So they canonized him by the name of Jim Crow!

II.—LEGEND OF HAMILTON TIGHE.

THE Captain is walking his quarter-deck,
With a troubled brow and a bended neck;
One eye is down through the hatchway cast,
The other turns up to the truck on the mast;
Yet none of the crew may venture to hint
"Our Skipper hath gotten a sinister squint!"
The Captain again the letter hath read
Which the bum-boat woman brought out to Spithead—
Still, since the good ship sail'd away,
He reads that letter three times a-day;
Yet the writing is broad and fair to see
As a Skipper may read, in his degree,
And the seal is as black, and as broad, and as flat,
As his own cockade in his own cock'd hat:
He reads, and he says, as he walks to and fro,
"Curse the old woman—she bothers me so!"
He pauses now, for the topmen hail—
"On the larboard quarter a sail! a sail!"
That grim old Captain he turns him quick,
And bawls through his trumpet for Hairy-faced Dick.

“The breeze is blowing—huzza ! huzza !
The breeze is blowing—away ! away !
The breeze is blowing—a race ! a race !
The breeze is blowing—we near the chase !
Blood will flow, and bullets will fly,—
Oh, where will be then young Hamilton Tighe ?”

—“On the foeman’s deck, where a man should be,
With a sword in his hand, and his foe at his knee.
Coxswain, or boatswain, or reefer may try,
But the first man on board will be Hamilton Tighe !”

Hairy-faced Dick hath a swarthy hue,
Between a gingerbread-nut and a Jew,
And his pig-tail is long, and bushy, and thick,
Like a pump-handle stuck on the end of a stick,
Hairy-faced Dick understands his trade ;
He stands by the breech of a long carronade,
The linstock glows in his bony hand,
Waiting that grim old Skipper’s command.

“The bullets are flying—huzza !—huzza !
The bullets are flying—away ! away !”—
The brawny boarders mount by the chains,
And are over their buckles in blood and in brains :
On the foeman’s deck, where a man should be,
 Young Hamilton Tighe
 Waves his cutlass high,
And *Capitaine Crapaud* bends low at his knee.

Hairy-faced Dick, linstock in hand,
Is waiting that grim-looking Skipper’s command :—
A wink comes sly from that sinister eye—
Hairy-faced Dick at once lets fly,
And knocks off the head of young Hamilton Tighe !

There's a lady sits lonely in bower and hall,
Her pages and handmaidens come at her call :
"Now, haste ye, my handmaidens, haste and see
How he sits there and glow'rs with his head on his knee!"
The maidens smile, and her thought to destroy,
They bring her a little, pale, mealy-faced boy ;
And the mealy-faced boy says, "Mother, dear,
Now Hamilton's dead, I've a thousand a-year!"
The lady has donn'd her mantle and hood,
She is bound for shrift at St. Mary's Rood :—
"Oh! the taper shall burn, and the bell shall toll,
And the mass shall be said for my step-son's soul,
And the tablet fair shall be hung on high,
Orate pro animâ Hamilton Tighe."
Her coach and four draws up to the door,
With her groom, and her footman, and half a score more ;
The lady steps into her coach alone,
They hear her sigh, and they hear her groan,
They close the door, and they turn the pin,
But there's One rides with her that never slept in!
All the way there, and all the way back,
The harness strains, and the coach-springs crack,
The horses snort, and plunge, and kick,
Till the coachman thinks he is driving Old Nick ;
And the grooms and the footmen wonder, and say
"What makes the old coach so heavy to-day?"
But the mealy-faced boy peeps in and sees
A man sitting there with his head on his knees!
'Tis ever the same,—in hall or in bower,
Wherever the place, whatever the hour,
That lady mutters, and talks to the air,
And her eye is fix'd on an empty chair ;
But the mealy-faced boy still whispers with dread.
"She talks to a man with never a head!"

There's an old Yellow Admiral living at Bath,
As grey as a badger, as thin as a lath ;
And his very queer eyes have such very queer leers,
They seem to be trying to peep at his ears.
That old Yellow Admiral goes to the Rooms,
And he plays long whist, but he frets and he fumes,
For all his Knaves stand upside down,
And the Jack of Clubs does nothing but frown ;
And the Kings, and the Aces, and all the best trumps
Get into the hands of the other old frumps ;
While, close to his partner, a man he sees
Counting the tricks with his head on his knees.

In Ratcliffe Highway there's an old marine store,
And a great black doll hangs out of the door ;
There are rusty locks, and dusty bags,
And musty phials, and fusty rags,
And a lusty old woman, call'd Thirsty Nan,
And her crusty old husband's a hairy-faced man !

That hairy-faced man is sallow and wan,
And his great thick pig-tail is wither'd and gone ;
And he cries, " Take away that lubberly chap
That sits there and grins with his head in his lap !"
And the neighbours say as they see him look sick,
" What a rum old covey is Hairy-faced Dick !"

That Admiral, Lady, and Hairy-faced man
May say what they please, and may do what they can ;
But one thing seems remarkably clear,—
They may die to-morrow, or may live till next year,—
But wherever they live, or whenever they die,
They'll never get quit of young Hamilton Tighe !

III.—HON. MR. SUCKLETHUMBKIN'S STORY.

(THE EXECUTION.)

A Sporting Anecdote.

MY Lord Tomnoddy got up one day;
It was half after two,
He had nothing to do,
So his Lordship rang for his cabriolet.

Tiger Tim was clean of limb,
His boots were polish'd, his jacket was trim;
With a very smart tie in his smart cravat,
And a smart cockade on the top of his hat;
Tallest of boys, or shortest of men,
He stood in his stockings just four foot ten;
And he ask'd, as he held the door on the swing,
"Pray, did your Lordship please to ring?"

My Lord Tomnoddy he raised his head,
And thus to Tiger Tim he said,
"Malibran's dead, Duvernay's fled,
Taglioni has not yet arrived in her stead;
Tiger Tim, come, tell me true,
What may a nobleman find to do?"—

Tim look'd up, and Tim look'd down,
He paused, and he put on a thoughtful frown,
And he held up his hat, and he peep'd in the crown
He bit his lip, and he scratch'd his head,
He let go the handle, and thus he said,
As the door, released, behind him bang'd:
"An't please you, my Lord, there's a man to be hang'd

My Lord Tomnoddy jump'd up at the news,
"Run to M'Fuze, and Lieutenant Tregooze,
And run to Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues.
Rope-dancers a score I've seen before—
Madam Sacchi, Antonio, and Master Black-more ;
But to see a man swing at the end of a string
With his neck in a noose, will be quite a new thing."

My Lord Tomnoddy stept into his cab—
Dark rifle green, with a lining of drab ;
Through street and through square, his high-trotting mare,
Like one of Ducrow's, goes pawing the air.
Adown Piccadilly and Waterloo Place
Went the high-trotting mare at a very quick pace ;
She produced some alarm, but did no great harm,
Save frightening a nurse with a child on her arm,
Spattering with clay two urchins at play,
Knocking down—very much to the sweeper's dismay—
An old woman who wouldn't get out of the way,
And upsetting a stall near Exeter Hall,
Which made all the pious Church-Mission folks squall ;
But eastward afar through Temple Bar,
My Lord Tomnoddy directs his car ;
Never heeding their squalls, or their calls, or their bawls,
He passes by Waithman's Emporium for shawls,
And, merely just catching a glimpse of St. Paul's,
Turns down the Old Bailey, wherein front of the gaol, he
Pulls up at the door of a gin-shop, and gaily
Cries, "What must I fork out to-night, my trump,
For the whole first-floor of the Magpie and Stump ?"

The clock strikes Twelve—it is dark midnight—
Yet the Magpie and Stump is one blaze of light.

The parties are met ; the tables are set ;
There is " punch," " cold *without*," " hot *with*," heavy wet,
Ale-glasses and jugs, and rummers and mugs,
And sand on the floor, without carpets or rugs,
Cold fowl and cigars,
Pickled onions in jars,
Welsh rabbits and kidneys—rare work for the jaws :—
And very large lobsters, with very large claws ;
And there is M'Fuze, and Lieutenant Tregooze ;
And there is Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues,
All come to see a man " die in his shoes ! "

The clock strikes One ! supper is done,
And Sir Carnaby Jenks is full of his fun,
Singing " Jolly companions every one ! "
My Lord Tomnoddy is drinking gin-toddy,
And laughing at ev'rything, and ev'rybody.—
The clock strikes Two ! and the clock strikes Three !
—" Who so merry, so merry as we ? "

Save Captain M'Fuze,
Who is taking a snooze,
While Sir Carnaby Jenks is busy at work,
Blackening his nose with a piece of burnt cork.

The clock strikes Four !—round the debtors' door
Are gathered a couple of thousand or more ;
As many await at the press-yard gate,
Till slowly its folding-doors open, and straight
The mob divides, and between their ranks
A waggon comes loaded with posts and with planks.

The clock strikes Five ! the Sheriffs arrive,
And the crowd is so great that the street seems alive ;
But Sir Carnaby Jenks blinks and winks,
A candle burns down in the socket, and stinks.

Lieutenant Tregooze is dreaming of Jews.
And acceptances all the bill-brokers refuse ;
 My Lord Tomnoddy
 Has drunk all his toddy,
And just as the dawn is beginning to peep,
The whole of the party are fast asleep.

Sweetly, oh ! sweetly, the morning breaks,
 With roseate streaks,
Like the first faint blush on a maiden's cheeks ;
Seem'd as that mild and clear blue sky
Smil'd upon all things far and high,
On all—save the wretch condemn'd to die !
Alack ! that ever so fair a Sun,
As that which its course has now begun,
Should rise on such a scene of misery !—
Should gild with rays so light and free
That dismal, dark-frowning Gallows-tree !

And hark !—a sound comes, big with fate ;
The clock from St. Sepulchre's tower strikes—Eight !—
List to that low funereal bell :
It is tolling, alas ! a living man's knell !
And see !—from forth that opening door
They come—He steps that threshold o'er
Who never shall tread upon threshold more !
—God ! 'tis a fearsome thing to see
That pale wan man's mute agony,—
The glare of that wild, despairing eye,
Now bent on the crowd, now turn'd to the sky,
As though 'twere scanning, in doubt and in fear,
The path of the Spirit's unknown career :
Those pinion'd arms, those hands that ne'er
Shall be lifted again,—not even in prayer ;

That heaving chest!—Enough—'tis done!
The bolt is fallen!—the spirit is gone—
For weal or for woe is known but to One!—
—Oh! 'twas a fearsome sight!—Ah me!
A deed to shudder at,—not to see.

Again that clock! 'tis time, 'tis time!
The hour is past: with its earliest chime
The cord is sever'd, the lifeless clay
By “dungeon villains” is borne away:
Nine!—'twas the last concluding stroke!
And then—my Lord Tomnoddy awoke!
And Tregooze and Sir Carnaby Jenks arose,
And Captain M'Fuze, with the black on his nose:
And they stared at each other as much as to say,
“Hollo! hollo!

Here's a rum Go!

Why, Captain!—my Lord!—Here's the devil to pay
The fellow's been cut down and taken away!

What's to be done?

We've miss'd all the fun!—

Why, they'll laugh at and quiz us all over the town,
We are all of us done so uncommonly brown!”

What *was* to be done?—'twas perfectly plain
They could not well hang the man over again:
What *was* to be done?—The man was dead!
Nought *could* be done—nought could be said;
So—my Lord Tomnoddy went home to bed!

THE CONFESSION.

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

THERE'S somewhat on my breast, father,
There's somewhat on my breast!
The livelong day I sigh, father,
And at night I cannot rest.
I cannot take my rest, father,
Though I would fain do so;
A weary weight oppresseth me—
This weary weight of woe!

'Tis not the lack of gold, father,
Nor want of worldly gear;
My lands are broad, and fair to see,
My friends are kind and dear.
My kin are leal and true, father,
They mourn to see my grief;
But, oh! 'tis not a kinsman's hand
Can give my heart relief!

'Tis not that Janet's false, father,
'Tis not that she's unkind;
Though busy flatterers swarm around,
I know her constant mind.
'Tis not *her* coldness, father,
That chills my labouring breast;
It's that confounded cucumber
I've eat and can't digest.

James Robinson Planché.

1796—1880.

JAMES ROBINSON PLANCHÉ was born in Old Burlington Street, London, on the 27th of February, 1796. He was educated at a boarding-school in Chelsea, and was afterwards articled to a bookseller. He devoted himself early in life to dramatic authorship, his first piece, the burlesque of "Amoroso, King of Little Britain," being successfully produced at Drury Lane in 1818. He married in 1821, and in the same year visited Paris, where he witnessed the performance of the *féerie folie* "Riquet à la Houpe." To this piece he ascribed the origin of the series of fairy extravaganzas with which during many years he charmed London audiences. He was an indefatigable playwright, producing about two hundred pieces in the course of his long life. His works include comedies—"Faint Heart Never won Fair Lady," "The Follics of a Night," "My Lord and My Lady"; melodramas—"The Bravo," "The Vampire," "Fiesco"; the libretti of sundry operas—among them that of Weber's "Oberon"; vaudevilles—"My Daughter, Sir," "The Loan of a Lover," etc.,—and extravaganzas, founded on fairy tales, or on subjects taken from Greek mythology—"The Golden Fleece," "King Charming," "Olympic Revels," "Once upon a Time there were Two Kings," "Theseus and Ariadne," "The Fair One with the

Golden Locks," etc., etc. His extravaganzas were eminently successful, but he was anxious to introduce a higher form of entertainment. His ambition was to establish in England an Aristophanic drama which might enlist the powers of the most gifted writers. He sought, he says, to open a new stage door, by which the poet and the satirist could enter the theatre without the shackles imposed upon them by the laws of the regular drama. With this view he produced an adaptation of "The Birds," which failed, however, to secure the favour of the public; nor was he more successful with "Love and Fortune,"—a second essay in the same direction—which was brought out in 1859. The piece was subjected to a good deal of unfair censure in the press, being criticised as an abortive burlesque, although the writer had expressly disclaimed any burlesque intent:—

"It is not a burlesque nor an extravaganza,
But a something or other
Which pleased your grandmother,
And we hope will please you in your turn."

Dramatic authorship did not engross Planché's energies. He was an assiduous student of archæology, and became a recognised authority in regard to bygone fashions in dress and successive types of arms and armour. He initiated a much-needed reform in theatrical costume which had thitherto been generally worn in accordance with a stupid convention. That characters supposed to belong to the most diverse countries and times no longer appear on the stage attired with ridiculous similarity, is due to no man in so great measure as to Planché, who had to carry out his reform in the teeth of much ignorant

antagonism on the part both of managers and actors. He was for some time "superintendent of the decorative departments" at Covent Garden, and afterwards at the Lyceum. He published a "History of British Costume" in 1834, and a "Treatise on Heraldry" in 1852. He was appointed Rouge Croix Pursuivant of Arms in 1854, and Somerset Herald in 1866, and was despatched on "Garter missions" to the courts of Lisbon and Vienna in 1865 and 1867. In 1872 he published his "Recollections and Reflections," an unpretentious, brightly written autobiography, rich in interesting anecdotes of the many eminent men, statesmen, lawyers, authors, and actors with whom he had associated. In his seventy-sixth year he could write with pardonable pride that throughout a life passed in the labour he loved he had never lost a friend, and that he was still working as hard as he had ever done during the previous fifty years. Most of his days were spent at Brompton. He frequently visited the Continent, and on one occasion made a voyage in a boat from Ratisbon to Vienna,—an excursion chronicled in his "Descent of the Danube." In his closing years he received a pension of £100 per annum from the Civil List. He died in 1880. A collection of his songs and poems has been published with an introduction by his daughter Mrs. Mackarness, the author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," and other novels.

When a man produces some two hundred plays, besides turning out books of verse and of travel, translating fairy tales, writing on archæology and heraldry, tinkering Elizabethan and Restoration dramas for the modern stage, and superintending the "decorative departments" of two leading theatres,

—when, moreover, he mingles in the brightest London society, and makes repeated journeys abroad—it is almost inevitable that much of his work should be of merely ephemeral interest. A great deal that Planché has written is not literature. In even his best comedies his style can hardly be called brilliant, while his characters are drawn on more or less conventional lines. But the dialogue is dramatically effective and the plots are neatly constructed. The imbroglío in “*The Follies of a Night*” (perhaps the most entertaining of his comedies), is managed with delightful address. It is in his extravaganzas, however, that his peculiar talent shines out most brightly. These little pieces cannot properly be described as burlesques. Their writer had a vein of poetry as well as a frolic wit; he never stooped to vulgarity or brainless buffoonery. He adhered as closely as he could to the lines of the old stories which he cast into dramatic form. His fairy plays are brimful of humour and graceful fancy, ringing with mirth and music, lightly touched here and there with the colours of romance. There blows through them a breath from a country over the hills and far away—not, it is true, from the moonlight-coloured dreamland of the olden fairy poetry, but from the powdered and perfumed and delightfully modish world of gruff, bluff kings, and bombastic chancellors, and foppish wiseacres, and shrewish queens, and machinating cooks, and charming oppressed princesses, and town-witted elves—the world into which Thackeray leads us when he introduces us to Rosalba and Bulbo.

WALTER WHYTE.

SONGS AND POEMS FROM 1819 TO 1879.

1881.

JAMES ROBINSON PLANCHÉ.

I.—A SONG FOR THE END OF THE SEASON.

(FROM THE "DRAMATIC COLLEGE ANNUAL.")

SIR JOHN has this moment gone by
In the brougham that was to be mine,
But, my dear, I'm not going to cry,
Though I know where he's going to dine.
I shall meet him at Lady Gay's ball
With that girl to his arm clinging fast,
But it won't, love, disturb me at all,
I've recovered my spirits at last !
I was horribly low a whole week,
For I could not go out anywhere
Without hearing, " You know they don't speak ;"
Or, " I'm told it's all broken off there."
But the Earl whispered something last night,
I sha'n't say exactly what past,
But of this, dear, be satisfied quite,
I've recovered my spirits at last !

II.—ANSWER TO THE ALPHABET.

(WRITTEN FOR MADAME VESTRIS.)

DEAR friends ! although no more a dunce
Than many of my betters,
I'm puzzled to reply at once
To four-and-twenty letters.
Perhaps you'll think that may not be
So hard a thing to do,
For what is difficult to me
Is A B C to you.

However, pray dismiss your fears,
Nor fancy you have lost me,
Though many, many bitter tears
Your first acquaintance cost me.

Believe me till existence ends,
Whatever ills beset you,
My oldest literary friends,
I never can forget you.

III.—A LITERARY SQUABBLE.

THE Alphabet rejoiced to hear
That Monckton Milnes was made a Peer ;
For in this present world of letters
But few, if any, are his betters :
So an address by acclamation,
They voted of congratulation,
And H, O, U, G, T, and N,
Were chosen the address to pen ;
Possessing each an interest vital
In the new Peer's baronial title.
'Twas done in language terse and telling,
Perfect in grammar and in spelling :
But when 'twas read aloud, oh, mercy !
There sprang up such a controversy
About the true pronunciation
Of said baronial appellation.
The vowels O and U averred
They were entitled to be *heard* ;
The consonants denied their claim,
Insisting that they *mute* became.
Johnson and Walker were applied to,
Sheridan, Bailey, Webster, tried too ;
But all in vain, for each picked out
A word that left the case in doubt.

O, looking round upon them all,
Cried, "If it be correct to call,
T H R O U G H, *throo*,
H O U G H, must be *Hoo*,
Therefore there can be no dispute on
The question, we should say, 'Lord *Hooton*.'"
U brought "bought," "fought," and "sought," to show
He should be doubled and not O,
For sure if "ought" was "*awt*," then "nought" on
Earth could the title be but "*Hawton*,"
H, on the other hand, said he,
In "cough" and "trough," stood next to G,
And like an F was thus looked soft on,
Which made him think it should be "*Hofton*."
But G corrected H, and drew
Attention other cases to,
"Tough," "rough," and "chough" more than "enough"
To prove O U G H spelt "*uff*,"
And growled out in a sort of gruff tone,
They must pronounce the title "*Huffton*."
N said emphatically "No!"
There is D O U G H "*doh*,"
And *though* (look here again) that stuff
At sea, for fun, they nicknamed "*duff*,"
They should propose they took a vote on
The question, "Should it not be *Hoton*?"
Besides in French 'twould have such force,
A lord was of "*Haut ton*," of course.
Higher and higher contention rose,
From words they almost came to blows,
Till T, as yet who hadn't spoke,
And dearly loved a little joke,
Put in his word and said "Look there!
'Plough' in this *row* must have its *share*."

VAT YOU PLEASE.

JAMES ROBINSON PLANCHÉ.

SOME years ago, when civil faction
Raged like a fury through the fields of Gaul,
And children, in the general distraction,
Were taught to curse as soon as they could squall;
When common-sense in common folks was dead,
And murder show'd a love of nationality,
And France, determined not to have a head,
Decapitated all the higher class,
To put folks more on an equality;
When coronets were not worth half-a-crown,
And liberty, in *bonnet-rouge*, might pass
For Mother Red-cap up at Camden Town;
Full many a Frenchman then took wing
Bidding *soupe-maigre* an abrupt farewell,
And hither came, *pell-mell*,
Sans cash, *sans* clothes, almost *sans* everything!

Two Messieurs who about this time came over,
Half-starved, but *toujours-gai*
(No weasels e'er were thinner),
Trudged up to town from Dover;
Their slender store exhausted on the way,
Extremely puzzled how to get a dinner,
From morn till noon, from noon to dewy eve,
Our Frenchmen wander'd on their expedition;
Great was their need, and sorely did they grieve.
Stomach and pocket in the same condition!
At length by mutual consent they parted,
And different ways on the same errand started.

This happened on a day most dear
To epicures, when general use
Sanctions the roasting of the sav'ry goose.
To'ards night, one Frenchman, at a tavern near,
Stopp'd, and beheld the glorious cheer ;
While greedily he snuff'd the luscious gale in,
That from the kitchen window was exhaling.
He instant set to work his busy brain,
And snuff'd and long'd, and long'd and snuff'd again.
Necessity's the mother of invention
(A proverb I've heard many mention) ;
So now one moment saw his plan completed
And our sly Frenchman at a table seated,
The ready waiter at his elbow stands—
“ Sir, will you favour me with your commands ?
“ We've roast and boil'd, sir ; choose you those or these ? ”
“ Sare ! you are very good, sare ! *Vat you please.* ”

Quick at the word,
Upon the table smokes the wish'd-for bird.
No time in talking did he waste,
But pounced pell-mell upon it ;
Drum-stick and merry-thought he pick'd in haste,
Exulting in the merry thought that won it.
Pie follows goose, and after pie comes cheese—
“ Stilton or Cheshire, sir ? ”—“ Ah ! *vat you please.* ”

And now our Frenchman, having ta'en his fill,
Prepares to go, when—“ Sir, your little bill.”
“ Ah, vat you're *Bill* ! Vell, Mr. Bill, good day !
Bon jour, good Villiam.”—“ No, sir, stay ;
My name is Tom, sir—you've this bill to pay.”
“ Pay, pay, *ma foi* !
I call for noting, sare—*pardonnez moi* !

You bring me vat you call your goose, your cheese,
You ask-a-me to eat ; I tell you, *Vat you please !* ”
Down came the master, each explain'd the case,
The one with cursing, t'other with grimace !
But Boniface, who dearly loved a jest
(Although sometimes he dearly paid for it),
And finding nothing could be done (you know,
That when a man has got no money,
To make him pay some would be rather funny),
Of a bad bargain made the best,
Acknowledged much was to be said for it ;
Took pity on the Frenchman's meagre face,
And, Briton-like, forgave a fallen foe,
Laugh'd heartily, and let him go.
Our Frenchman's hunger thus subdued,
Away he trotted in a merry mood ;
When, turning round the corner of a street,
Who but his countryman he chanced to meet !
To him, with many a shrug and many a grin,
He told him how he'd taken *Jean Bull* in !
Fired with the tale, the other licks his chops,
Makes his congee, and seeks the shop of shops.
Entering, he seats himself, just at his ease,
“ What will you take, sir ? ” — “ *Vat you please.* ”
The waiter turned as pale as Paris plaster,
And, upstairs running, thus address'd his master
“ These vile *mounseers* come over sure in pairs
Sir, there's another ‘ *vat you please !* ’ downstairs.”
This made the landlord rather crusty,
Too much of one thing—the proverb's somewhat musty.
Once to be *done*, his anger didn't touch,
But when a *second* time they tried the treason
It made him *crusty*, sir, and with good reason,
You would be *crusty* were you *done* so much.

There is a kind of instrument
Which greatly helps a serious argument,
And which, when properly applied, occasions
Some most unpleasant tickling sensations !
'Twould make more clumsy folks than Frenchmen skip,
'Twill strike you presently—a stout horsewhip.
This instrument our *Maitre l'Hôte*
Most carefully concealed beneath his coat ;
And seeking instantly the Frenchman's station,
Addressed him with the usual salutation.

Our Frenchman, bowing to his threadbare knees,
Determined whilst the iron's hot to strike it,
Pat with his lesson, answers—"Vat you please !"
But scarcely had he let the sentence slip,
Than round his shoulders twines the pliant whip !
"Sare, sare ! ah, *misericorde, parbleu !*
Oh, dear, monsieur, vat make you use me so ?
Vat you call dis ?" "Oh, don't you know ?
That's what I please," says Bonny, "how d'ye like it ?
Your friend, though I paid dearly for his funning,
Deserved the goose he gained, sir, for his cunning ;
But you, monsieur, or else my time I'm wasting,
Are *goose* enough, and only wanted *basting*."

Samuel Lover.

1797—1868.

SAMUEL LOVER was born in Dublin on the 24th of February, 1797. His father belonged to an English Protestant family, and was a member of the Stock Exchange. On leaving school, Samuel entered his father's business, but his ambition was artistic, and at seventeen years of age, he left the parental roof, to push his way in the world of art. For three years he studied hard, maintaining himself, the while, by copying music and sketching portraits. He then took to painting marine subjects, in water-colour; but, soon afterwards, devoted himself to miniature painting, in which he attained great excellence. He also contributed legends and stories, such as "The Gridiron," racy, droll, and full of grotesque humour, to the leading Dublin magazines. In 1827, he married Miss Berrel, the daughter of a Dublin architect, and in the following year, became secretary of the Royal Hibernian Society of Arts. In 1831, appeared "The Irish Horn Book," all the clever caricature illustrations of which, and much of the literary matter, were furnished by Lover. In 1832, he collected, in volume form, his first series of "Legends and Stories of Ireland," illustrated with characteristic etchings. This same year he painted a miniature portrait of Paganini, which created quite a sensation in the London Royal Academy

Exhibition of 1833. In 1835, he furnished Madame Vestris with a dramatic burlesque called the "Olympic Picnic." Soon after, the drama of "The White Horse of Peppers," and the farce of "The Happy Man" were produced at the Haymarket. The operetta of "The Greek Boy," both the words and music of which were composed by him, was brought out at Covent Garden; and he also wrote the words and music of "Il Paddy Whack in Italia," which was produced by Balfe at the Lyceum. In 1836 "Rory O'More," his first three-volume-novel, appeared, its chief character being the hero of his well-known song.

In 1837, Lover removed to London; and, for the next twelve years, continued to exhibit at the Royal Academy, where his miniatures of Brougham, the Marquis of Wellesley, Thalberg, the Indian Moulvie, an Egyptian, etc., commanded admiration for their composition, drawing, refinement of expression, harmonious colour, and delicacy of finish. Unfortunately, the strain of such work so seriously affected his eyesight, that he had to abandon it, and betake himself mainly to literature. In 1842, appeared "Handy Andy," a Dundreary of low life, abounding in droll blunders and amusing incident. Its great success led to its being afterwards dramatised.

Lover's songs are characterised by an exquisite blending of pathos and humour, peculiarly his own. In those which depict the Irish peasant as he is, we have his keen relish for a joke, and innocent delight in its absurdity, his tender pathos and racy humour, the comical twists in his reasoning, his quick-sightedness, warm-heartedness, and arch-impudent drollery. Lover's productions brim over with hilarious vivacity, grotesque quaintness, fun,

wit, humour, fancy, and pathos, but through these purity ever shines —

“Like light—a golden drift through all the song!”

He composed the music, both melody and accompaniment, for about two hundred of his own songs; and, if not more musical than Moore, his songs, without doubt, are more Irish, and less artificial. His voice, although slight, was sympathetic; his articulation clear, expressive, and true. He could send deliciously charming phrases, combining humour and pathos, music-winged, directly home to the heart.

Following the example of Dibdin, and others, Lover prepared a literary and musical entertainment, in which he introduced his most popular songs and stories. It proved a great success in London and Dublin; and, in 1846, he resolved to visit America, to give entertainments and sketch scenery. The tour extended over two years, was a financial success, but, during his absence his wife died, and shortly after his return he retired into private life.

In 1852, Lover married Miss Mary Waudby, and resumed landscape painting, taking, however, to oil colours, and working up some of his American sketches. He also continued his contributions to periodical literature, wrote songs, furnished musical and dramatic entertainments for the use of other people, wrote “The Sentinel of the Alma” for the Haymarket, “Macarthy More” for the Lyceum, and the libretti of two operas for his friend Balfe,—finding relaxation by alternating the labours of the easel with those of the desk.

In 1856 he received a pension from Her Majesty. In 1858, he edited the “Lyrics of Ireland.” In

1859, he was present and spoke at the Burns' Festival Centenary Celebration, in Glasgow. In the autumn of this year, he published "Metrical Tales, and other Poems"; of these "Father Roach" is the most striking. In 1859, too, he took an active part in the Volunteer movement, and in establishing the "London Irish," enthusiastically attending drill, although in his sixty-seventh year. In this connection he wrote a number of Volunteer songs, two of which, "Defence but not Defiance," and "The Two Barrels," became immensely popular.

In 1864, he had a serious illness, after which he visited the Isle of Wight, and afterwards St. Heliers, in Jersey. While there, his irrepressible spirits found expression in the following lines to his friend and physician:—

"Whene'er your vitality
Is feeble in quality,
And you fear a fatality
May end the strife,
Then Dr. Joe Dickson
Is the man I would fix on
For putting new wicks on
The lamp of life."

He died July 6th, 1868, in his seventy-second year, and was buried with military honours, in Kensal Green Cemetery, London.

A many-sided man, Lover made his mark as a painter, etcher, caricaturist, novelist, dramatist, song-writer, musical composer, and executant. In miniature painting, he took his place in the front rank with Ross, Thorburn, and Margaret Gillies; but, from the fact of miniatures being private property, and perishable, it is chiefly on his songs that his reputation will rest

ANDREW JAMES SYMINGTON.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

SAMUEL LOVER.

I.—MOLLY BAWN.

O H! Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,
All lonely, waiting here for you?
The stars above are brightly shining,
Because they've nothing else to do.
The flowers, late, were open keeping,
To try a rival blush with you;
But their mother, Nature, set them sleeping,
With their rosy faces wash'd with dew.

Now the pretty flowers were made to bloom, dear,
And the pretty stars were made to shine;
And the pretty girls were made for the boys, dear,
And maybe you were made for mine!
The wicked watch-dog here is snarling,—
He takes me for a thief, you see;
For he knows I'd steal you, Molly, darling,—
And then transported I should be.

II.—RORY O'MORE.

YOUNG Rory O'More courted Kathleen Bawn,
He was bold as a hawk,—she as soft as the dawn;
He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
And he thought the best way to do that was to tease;
“Now, Rory, be aisy,” sweet Kathleen would cry—
(Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye;)
“With your tricks, I don't know, in troth, what I'm about,
Faith, you've teaz'd till I've put on my cloak inside out!”

"Och, jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way
You've thrated my heart for this many a day ;
And 'tis plaz'd that I am, and why not, to be sure ?
For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
For I half gave a promise to soothing Mike ;
The ground that I walk on, *he* loves, I'll be bound."
"Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love *you* than the ground."
"Now, Rory, I'll cry, if you don't let me go ;
Sure I drame every night that I am hating you so !"
"Och," says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
For drames always go by conthraries, my dear ;
So, jewel, keep dramin' that same till you die,
And bright mornin' will give dirty night the black lie !
And 'tis plaz'd that I am, and why not, to be sure ?
Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teased me enough,
Sure I've thrash'd for your sake Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff
And I've made myself, drinkin' your health, quite a *baste*,
So I think, after that, *I may talk to the priest*."
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
So soft, and so white, without freckle or speck ;
And he look'd in her eyes that were beaming with light,
And he kiss'd her sweet lips ; don't you think he was right ?
"Now, Rory, leave off, sir ; you'll hug me no more ;
That's eight times to-day you have kiss'd me before."
"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

III—THE "WHISTLIN' THIEF."

WHEN Pat came o'er the hill,
His Colleen fair to see,
His whistle low, but shrill,
The signal was to be.

(Pat whistles.)

"Mary," the mother said,
"Some one is whistlin' sure ;"
Says Mary, "'Tis only the wind
Is whistlin' thro' the door."

(Pat whistles a bit of a popular air.)

"I've liv'd a long time, Mary,
In the wide world, my dear ;
But a door to whistle like *that*
I never yet did hear."

"But, mother, you know, the fiddle
Hangs close beside the chink,
And the wind upon its strings
Is playin' the tune, I think."

(The pig grunts.)

"Mary, I hear the pig,
Unaisy in his mind."
"But, mother, you know, they say
The pigs can see the wind."

"That's thue enough *in the day*,
But I think you may remark,
That pigs, no more nor we,
Can see anything in the dark."

(The dog barks.)

"The dog is barkin' now,
 The fiddle can't play *that* tune."
 "But, mother, the dogs will bark
 Whenever they see the moon."
 "But how could he see the moon,
 When, you know, the dog is blind?
 Blind dogs won't bark at the moon,
 Nor fiddles be play'd by the wind.
 "I'm not such a fool as you think,
 I know very well 'tis Pat;—
 Shut your mouth, you whistlin' thief,
 And go along home out o' that!
 "And you go off to bed,
 Don't play upon me your jeers:
 For, tho' I have lost my eyes,
 I haven't lost my ears!"

IV.—MOTHER, HE'S GOING AWAY.

Mother.

NOW what are you crying for, Nelly?
 Don't be blubberin' there, like a fool—
 With the weight o' the grief, 'faith, I tell you,
 You'll break down the three-legged stool.
 I suppose, now, you're crying for Barney,
 But don't b'lieve a word that he'd say,
 He tells nothin' but big lies and blarney,—
 Sure you know how he sarv'd poor Kate Kearney.

Daughter.

But, mother——

Mother.

Oh, bother!

Daughter.

Oh, mother, he's going away :
And I dreamt to' other night,
Of his ghost—all in white—
Oh, mother, he's going away !

Mother.

If he's goin' away, all the better—
Blessed hour when he's out of your sight !
There's one comfort—you can't get a letter,
For ye neither can read nor can write.
Sure, 'twas only last week you protested,
Since he courted fat Jinny McCray,
That the sight of the scamp you detested—
With abuse, sure, your tongue never rested—

Daughter.

But, mother——

Mother.

Oh, bother !

Daughter.

But, mother, he's going away ;
And I dream of his ghost,
Walking round my bedpost—
Oh, mother, he's going away !

V.—THE QUAKER'S MEETING.

A TRAVELLER wended the wolds aroond,
With a purse of gold and a silver tongue ;
His hat it was broad, and all drab were his clothes,
For he hated high colours—except on his nose,
And he met with a lady, the story goes.
Hoigho ! you thee and may thee.

The damsel she cast him a merry blink,
And the traveller nothing was loath, I think,
Her merry black eye beamed her bonnet beneath,
And the Quaker, he grinned, for he'd very good teeth,
And he asked, "Art thee going to ride on the heath?"

Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

"I hope you'll protect me, kind sir," said the maid,
"As to ride this heath over, I'm sadly afraid;
For robbers, they say, here in numbers abound,
And I wouldn't for anything I should be found,
For, between you and me, I have five hundred pound."

Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

"If that is thee own, dear," the Quaker, he said,
"I ne'er saw a maiden I sooner would wed;
And I have another five hundred just now,
In the padding that's under my saddle-bow,
And I'll settle it all upon thee, I vow!"

Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

The maiden she smil'd, and her rein she drew,
"Your offer I'll take, but I'll not take you,"
A pistol she held at the Quaker's head—
"Now give me your gold, or I'll give you my lead,
'Tis under the saddle, I think you said."

Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

The damsel she ripped up the saddle-bow,
And the Quaker was never a quaker till now!
And he saw, by the fair one he wished for a bride,
His purse borne away with a swaggering stride,
And the eye that shamm'd tender, now only defied.

Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

"The spirit doth move me, friend Broadbrim," quoth she,
"To take all this filthy temptation from thee,
For Mammon deceiveth, and beauty is fleeting,
Accept from thy maiden this right-loving greeting,
For much doth she profit by this Quaker's meeting !
Heigho ! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

"And hark ! jolly Quaker, so rosy and sly,
Have righteousness, more than'a wench, in thine eye ;
Don't go again peeping girls' bonnets beneath,
Remember the one that you met on the heath,
Her name's Jimmy Barlow, I tell to your teeth."
Heigho ! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

"Friend James," quoth the Quaker, "pray listen to me,
For thou canst confer a great favour, d'ye see ;
The gold thou hast taken is not mine, my friend,
But my master's ; and truly on thee I depend.
To make it appear I my trust did defend.
Heigho ! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

"So fire a few shots thro' my clothes, here and there,
To make it appear 'twas a desp'rate affair."
So Jim he popp'd first through the skirt of his coat,
And then through his collar—quite close to his throat ;
"Now one thro' my broadbrim," quoth Ephraim, "I vote."
Heigho ! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

"I have but a brace," said bold Jim, "and they're spent,
And I won't load again for a make-believe rent."—
"Then !"—said Ephraim, producing his pistols, "just give
My five hundred pounds back, or, as sure as you live
I'll make of your body a riddle or sieve."
Heigho ! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

Jim Barlow was diddled—and, tho' he was game,
He saw Ephraim's pistol so deadly in aim,
That he gave up the gold, and he took to his scrapers,
And when the whole story got into the papers,
They said that "*the thieves were no match for the Quakers.*"
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

VI.—THE ROAD OF LIFE; OR, SONG OF THE
IRISH POST-BOY.

OH! youth, happy youth! what a blessing
In thy freshness of dawn and of dew!
When hope the young heart is caressing,
And our griefs are but light and but few:
Yet in life, as it swiftly flies o'er us,
Some musing for sadness we find;
In youth—we've our troubles before us,
In age—we leave pleasure behind.

Aye—Trouble's the post-boy that drives us
Up-hill—till we get to the top;
While Joy's an old servant behind us
We call on forever to stop.
"Oh, put on the drag, Joy, my jewel,
As long as the sunset still glows;
Before it is dark 'twould be cruel
To haste to the hill-foot's repose."

But *there* stands an inn we must stop at,
An extinguisher swings for the sign;
That house is but cold and but narrow—
But the prospect beyond it—divine!
And there—whence there's never returning
When we travel—as travel we must—
May the gates be all free for our journey!
And the tears of our friends lay the dust!

Thomas Haynes Bayly.

1797—1839.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY was born at Bath October the 13th, 1797, and was educated at Winchester School. He was the son of Nathaniel Bayly, a solicitor, whose office he entered at seventeen years of age. Under the influence of *cacoethes scribendi*, he neglected law for literature, and began the career of his choice by contributing humorous articles to the local newspapers, and publishing a poem of some four hundred lines in heroic couplets, entitled, "Rough Sketches of Bath." With a view to entering the Church he went to Oxford, where he remained three years, after which "an untoward love affair" altered his plans. He travelled in Scotland and Ireland, writing songs and ballads, and taking part in private theatricals, finally determining to devote himself entirely to literature and the drama. In 1824 he returned to Bath. In 1827 he published "The Alymers," a novel, and "A Legend of Killarney," a tale; also issuing a small volume of poems, followed by two others in 1828. In 1829 he removed to London, and in the course of the next ten years produced no less than thirty-six light dramatic pieces with considerable success. These he apparently threw off with great facility, one of them, entitled "Perfection," having been written in a notebook during a journey by coach from East-

bourne to London. In 1831-2 he retired to Boulogne, embarrassed by financial difficulties. These two years were probably the most productive of his life. In 1833 he went to Paris, and in 1836 returned to London. Besides the works already named he wrote "Parliamentary Letters," and a series of tales, entitled "Kindness and Women," which was brought to an abrupt close by his death in 1839. His poetical works and memoir were published by his widow in 1844.

Moir, the "Delta" of *Blackwood*, said of him: "He possessed a playful fancy, a practised ear, a refined taste, and a sentiment which ranged pleasantly from the fanciful to the pathetic, without however strictly attaining either the highly imaginative or the deeply passionate." He was known in his time as "Butterfly Bayly," from a song of his which became immensely popular, and of which the following is the first verse:—

"I'd be a Butterfly born in a bower,
Where roses and lilies and violets meet,
Roving for ever from flower to flower,
And kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet!
I'd never languish for wealth or for power;
I'd never sigh to see slaves at my feet;
I'd be a Butterfly born in a bower,
Kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet."

It was as a song writer that Bayly attained his greatest success, and some of his songs, partly on their own account, and partly from the felicity of their setting at the hands of musical composers, and of their popularity with vocalists, have been among the most sung songs of the century. "The Soldier's Tear" is one of these:—

- “ Upon the hill he turn'd
To take a last fond look
Of the valley, and the village church,
And the cottage by the brook ;
He listen'd to the sounds,
So familiar to his ear,
And the soldier leant upon his sword,
And wip'd away a tear.
- “ Beside that cottage porch,
A girl was on her knees ;
She held aloft a snowy scarf,
Which flutter'd in the breeze :
She breath'd a prayer for him,
A pray'r he could not hear,
But he paus'd to bless her as she knelt,
And wip'd away a tear.
- “ He turn'd and left the spot,
Oh ! do not deem him weak,
For dauntless was the soldier's heart,
Though tears were on his cheek :
Go watch the foremost ranks
In danger's dark career,
Be sure the hand most daring there
Has wip'd away a tear.”

“The Mistletoe Bough ” is another song of Bayly's which has been very popular. Associated with Christmas for so many years it seems almost to have become part of the season, and though it is annually murdered by the waits, it still survives.

Haynes Bayly wrote for the annuals as well as for the other periodicals of his time, and attempted serious as well as lighter verse. “The Daughter of Meath” is a spirited Irish ballad, and “The First Grey Hair” a tender, reflective poem. His songs and *vers de société* are, however, the more characteristic productions of the Butterfly bard. Examples of the latter are given in the following pages ; of the former we give one more quotation here :—

“She wore a wreath of roses,
The night that first we met ;
Her lovely face was smiling,
Beneath her curls of jet.
Her footstep had the lightness,
Her voice the joyous tone,
The tokens of a youthful heart
Where sorrow is unknown.
I saw her but a moment,
Yet methinks I see her now,
With the wreath of summer flowers
Upon her snowy brow.

“A wreath of orange blossoms
When next we met she wore,
Th’ expression of her features
Was more thoughtful than before.
And standing by her side was one
Who strove, and not in vain,
To soothe her leaving that dear home
She ne’er might view again.
I saw her but a moment,
Yet methinks I see her now,
With the wreath of orange blossoms
Upon her snowy brow.

“And once again I see that brow—
No bridal wreath is there—
The widow’s sombre cap conceals
Her once luxuriant hair.
She weeps in silent solitude,
And there is no one near
To press her hand within his own,
And wipe away the tear.
I see her broken-hearted !
Yet methinks I see her now,
In the pride of youth and beauty,
With a garland on her brow.”

ALFRED H. MILES.

MISCELLANEOUS VERSE.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

I.—WHY DON'T THE MEN PROPOSE?

WHY don't the men propose, mamma;
Why don't the men propose?
Each seems just coming to the point,
And then away he goes!
It is no fault of yours, mamma,
That ev'rybody knows;
You *fête* the finest men in town,
Yet, oh, they won't propose!

I'm sure I've done my best, mamma,
To make a proper match;
For coronets and eldest sons
I'm ever on the watch:
I've hopes when some *distingué* beau
A glance upon me throws;
But though he'll dance, and smile, and flirt,
Alas! he won't propose!

I've tried to win by languishing,
And dressing like a blue;
I've bought big books, and talked of them
As if I'd read them through!
With hair cropped like a man, I've felt
The heads of all the beaux;
But Spurzheim could not touch their hearts,
And oh, they won't propose!

I threw aside the books, and thought
 That ignorance was bliss;
 I felt convinced that men preferred
 A simple sort of Miss;
 And so I lisp'd out naught beyond
 Plain "yeses" or plain "noes,"
 And wore a sweet, unmeaning smile;
 Yet, oh, they won't propose!
 Last night, at Lady Ramble's rout,
 I heard Sir Harry Gale
 Exclaim, "Now I *propose* again!"
 I started, turning pale;
 I really thought my time was come,
 I blush'd like any rose;—
 But oh! I found 'twas only at
 Ecarté he'd *propose*!
 And what is to be done, mamma?
 Oh, what is to be done?
 I really have no time to lose,
 For I am thirty-one:
 At balls, I am too often left
 Where spinsters sit in rows;
 Why won't the men propose, mamma?
 Why *won't* the men propose?

II.—A FASHIONABLE NOVEL.

LORD HARRY has written a Novel,
 A story of elegant life;
 No stuff about love in a hovel,
 No sketch of a commoner's wife;
 No trash, such as pathos and passion,
 Fine feelings, expression and wit;
 But all about people of fashion,
 Come, look at his caps—how they fit!

O, Radcliffe! thou once wert the charmer
 Of girls who sat reading all night;
 Thy heroes were striplings in armour,
 Thy heroines damsels in white;
 But past are thy terrible touches,
 Our lips in derision we curl,
 Unless we are told how a Duchess
 Conversed with her cousin the Earl.

We now have each dialogue quite full
 Of titles—"I give you my word,
 My lady, you're looking delightful."
 "O, dear, do you think so, my lord?"
 "You've heard of the Marquis's marriage,
 The bride with her jewels new set,
 Four horses, new travelling carriage,
 And *déjeûné à la fourchette*?"

Haut Ton finds her privacy broken,
 We trace all her ins and her outs;
 The very small talk that is spoken
 By very great people at routs.
 At Tenby Miss Jinks asks the loan of
 The book from the innkeeper's wife,
 And reads till she dreams she is one of
 The leaders of elegant life.

III.—OUT, JOHN.

OUT, John! out, John! what are you about, John?
 If you don't say "Out," at once, you make the
 fellow doubt, John!
 Say I'm out, whoever calls; and hide my hat and
 cane, John!
 Say you've not the least idea when I shall come
 again, John.

Let the people leave their bills, but tell them not to call,
John;

Say I'm courting Miss Rupee, and mean to pay them all,
John.

Run, John! run, John! there's another dun, John;
If it's Prodger, bid him call to-morrow week at one, John!
If he says he saw me at the window, as he knock'd, John!
Make a face, and shake your head, and tell him you are
shocked, John!

Take your pocket-handkerchief, and put it to your eye,
John!

Say your master's not the man to bid you tell a lie, John!

Oh! John, go, John! there's Noodle's knock, I know, John!
Tell him that all yesterday you sought him high and low,
John!

Tell him, just before he came, you saw me mount the hill,
John!

Say—you think I'm only gone to pay his little bill, John!
Then, I think, you'd better add—that if I miss to-day John!
You're sure I mean to call when next I pass his way, John!

Hie, John! fly, John! I will tell you why, John!
If there is not Grimshawe at the corner, let me die, John!
He will hear of no excuse—I'm sure he'll search the house
John!

Peeping into corners hardly fit to hold a mouse, John!
Beg he'll take a chair and wait—I know he won't refuse,
John!

And I'll pop through the little door that opens on the
mews, John!

Thomas Hood.

1798—1845.

FEW of Dr. Johnson's saws have been more often quoted than the one which places the punster on a level with the pickpocket; and yet men go on punning with a frivolous disregard for reputation, apparently acting on the belief that the worse the pun is the greater is the amusement to be derived from it. The atrocity of some of these verbal mutilations is almost redeemed by their cleverness, as is the case with the quatrain attributed to Theodore Hook :

"If I were punished
For every pun I shed,
I should not have a puny shed
In which to rest my punish'd 'ead";

or the motto on the coat-of-arms of a modern comic paper :

"On his walk he madly puns,"

which amounts almost to a stroke of genius. The art of punning, however, has never been carried to a higher pitch of perfection than it was by Hood. His humorous verse abounds in the felicitous play of words, and in examples of that double sense for which he himself claimed double merit. What could be better in its way than the final stanza of 'Faithless Sally Brown' ?—

"His death which happened in his berth,
At forty-odd befell :
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton toll'd the bell."

In addition to the ordinary equipment of the humourist Hood had a knowledge of technique and powers of versification which gave him an immense advantage over his competitors. Charles Robert Forrester, one of his contemporaries, better known by the pseudonym he shared with his brother Alfred, namely, "Alfred Crowquill," apostrophised him in the following lines :

"Wits may now lay aside their pens,
Their sallies bring no good ;
Till thou art dead they cannot hope
To urn a lively Hood,"—

But Hood was much more than a mere punster. As a poet he takes a place among contemporary poets, and a place peculiarly his own. Of his humorous poems the following pages contain adequate examples. "A Parental Ode," interestingly autobiographic, presents the real and the ideal, and does justice to both. "Mary's Ghost" and "Faithless Nelly Gray" illustrate the punning powers of the poet, while "The Black Job" shows his facility and felicity in telling a tale in verse, while "A Nocturnal Sketch" displays his command over rhyme. "A Retrospective Review," also autobiographical, is as pathetic as it is humorous, and seems to show the poet smiling through his tears.

ALFRED H. MILES.

WHIMS AND ODDITIES.

THOMAS HOOD.

I.—A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

OH, when I was a tiny boy
My days and nights were full of joy,
My mates were blithe and kind !
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the teardrop from my eye,
To cast a look behind !

A hoop was an eternal round
Of pleasure. In those days I found

A top a joyous thing ;
But now those past delights I drop,
My head, alas ! is all my top,
And careful thoughts the string !

My marbles—once my bag was stored,—
Now I must play with Elgin's lord,

With Theseus for a taw !
My playful horse has slipt his string,
Forgotten all his capering,
And harnessed to the law !

My kite—how fast and far it flew !
Whilst I, a sort of Franklin, drew

My pleasure from the sky !
'Twas paper'd o'er with studious themes
The tasks I wrote—my present dreams
Will never soar so high !

My joys are wingless all and dead ;
My dumps are made of more than lead ;

My flights soon find a fall ;
My fears prevail, my fancies droop,
Joy never cometh with a hoop,
And seldom with a call !

My football's laid upon the shelf;
I am a shuttlecock myself
The world knocks to and fro ;
My archery is all unlearn'd,
And grief against myself has turn'd
My arrows and my bow !

No more in noontide sun I bask ;
My authorship's an endless task,
My head's ne'er out of school :
My heart is pain'd with scorn and slight,
I have too many foes to fight,
And friends grown strangely cool !

The very chum that shared my cake
Holds out so cold a hand to shake,
It makes me shrink and sigh :
On this I will not dwell and hang,
The changeling would not feel a pang
Though these should meet his eye !

No skies so blue or so serene
As then ;—no leaves look half so green
As clothed the playground tree !
All things I loved are alter'd so,
Nor does it ease my heart to know
That change resides in me !

Oh, for the garb that mark'd the boy,
The trousers made of corduroy,
Well ink'd with black and red ;
The crownless hat, ne'er deemed an ill—
It only let the sunshine still
Repose upon my head !

Oh, for the riband round the neck !
The careless dog's-ears apt to deck
My book and collar both !
How can this formal man be styled
Merely an Alexandrine child,
A boy of larger growth ?

Oh, for that small, small beer anew !
And (heaven's own type) that mild sky-blue
That washed my sweet meals down ;
The master even !—and that small Turk
That fagged me !—worse is now my work—
A fag for all the town !

Oh, for the lessons learn'd by heart !
Ay, though the very birch's smart
Should mark those hours again ;
I'd "kiss the rod," and be resign'd
Beneath the stroke, and even find
Some sugar in the cane !

The Arabian Nights rehearsed in bed,
The Fairy Tales in school-time read,
By stealth, 'twixt verb and noun !
The angel form that always walk'd
In all my dreams, and looked and talk'd
Exactly like Miss Brown ;

The *omne bene*—Christmas come !
The prize of merit, won for home—
Merit had prizes then !
But now I write for days and days,
For fame, a deal of empty praise,
Without the silver pen !

Then "home, sweet home!" the crowded coach—
 The joyous shout—the loud approach—
 The winding horns like rams'!
 The meeting sweet that made me thrill,
 The sweetmeats, almost sweeter still,
 No "satis" to the "jams"—

When that I was a tiny boy
 My days and nights were full of joy,
 My mates were blithe and kind!—
 No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
 And dash the tear-drop from my eye,
 To cast a look behind!

*II.—A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON, AGED
 THREE YEARS AND FOUR MONTHS.*

THOU happy, happy elf!
 (But stop,—first let me kiss away that tear)—
 Thou tiny image of myself!
 (My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
 Thou merry, laughing sprite!
 With spirits feather-light,
 Untouch'd by sorrow and unsoil'd by sin—
 (Good heav'ns the child is swallowing a pin!)
 Thou tricky Puck!
 With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
 Light as the singing bird that wings the air
 (The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
 Thou darling of thy sire!
 (Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore on fire!)
 Thou imp of mirth and joy!
 In Love's dear chain so strong and bright a link.
 Thou idol of thy parents—(drat the boy!
 There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub !—but of earth,
Fit playfellow for Fays, by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail !)
Thou human honey-bee, extracting honey
From ev'ry blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in Youth's Elysium ever sunny—
(Another tumble !—that's his precious nose !)

Thy father's pride and hope !
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope !)
With pure heart newly stamp'd from Nature's mint
(Where *did* he learn that squint ?)

Thou young domestic dove !
(He'll have that jug off with another shove !)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest !
(Are those torn clothes his best ?)

Little epitome of man !
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan !)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life—
(He's got a knife !)

Thou enviable being !
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John !
Toss the light ball—bestride the stick,
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick !)
With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
With many a lamblike frisk—
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown !)

Thou pretty opening rose !
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose !)

Balmy and breathing music like the South,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth !)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,—
(I wish that window had an iron bar !)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,—
 (I tell you what, my love,
I cannot write unless he's sent above !)

III.—THE SUB-MARINE.

IT was a brave and jolly wight,
His cheek was baked and brown,
For he had been in many climes
 With captains of renown,
And fought with those who fought so well
 At Nile and Camperdown.
His coat it was a soldier coat,
 Of red with yellow faced,
But (merman-like) he looked marine
 All downward from the waist ;
His trousers were so wide and blue,
 And quite in sailor taste !
He put the rummer to his lips,
 And drank a jolly draught ;
He raised the rummer many times—
 And ever as he quaff'd,
The more he drank, the more the Ship
 Seemed pitching fore and aft !
The Ship seemed pitching fore and aft,
 As in a heavy squall ;
It gave a lurch and down he went,
 Head-foremost in his fall !
Three times he did not rise, alas !
 He never rose at all !

But down he went, right down at once
Like any stone he dived,
He could not see, or hear, or feel—
Of senses all deprived !
At last he gave a look around
To see where he arrived !

And all that he could see was green,
Sca-green on every hand !
And then he tried to sound beneath,
And all he felt was sand !
There he was fain to lie, for he
Could neither sit nor stand !

And lo ! above his head there bent
A strange and staring lass !
One hand was in her yellow hair,
The other held a glass ;
A mermaid she must surely be
If ever mermaid was !

Her fish-like mouth was open wide,
Her eyes were blue and pale,
Her dress was of the ocean green
When ruffled by a gale ;
Thought he, " Beneath that petticoat
She hides a salmon-tail ! "

She looked as siren ought to look,
A sharp and bitter shrew,
To sing deceiving lullabies
For mariners to rue,—
But when he saw her lips apart,
It chill'd him through and through !

With either hand he stopp'd his ears
Against her evil cry ;
Alas, alas, for all his care,
His doom it seemed, to die,
Her voice went ringing through his head,
It was so sharp and high !

He thrust his fingers further in
At each unwilling ear,
But still, in very spite of all,
The words were plain and clear ;
"I can't stand here the whole day long,
To hold your glass of beer !"

With open'd mouth and open'd eyes,
Up rose the Sub-marine,
And gave a stare to find the sands
And deeps where he had been :
There was no siren with her glass !
No waters ocean-green !

The wet deception from his eyes
Kept fading more and more,
He only saw the barmaid stand
With pouting lip before—
The small green parlour of "The Ship,"
And little sanded floor !

IV.—MARY'S GHOST.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

'T WAS in the middle of the night,
To sleep young William tried
When Mary's ghost came stealing in,
And stood at his bed-side.

O William dear! O William dear!

My rest eternal ceases ;

Alas! my everlasting peace

Is broken into pieces.

I thought the last of all my cares

Would end with my last minute ;

But tho' I went to my long home,

I didn't stay long in it.

The body-snatchers they have come,

And made a snatch at me ;

It's very hard them kind of men

Won't let a body be !

You thought that I was buried deep,

Quite decent like and chary,

But from her grave in Mary-bone,

They've come and boned your Mary.

The arm that used to take your arm

Is took to Dr. Vyse ;

And both my legs are gone to walk

The hospital at Guy's.

I vow'd that you should have my hand,

But fate gives us denial ;

You'll find it there, at Dr. Bell's,

In spirits and a phial.

As for my feet, the little feet

You used to call so pretty,

There's one I know, in Bedford Row,

The t'other's in the city.

I can't tell where my head is gone,

But Doctor Carpue can :

As for my trunk, it's all pack'd up

To go by Pickford's van.

I wish you'd go to Mr. P.
And save me such a ride !
I don't half like the outside place,
They've took for my inside.

The cock it crows—I must be gone !
My William, we must part !
But I'll be yours in death, altho'
Sir Astley has my heart.

Don't go to weep upon my grave,
And think that there I be ;
They haven't left an atom there
Of my anatomie.

V.—FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.

BEN PATTLE was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms :
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms !

Now as they bore him off the field,
Said he, " Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second Foot ! "

The army-surgeons made him limbs :
Said he, " They're only pegs :
But there's as wooden Members quite,
As represent my legs ! "

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,
Her name was Nelly Gray ;
So he went to pay her his devours,
When he'd devour'd his pay !

But when he call'd on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off!

"Oh, Nelly Gray! Oh, Nelly Gray!
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat,
Should be more uniform!"

Said she, "I loved a soldier once,
For he was blithe and brave;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave!

"Before you had those timber toes,
Your love I did allow;
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now!"

"Oh, Nelly Gray! Oh, Nelly Gray!
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call, I left my legs
In Badajos's *breaches*!"

"Why, then," said she, "you've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your feats of arms!"

"Oh, false and fickle Nelly Gray,
I know why you refuse:—
Though I've no feet—some other man
Is standing in my shoes!

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
But, now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death;—alas!
You will not be my *Nell*!"

Now when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got—
And life was such a burthen grown,
It made him take a knot !

So round his melancholy neck
A rope he did entwine,
And, for the second time in life,
Enlisted in the Line !

One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs,
And, as his legs were off,—of course,
He soon was off his legs !

And there he hung, till he was dead
As any nail in town,—
For, though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down !

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died—
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,
With a *stake* in his inside !

VI.—A BLACK JOB.

1843.

“No doubt the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated as to cheat.”—HUDIBRAS.

THE history of human-kind to trace
Since Eve—the first of dupes—our doom unriddled,
A certain portion of the human race
Has certainly a taste for being diddled,

Witness the famous Mississippi dreams !

A rage that time seems only to redouble—
The Banks, Joint-Stocks, and all the flimsy schemes,
For rolling in Pactolian streams,
That cost our modern rogues so little trouble.
No matter what,—to pasture cows on stubble,
To twist sea-sand into a solid rope,
To make French bricks and fancy bread of rubble,
Or light with gas the whole celestial cope—
Only propose to blow a bubble,
And Lord ! what hundreds will subscribe for soap !

Soap !—it reminds me of a little tale,
Tho' not a pig's, the hawbuck's glory,
When rustic games and merriment prevail—
But here's my story :

Once on a time—no matter when—
A knot of very charitable men
Set up a Philanthropical Society,
Professing, on a certain plan,
To benefit the race of man,
And, in particular, that dark variety,
Which some suppose inferior, as in vermin
The sable is to ermine,
As smut to flour, as coal to alabaster,
As crows to swans—as soot to driven snow,
As blacking, or as ink to “milk below,”
Or yet a better simile to show—
As ragman's dolls to images in plaster !
However, as is usual in our city,
They had a sort of managing Committee,
A board of grave responsible Directors ;
A Secretary, good at pen and ink ;
A Treasurer, of course, to keep the chink,
And quite an army of Collectors !

Not merely male, but female duns,
Young, old, and middle-aged—of all degrees—
With many of those persevering ones,
Who, mite by mite, would beg a cheese.

And what might be their aim ?
To rescue Afric's sable sons from fetters—
To save their bodies from the burning shame
Of branding with hot letters—
Their shoulders from the cowhide's bloody strokes,
Their necks from iron yokes ?
To end or mitigate the ills of slavery,
The Planter's avarice, the Driver's knavery ?
To school the heathen Negroes and enlighten 'em,
To polish up and brighten 'em,
And make them worthy of eternal bliss ?
Why, no—the simple end and aim was this—
Reading a well-known proverb much amiss—
To wash and whiten 'em !

They look'd so ugly in their sable hides ;
So dark, so dingy, like a grubby lot
Of sooty sweeps, or colliers ; and besides,
However the poor elves
Might wash themselves,
Nobody knew if they were clean or not—
On Nature's fairness they were quite a blot !
Not to forget more serious complaints,
That even while they joined in pious hymn,
So black were they and grim
In face and limb,
They looked like Devils tho' they sang like Saints !
The thing was undeniable !

They wanted washing ! Not that slight ablution
To which the skin of the White Man is liable,
Merely removing transient pollution,
But good, hard, honest, energetic rubbing
And scrubbing ;
Sousing each sooty frame from heels to head
With stiff, strong, saponaceous lather
And pails of water—hottish rather—
But not so boiling as to turn 'em red !

So spoke the philanthropic man
Who laid, and hatch'd, and nursed the plan ;
And oh ! to view its glorious consummation !
The brooms and mops,
The tubs and slops,
The baths and brushes in full operation !
To see each Crow, or Jim, or John,
Go in a raven and come out a swan !
While fair as Cavendishes, Vanes, and Russells,
Black Venus rises from the soapy surge,
And all the little Niggerlings emerge
As lily-white as mussels !

Sweet was the vision—but alas !
However in prospectus bright and sunny,
To bring such visionary scenes to pass,
One thing was requisite, and that was—money !
Money, that pays the laundress and her bills,
For socks and collars, shirts and frills,
Cravats and kerchiefs—money, without which
The negroes must remain as dark as pitch ;
A thing to make all Christians sad and shivery,
To think of millions of immortal souls
Dwelling in bodics black as coals,
And living—so to speak—in Satan's livery !

Money,—the root of evil,—dross, and stuff—

But oh ! how happy ought the rich to feel,
Whose means enabled them to give enough

To blanch an African from head to heel !
How blessed,—yea, thrice blessed,—to subscribe
Enough to scour a tribe !

While he whose fortune was at best a brittle one,
Although he gave but pence, how sweet to know
He helped to bleach a Hottentot's great toe,
Or little one !

Moved by this logic, (or appalled,)

To persons of a certain turn so proper,
The money came when call'd,

In silver, gold, and copper ;
Presents from " Friends to blacks," or foes to whites,
" Trifles," and " offerings," and " widows' mites,"

Plump legacies, and yearly benefactions,
With other gifts,
And charitable lifts,

Printed in lists and quarterly transactions.

As thus :—Elisha Brettel, an iron kettle ;
The Dowager Lady Scannel, a piece of flannel ;
Rebecca Pope, a bar of soap ;
The Misses Howels, half-a-dozen towels ;
The Master Rushes, two scrubbing-brushes ;
Mr. T. Groom, a stable-broom ;
And Mrs. Grubb, a tub.

Great were the sums collected,
And great results in consequence expected.
But somehow, in the teeth of all endeavour,

According to reports,
At yearly courts,
The blacks, confound them ! were as black as ever

Yes! spite of all the water sous'd aloft,
Soap, plain and mottled, hard and soft,
Soda and pearlash, huckaback and sand,
Brooms, brushes, palm of hand,
And scourers in the office, strong and clever,
In spite of all the tubbing, rubbing, scrubbing,
The routing and the grubbing,
The blacks, confound them! were as black as ever.

In fact, in his perennial speech,
The Chairman own'd the niggers did not bleach,
As he had hoped,
From being washed and soaped,
A circumstance he named with grief and pity;
But still he had the happiness to say,
For self and the Committee,
By persevering in the present way,
And scrubbing at the Blacks from day to day,
Although he could not promise perfect white,
From certain symptoms that had come to light,
He hoped in time to get them gray.

Lull'd by this vague assurance,
The friends and patrons of the sable tribe
Continued to subscribe;
And waited, waited on with much endurance
Many a frugal sister—thrifty daughter,
Many a stinted widow—pinching mother,
With income by the tax made somewhat shorter,
Still paid implicitly her crown per quarter—
Only to hear as ev'ry year came round
That Mr. Treasurer had spent her pound;
And, as she loved her sable brother,
That Mr. Treasurer must have another!

But, spite of pounds or guineas,
Instead of giving any hint
Of turning to a neutral tint,
The plaguy negroes and their piccaninnies
Were still the colour of the bird that caws—
Only some very aged souls
Showing a little gray upon their polls,
Like daws.

However, nothing dashed
By such repeated failures, or abashed,
The Court still met: the Chairman and Directors,
The Secretary—good at pen and ink,
The worthy Treasurer—who kept the chink,
And all the cash Collectors ;
With hundreds of that class, so kindly credulous,
Without whose help no charlatan alive,
Or Bubble Company, could hope to thrive—
Or busy Chevalier, however sedulous—
Those good and easy innocents in fact,
Who willingly receiving chaff for corn,
As pointed out by Butler's tact—
Still find a secret pleasure in the act
Of being pluck'd and shorn !

However, in long hundreds there they were,
Thronging the hot, and close, and dusty court,
To hear once more addresses from the Chair,
And regular Report.
Alas ! concluding in the usual strain,
That what with everlasting wear and tear,
The scrubbing brushes hadn't got a hair,
The brooms, mere stumps, would never serve again ;
The soap was gone, the flannels all in shreds—
The towels worn to threads—

The tubs and pails too shatter'd to be mended :
 And what was added with a deal of pain,
 But as accounts correctly would explain—
 Tho' thirty thousand pounds had been expended—
 The blackamoors had still been wash'd in vain !

"In fact the negroes were as black as ink
 Yet, still as the Committee dared to think,
 And hoped the proposition was not rash,
 A rather free expenditure of cash——"

But ere the prospect could be made more sunny,
 Up jumped a little, lemon-coloured man,
 And with an eager stammer, thus began—

In angry earnest, though it sounded funny—
 "What! more subscriptions? No—no—no; not I!
 You have had time—time—time enough to try!
 They won't come white! Then why—why—why—
 Why—why more money?"

"Why," said the Chairman, with an accent bland,
 And gentle waving of his dexter hand,
 "Why must we have more dross, and dirt, and dust,
 More filthy lucre—in a word, more gold?
 The 'why,' sir, very easily is told,
 Because Humanity declares we must!
 We've scrubb'd the negroes till we've nearly kill'd 'em,
 And finding that we cannot wash them white,
 But still their nigritude offends the sight,
We mean to gild 'em."

VII.—A NOCTURNAL SKETCH.

EVEN is come; and from the dark Park, hark,
 The signal of the setting sun—one gun!
 And six is sounding from the chime, prime time
 To go and see the Drury-Lane Dance slain,—

Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out,—
Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade,
Denying to his frantic clutch much touch ;—
Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride
Four horses as no other man can span ;
Or in the small Olympic Pit, sit split
Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.

Anon Night comes, and with her wings brings things
Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young sung ;
The gas up-blazes with its bright white light,
And paralytic watchmen prowl, howl, growl,
About the streets and take up Pall-Mall Sal,
Who, hasting to her nightly jobs, robs fobs.
Now thieves to enter for your cash, smash, crash,
Past drowsy Charley, in a deep sleep, creep,
But frighten'd by Policeman B 3, flee,
And while they're going, whisper low, " No go ! "

Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads,
And sleepers waking, grumble—" Drat that cat ! "
Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls, mauls
Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill-will.

Now Bulls of Bashan, of a prize size, rise
In childish dreams and with a roar gore poor
Georgy, or Charley, or Billy, willy-nilly ;—
But Nursemaid, in a nightmare rest, chest-press'd,
Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games,
And that she hears—what faith is man's ! Ann's banns
And his, from Reverend Mr. Rice, twice, thrice :
White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out,
That upward goes, shows Rose knows those bows' woes !

Winthrop Mackworth Praed.

1802—1839.

IN the article which prefaces the general selection from the poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed in the "Poets and Poetry of the Century," Mr. Austin Dobson says "Praed belongs generically to that school of poets whose work is rather playful than serious, rather mildly satiric than didactic, rather lyric than narrative. It is a school which includes a good many adverse names, and numbers in its ranks many writers whose relationship to each other is not always superficially apparent. It is, moreover, as indefinitely extended by some critics as it is jealously restricted by others. But it has generally been the custom to regard Praed as the foremost exponent of what, for want of an exacter term, is known as "society verse,"—by society verse being intended, not so much the verse that treats of man as a social animal, as the verse that treats of man (and woman) as they appear in the fashionable world. Many of Praed's pieces do undoubtedly come in this category, and they are numerous enough to justify his claim to be the Coryphæus of his kind. But it is unjust to class him solely as the laureate of county balls and archery meetings." That this is true Mr. Dobson proceeds to prove by citing "The Vicar" and "Quince" as examples which reach a higher level than that of mere *vers de société*, claiming

for them that they are "rather humorous character-painting of a very delicate and individual kind." It is however with the lighter verse of the poet that we have to deal in this volume; and of this Mr. Dobson says: "It must be admitted that Praed's purely social verse reaches the highest level by its skill and fluency." "His command of his instrument was so great, and his epigrammatic faculty so perfected by use, that the slightest provocation was sufficient to enable him to throw off a creditable 'copy of verses.' Thus it now and then fell out that the lines were finished before he had found time to think whether the motive was adequate, or whether they included that beginning, middle, and end which even the trifles of metre require for their preservation. Also it occurred to him at times to write variations on himself, which, in his own interest, it had been wiser, to withhold. But these are the objections of those who admire him so much that they would never have him below his best." Of his lighter verse the following pages contain some of the best examples. "Our Ball," "The Belle of the Ball-room," "A Letter of Advice," are not likely to be soon forgotten, and the charades on the name of the poet Campbell and the word "Moonshine" show that Praed could lift even these trifling elegances to the level of poetry. Again to quote Mr. Dobson, "In ease of wit and humour, in spontaneity and unflagging vivacity of rhythm, in sparkle of banter and felicity of rhyme, no imitator, whom we can recall, has ever come within measurable distance of Winthrop Mackworth Praed."

ALFRED H. MILES.

POEMS.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

I.—OUR BALL.

YOU'LL come to our Ball ;—since we parted,
I've thought of you more than I'll say ;
Indeed, I was half broken-hearted
For a week, when they took you away.
Fond fancy brought back to my slumbers
Our walks on the Ness and the Den,
And echoed the musical numbers
Which you used to sing to me then.
I know the romance, since it's over,
'Twere idle, or worse, to recall ;—
I know you're a terrible rover ;
But, Clarence, you'll come to our Ball !

It's only a year, since, at College,
You put on your cap and your gown ;
But, Clarence, you've grown out of knowledge,
And changed from the spur to the crown :
The voice that was best when it faltered,
Is fuller and firmer in tone ;
And the smile that should never have altered,—
Dear Clarence,—it is not your own :
Your cravat was badly selected,
Your coat don't become you at all ;
And why is your hair so neglected ?
You must have it curled for our Ball.

I've often been out upon Haldon
To look for a covey with Pup ;
I've often been over to Shaldon,
To see how your boat is laid up :

In spite of the terrors of Aunty,
I've ridden the filly you broke ;
And I've studied your sweet little Dante
In the shade of your favourite oak :
When I sat in July to Sir Lawrence,
I sat in your love of a shawl ;
And I'll wear what you brought me from Florence,
Perhaps, if you'll come to our Ball.

You'll find us changed since you vanished ;
We've set up a National School ;
And waltzing is utterly banished,
And Ellen has married a fool ;
The Major is going to travel,
Miss Hyacinth threatens a rout,
The walk is laid down with fresh gravel,
Papa is laid up with the gout ;
And Jane has gone on with her easels,
And Anne has gone off with Sir Paul ;
And Fanny is sick with the measles,—
And I'll tell you the rest at the Ball.

You'll meet all your Beauties ; the Lily
And the Fairy of Willowbrook Farm,
And Lucy, who made me so silly
At Dawlish, by taking your arm ;
Miss Manners, who always abused you
For talking so much about Hock ;
And her sister, who often amused you
By raving of rebels and Rock ;
And something which surely would answer,
An heiress quite fresh from Bengal ;—
So though you were seldom a dancer,
You'll dance, just for once, at our Ball.

But out on the world!—from the flowers
It shuts out the sunshine of truth :
It blights the green leaves in the bowers,
It makes an old age of our youth ;
And the flow of our feeling, once in it,
Like a streamlet beginning to freeze,
Though it cannot turn ice in a minute,
Grows harder by sudden degrees ;
Time treads o'er the graves of affection ;
Sweet honey is turned into gall ;
Perhaps you have no recollection
That ever you danced at our Ball !

You once could be pleased with our ballads ;—
To-day you have critical ears ;
You once could be charmed with our salads ;—
Alas ! you've been dining with Peers ;
You trifled and flirted with many ;—
You've forgotten the when and the how ;
There was one you liked better than any,—
Perhaps you've forgotten her now.
But of those you remember most newly,
Of those who delight or enthrall,
None love you a quarter so truly
As some you will find at our Ball.

They tell me you've many who flatter,
Because of your wit and your song :
They tell me—and what does it matter ?—
You like to be praised by the throng :
They tell me you're shadowed with laurel :
They tell me you're loved by a Blue :
They tell me you're sadly immoral—
Dear Clarence, that cannot be true !

But to me, you are still what I found you,
Before you grew clever and tall ;
And you'll think of the spell that once bound you ;
And you'll come—won't you come ?—to our Ball ?

II.—THE BELLE OF THE BALL-ROOM.

YEARS—years ago,—ere yet my dreams
Had been of being wise or witty,—
Ere I had done with writing themes,
Or yawn'd o'er this infernal Chitty ;—
Years—years ago,—while all my joy
Was in my fowling-piece and filly,—
In short, while I was yet a boy,
I fell in love with Laura Lily.

I saw her at the County Ball ;
There, when the sound of flute and fiddle
Gave signal sweet in that old hall
Of hands across and down the middle,
Her's was the subtlest spell by far
Of all that set young hearts romancing ;
She was our queen, our rose, our star ;
And then she danced—O Heaven, her dancing !

Dark was her hair, her hand was white ;
Her voice was exquisitely tender ;
Her eyes were full of liquid light ;
I never saw a waist so slender !
Her every look, her every smile,
Shot right and left a score of arrows ;
I thought 'twas Venus from her isle,
I wondered where she'd left her sparrows.

She talk'd,—of politics or prayers,—
Of Southey's prose, or Wordsworth's sonnets,—
Of daggers,—or of dancing bears,
Of battles,—or the last new bonnets :
By candle-light, at twelve o'clock,
To me it mattered not a tittle,
If those bright lips had quoted Locke,
I might have thought they murmured Little.

Through sunny May, through sultry June,
I loved her with a love eternal ;
I spoke her praises to the moon,
I wrote them for the *Sunday Journal* :
My mother laughed ; I soon found out
That ancient ladies have no feeling ;
My father frowned ; but how should gout
See any happiness in kneeling ?

She was the daughter of a Dean,
Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic ;
She had one brother, just thirteen,
Whose colour was extremely hectic ;
Her grandmother, for many a year
Had fed the parish with her bounty ;
Her second cousin was a peer,
And Lord Lieutenant of the county.

But titles, and the three per cents,
And mortgages, and great relations,
And India bonds, and tithes, and rents,
Oh ! what are they to love's sensations ?
Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks—
Such wealth, such honours, Cupid chooses
He cares as little for the stocks
As Baron Rothschild for the Muses.

She sketch'd ; the vale, the wood, the beach,
Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading :
She botanised ; I envied each
Young blossom in her boudoir fading :
She warbled Handel ; it was grand—
She made the Catalina jealous :
She touched the organ ; I could stand
For hours and hours to blow the bellows.

She kept an album, too, at home,
Well fill'd with all an album's glories ;
Paintings of butterflies, and Rome,
Patterns for trimmings, Persian stories ;
Soft songs to Julia's cockatoo,
Fierce odes to Famine and to Slaughter ;
And autographs of Prince Leboo,
And recipes for elder water.

And she was flatter'd, worshipp'd, bored ;
Her steps were watch'd, her dress was noted ;
Her poodle dog was quite adored,
Her sayings were extremely quoted ;
She laugh'd, and every heart was glad,
As if the taxes were abolished ;
She frown'd, and every look was sad,
As if the opera were demolish'd.

She smil'd on many, just for fun—
I knew that there was nothing in it ;
I was the first—the only one,
Her heart had thought of for a minute ;
I knew it, for she told me so,
In phrase which was divinely moulded ;
She wrote a charming hand—and oh !
How sweetly all her notes were folded !

Our love was like most other loves ;—
A little glow, a little shiver,
A rose-bud, and a pair of gloves,
And “Fly not yet”—upon the river ;
Some jealousy of some one’s heir,
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual vows,—and then we parted.

We parted ;—months and years rolled by ;
We met again four summers after :
Our parting was all sob and sigh ;—
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter :
For in my heart’s most secret cell
There had been many other lodgers ;
And she was not the ball-room Belle,
But only—Mrs.—Something—Rogers !

III.—A LETTER OF ADVICE.

FROM MISS MEDORA TREVILIAN, AT PADUA, TO MISS
ARAMINTA VAVASOUR, IN LONDON.

YOU tell me you’re promised a lover,
My own Araminta, next week ;
Why cannot my fancy discover
The hue of his coat and his cheek ?
Alas ! if he look like another,
A vicar, a banker, a beau,
Be deaf to your father and mother,
My own Araminta, say “No !”

Miss Lane, at her Temple of Fashion,
Taught us both how to sing and to speak,
And we loved one another with passion,
Before we had been there a week :
You gave me a ring for a token ;
I wear it wherever I go ;
I gave you a chain,—is it broken ?
My own Araminta, say “ No ! ”

O think of our favourite cottage,
And think of our dear Lalla Rookh !
How we shared with the milkmaids their pottage,
And drank of the stream from the brook ;
How fondly our loving lips faltered
“ What further can grandeur bestow ? ”
My heart is the same ;—is yours altered ?
My own Araminta, say “ No ! ”

Remember the thrilling romances
We read on the bank in the glen ;
Remember the suitors our fancies
Would picture for both of us then.
They wore the red cross on their shoulder,
They had vanquished and pardoned their foe—
Sweet friend, are you wiser or colder ?
My own Araminta, say “ No ! ”

You know when Lord Rigmarole's carriage
Drove off with your cousin Justine,
You wept, dearest girl, at the marriage,
And whispered, “ How base she has been ! ”
You said you were sure it would kill you,
If ever your husband looked so ;
And you will not apostatise,—will you ?
My own Araminta, say “ No ! ”

When I heard I was going abroad, love,
I thought I was going to die ;
We walked arm-in-arm to the road, love,
We looked arm-in-arm to the sky ;
And I said, " When a foreign postilion
Has hurried me off to the Po,
Forget not Medora Trevilian :
My own Araminta, say " No ! "

We parted ! but sympathy's fetters
Reach far over valley and hill ;
I muse o'er your exquisite letters,
And feel that your heart is mine still ;
And he who would share it with me, love,—
The richest of treasures below,—
If he's not what Orlando should be, love,
My own Araminta, say " No ! "

If he wears a top-boot in his wooing,
If he comes to you riding a cob,
If he talks of his baking or brewing,
If he puts up his feet on the hob,
If he ever drinks port after dinner,
If his brow or his breeding is low,
If he calls himself " Thompson " or " Skinner,"
My own Araminta, say " No ! "

If he studies the news in the papers
While you are preparing the tea,
If he talks of the damps or the vapours
While moonlight lies soft on the sea,
If he's sleepy while you are capricious,
If he has not a musical " Oh ! "
If he does not call Werther delicious,—
My own Araminta, say " No ! "

If he ever sets foot in the City
Among the stockbrokers and Jews,
If he has not a heart full of pity,
If he don't stand six feet in his shoes,
If his lips are not redder than roses,
If his hands are not whiter than snow,
If he has not the model of noses,—
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he speaks of a tax or a duty,
If he does not look grand on his knees,
If he's blind to a landscape of beauty,
Hills, valleys, rocks, waters, and trees,
If he dotes not on desolate towers,
If he likes not to hear the blast blow,
If he knows not the language of flowers,—
My own Araminta, say "No!"

He must walk—like a god of old story
Come down from the home of his rest;
He must smile—like the sun in his glory
On the bud, he loves ever the best;
And oh! from its ivory portal
Like music his soft speech must flow!—
If he speak, smile, or walk like a mortal,—
My own Araminta, say "No!"

Don't listen to tales of his bounty,
Don't hear what they say of his birth,
Don't look at his seat in the county,
Don't calculate what he is worth;
But give him a theme to write verse on,
And see if he turns out his toe;
If he's only an excellent person,—
My own Araminta, say "No!"

CHARADES.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

I.—ON THE NAME OF THE POET CAMPBELL

COME from my First, ay, come ;
The battle dawn is nigh ;
And the screaming trump and the thund'ring drum
Are calling thee to die !
Fight, as thy father fought ;
Fall as thy father fell ;
Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought ;
So,—forward ! and farewell !

Toll ye, my Second, toll ;
Fling high the flambeau's light ;
And sing the hymn for a parted soul,
Beneath the silent night !
The wreath upon his head,
The cross upon his breast,
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed ;
So take him to his rest !

Call ye my Whole, go call !
The Lord of lute and lay ;
And let him greet the sable pall
With a noble song to-day :
Go call him by his name ;
No fitter hand may crave
To light the flame of a soldier's fame
On the turf of a soldier's grave !

II.—MOONSHINE.

HE talked of daggers and of darts,
Of passions and of pains,
Of weeping eyes and wounded hearts,
Of kisses and of chains ;

He said though love was kin to grief,
 He was not born to grieve ;
 He said though many need belief,
 She safely might believe ;
 But still the lady shook her head,
 And swore by yea and nay,
 My Whole was all that he had said,
 And all that he could say.

He said, my First— whose silent car
 Was slowly wandering by,
 Veiled in a vapour faint and far
 Through the unfathomed sky—
 Was like the smile whose rosy light
 Across her young lips passed,
 Yet old it was not half so bright,
 It changed not half so fast ;
 But still the lady shook her head,
 And swore by yea and nay,
 My Whole was all that he had said,
 And all that he could say.

And then he set a cyprus wreath
 Upon his raven hair,
 And drew his rapier from its sheath,
 Which made the lady stare ;
 And said his life blood's purple flow
 My Second there should dim,
 If she he loved and worshipped so
 Would only weep for him ;
 But still the lady shook her head,
 And swore by yea and nay,
 My Whole was all that he had said,
 And all that he could say.

Edward Fitzgerald.

18—?

EDWARD FITZGERALD was a contemporary of Winthrop Mackworth Praed, and wrote in his style. He does not seem to have collected his verse into a volume, or indeed to have written sufficient for the purpose. A few scattered poems of the *vers-dé-savante* type have been occasionally reprinted, from the annuals in which they originally appeared, in collections of lighter verse; and some have been included in editions of Praed's poems. Of these those given in the following pages are the best.

Fitzgerald is said to have been a friend of Praed's, and Praed to have rendered him the friendly service of polishing his verses for him. Be this as it may, Fitzgerald's poems will not bear comparison with the best of those of his master, though in occasional stanzas he may all but equal him. Praed was, of course, a difficult man to follow. His school, it school it may be called, rose and perfected itself with him; and, though some writers have offered him the sincere flattery of imitation, the number is comparatively small. This is somewhat surprising until the difficulties of his style are considered. An epigrammatic style is beyond the reach of a mere imitator. Moreover, Praed's command of the technique of versification, absolutely essential in the department of verse he excelled, places the average

writer of album verses at a great disadvantage in competing with him. Greater poets have been more easily imitated, witness the hosts of sentimentalists who followed Byron—at a distance.

ALFRED H. MILES.

VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

I.—CHIVALRY AT A DISCOUNT.

FAIR cousin mine ! the golden days
Of old romance are over ;
And minstrels now care nought for bays
Nor damsels for a lover ;
And hearts are cold, and lips are mute
That kindled once with passion,
And now we've neither lance nor lute,
And tilting's out of fashion.

Yet weeping Beauty mourns the time
When Love found words in flowers ;
When softest sighs were breathed in rhyme,
And sweetest songs in bowers ;
Now wedlock is a sober thing—
No more of chains or forges !—
A plain young man—a plain gold ring—
The curate—and St. George's.

Then every cross-bow had a string,
And every heart a fetter ;
And making love was quite the thing,
And making verses better ;
And maiden-aunts were never seen,
And gallant *beaux* were plenty ;
And lasses married at sixteen,
And died at one-and-twenty.

Then hawking was a noble sport,
And chess a pretty science ;
And huntsmen learnt to blow a *morte*,
And heralds a defiance ;
And knights and spearmen show'd their might,
And timid hinds took warning ;
And hypocras was warm'd at night
And coursers in the morning.

Then plumes and pennons were prepared,
And patron-saints were lauded ;
And noble deeds were bravely dared,
And noble dames applauded ;
And Beauty play'd the leech's part,
And wounds were heal'd with syrup ;
And warriors sometimes lost a heart,
But never lost a stirrup.

Then there was no such thing as Fear,
And no such word as Reason ;
And Faith was like a pointed spear,
And Fickleness was treason ;
And hearts were soft, though blows were hard ;
But when the fight was over,
A brimming goblet cheer'd the board,
His Lady's smile the lover.

Ay, these were glorious days ! The moon
Had then her true adorers ;
And there were lyres and lutes in tune,
And no such thing as snorers ;
And lovers swam, and held at nought
Streams broader than the Mersey ;
And fifty thousand would have fought
For a smile from Lady Jersey.

Then people wore an iron vest,
And had no use for tailors ;
And the artizans who lived the best
Were armourers and nailers ;
And steel was measured by the ell,
And trousers lined with leather ;
And jesters wore a cap and bell,
And knights a cap and feather.

Then single folks might live at ease,
And married ones might sever ;
Uncommon doctors had their fees,
But Doctors Commons never ;
O ! had we in those times been bred,
Fair cousin, for thy glances,
Instead of breaking Priscian's head,
I had been breaking lances !

II.—BECAUSE.

SWEET Nea !—for your lovely sake
I weave these rambling numbers,
Because I've lain an hour awake,
And can't compose my slumbers ;
Because your beauty's gentle light
Is round my pillow beaming,
And flings, I know not why, to-night,
Some witchery o'er my dreaming !

Because we've pass'd some joyous days,
And danced some merry dances ;
Because we love old Beaumont's plays,
And old Froissart's romances !

Because whene'er I hear your words
Some pleasant feeling lingers ;
Because I think your heart has chords
That vibrate to your fingers !

Because you've got those long, soft curls,
I've sworn should deck my goddess ;
Because you're not, like other girls,
All bustle, blush, and bodice !
Because your eyes are deep and blue,
Your fingers long and rosy ;
Because a little child and you
Would make one's home so cosy !

Because your tiny little nose
Turns up so pert and funny ;
Because I know you choose your beaux
More for their mirth than money ;
Because I think you'd rather twirl
A waltz, with me to guide you,
Than talk small nonsense with an Earl,
And a coronet beside you !

Because you don't object to walk,
And are not given to fainting ;
Because you have not learnt to talk
Of flowers, and Poonah-painting ;
Because I think you'd scarce refuse
To sew one on a button ;
Because I know you'd sometimes choose
To dine on simple mutton !

Because I think I'm just so weak
As, some of those fine morrows,
To ask you if you'll let me speak
My story—and *my* sorrows ;

Because the rest's a simple thing,
A matter quickly over,
A church—a priest—a sigh—a ring—
And a chaise and four to Dover.

III.—GOOD NIGHT.

GOOD night to thee, Lady! though many
Have joined in the dance of to-night,
Thy form was the fairest of any,
Where all was seducing and bright;
Thy smile was the softest and dearest,
Thy form the most sylph-like of all,
And thy voice the most gladsome and clearest
That e'er held a partner in thrall.

Good night to thee, Lady! 'tis over—
The waltz, the quadrille, and the song—
The whispered farewell of the lover,
The heartless *adieux* of the throng;
The heart that was throbbing with pleasure,
The eyelid that longed for repose—
The beaux that were dreaming of treasure,
The girls that were dreaming of beaux.

'Tis over—the lights are all dying,
The coaches all driving away;
And many a fair one is sighing,
And many a false one is gay;
And Beauty counts over her numbers
Of conquests, as homeward she drives—
And some are gone home to their slumbers,
And some are gone home to their wives.

And I, while my cab in the shower
Is waiting, the last at the door,
Am looking all round for the flower
That fell from your wreath on the floor.
I'll keep it—if but to remind me,
Though withered and faded its hue—
Wherever next season may find me—
Of England—of Almack's—and you !

There are tones that will haunt us, though lonely
Our path be o'er mountain and sea ;
There are looks that will part from us only
When memory ceases to be ;
There are hopes which our burden can lighten,
Though toilsome and steep be the way ;
And dreams that, like moonlight, can brighten
With a light that is clearer than day.

There are names that we cherish, though nameless
For aye on the lip they may be ;
There are hearts that, though fettered, are tameless,
And thoughts unexpressed, but still free !
And some are too grave for a rover,
And some for a husband too light.
The Ball and my dream are all over ;
Good night to thee, Lady ! Good night !

Charles Robert Forrester.

1803—1850.

UNDER the well-known *nom de plume*, Alfred Crowquill, two brothers, Charles Robert and Alfred Henry Forrester, contributed unitedly and separately to the lighter literature of their time. Charles the elder was a public notary carrying on business at the Royal Exchange, London, and up till 1839 his brother Alfred was associated in business with him. Adopting the pseudonym Hal Willis, student-at-law, Charles published "Castle Baynard; or, the Days of John," a novel, in 1824, and in 1827, "Sir Roland," a romance of the twelfth century. In the latter year appeared "Absurdities of Prose and Verse, written and illustrated by Alfred Crowquill." This was a joint production of the two brothers, Charles supplying the text, and Alfred the drawings. Charles also wrote for *The Ladies' Museum*, *The Comic Offering*, *The New Monthly Magazine* (1837-8 when Theodore Hook was its editor), and *Bentley's Magazine*, sometimes signing himself Hal Willis and sometimes Alfred Crowquill. Under the title "Phantasmagoria of Fun," a selection of the articles contributed to *The New Monthly* and *Bentley* was published in 1843. Charles Forrester was also the author of "Eccentric Tales," by W. F. Von Kosewitz (1827), "The Battle of the Annuals" (1835), and "The Lord Mayor's Fool" (1840).

Alfred Henry Forrester (1804—1872) from 1839 devoted himself entirely to literature, as an author and an illustrator, writing burlesques and extravaganzas, and contributing character sketches to the pages of *Punch* and *Bentley*, and later joining the staff of the *Illustrated London News*. A mere list of the books he illustrated would occupy two or three pages of this work.

The verses given in the following pages were contributed to *Bentley*, and are superior to anything in the "Absurdities in Prose and Verse."

ALFRED H. MILES.

HUMOROUS VERSE.

CHARLES ROBERT FORRESTER.

I.—THE BILL OF FARE.

I'VE soups, ragouts, beef boil'd and roast,
And all the joints a sheep can boast,
To tickle taste or smell;
I've *legs* for dancing-masters fit;
Saddles for them who want a *bit*;
Rich gravies in the well.

Trotters for those who wish to run
From beadle dread, or noisy dun,
From shrew or devil;
Goose for play critics, *hissing* hot;
Sauce in abundance too I've got,
Though always civil.

For those stern men of flint and steel,
Who tender pity never feel,
For others' woe or smart;
Miserly misanthropic elves,
Whose only care is for themselves,
I offer them a *heart*!

Mock-turtle for false-hearted swains,
Who laugh at ladies' sighs and pains,
Neglected for new flames;
Good *hands of pork* for all those Jews
Who to turn honest Christians choose
And *tongues* for tacit dames.

I've beef dress'd *à la mode* for bucks,
And for the dandies cut prime *ducks*,
With stuffing should they lack it;
I've puddings too, so much *per* platter;
For *bruisers*, there's my Yorkshire *batter*,
'Gainst any I will back it!

For Capitalists—men of crumbs !
 I've puddings made of choicest plums—
 (A *plum* to them is *meet* :)
 For *watermen*—of largest size
 I've one of *currants*—which, likewise,
 Is much liked in the *Fleet*.

To tempt old bachelors to feast,
 A *spare-rib* delicately drest,
 I may boast I have got ;
 In season every thing I seek,
 So always in the *Passion* week,
 I've *hasty* pudding hot.

But in my shop you'll find a store
 Of these tid-bits, and many more
 Too numerous to tell :
 So call for what you will and try ;
 I've done—yet will not say *good-bye*,
 But bid you all—*FARE-well*.

II.—A TRUE LOVE SONG.

TELL me, charmer, tell me, pray,
 Have you sisters many, say ?
 One sweet word, ay, yet another,
 Have you got a single brother ?
 Have you got an aunt or two,
 Very much attached to you ?
 Or some uncles very old,
 Willing you their lands and gold ?

Have you money in your right
 That in case we take to flight,
 And your ma and pa be cross,
 We should never feel the loss ?

Gold indeed's a fleeting thing,
But when in a wedding-ring,
There 'tis endless round and round
Settlements should thus be found.

Are your parents young or not :
Have they independence got ?
Believe me, as your love true,
'Tis alone my care for you
Makes me thus particular,
As regards your pa and ma.
Sisters, love, are very well,
But the truth I'll frankly tell.

When a man intends to fix,
He doesn't like to marry six !
Brothers, too, are very well
To escort a sister belle ;
But they stand much in the way
When the dowry is to pay :
Then, sweet, I freely own,
You I love, and you alone.

At your feet I humbly kneel,
I have nothing—to reveal,
Fortune's been unkind to me
'Till she kindly proffered thee.
Speak ! and let me know my fate ;
Speak ! and alter your estate ;
If you are, what I suppose,
I'll take a cab, love, and propose.

III.—OWED TO MY CREDITORS.

I N vain I lament what is past,
And pity their woe-begone looks ;
Though they grin at the credit they gave,
I know I am in their best books.

To my *tailor* my *breaches* of faith,
On my conscience but now lightly sit,
For such lengths in *his measures* he's gone,
He has given me many a *fit*.
My bootmaker finding *at last*,
That my *soul* was too stubborn to suit,
Waxed wroth when he found he had got
Anything but *the length of my foot*.
My hatmaker cunningly *felt*
He'd seen many like me before,
So *brimful* of insolence vowed
On credit he'd crown me no more.
My baker was crusty, and burnt,
When he found himself quite over done
By a *fancy-bred* chap like myself—
Ay, as cross as a *Good Friday's bun*.
Next my laundress, who wash'd pretty clean,
In behaviour was dirty and bad;
For into *hot water* she popp'd
All the shirts and the dickies I had.
Then my butcher who'd little at *stake*,
Most surlily opened his *chops*,
And swore my affairs out of *joint*,
So on to my *carcase* he pops.
In my lodgings, exceedingly *high*,
Though *low* in the rent to be sure,
Without warning my landlady seized,
Took my things, and the key of the door.
Thus cruelly used by the world,
In the Bench I can smile at its hate;
For a time I must alter my *stile*,
For I cannot get out of the *gate*.

George Outram.

1805—1856.

GEORGE OUTRAM was born at Clyde Ironworks (of which his father was manager), on the 25th of March, 1805. In his childhood his family removed to Leith, where his father became partner in a mercantile house. He was educated in the High School of Leith, and the University of Edinburgh. He was made a member of the Scottish Bar in 1827, but never entered heartily into legal work. In 1837 he accepted the editorship of the *Glasgow Herald*, and thenceforth spent his life in Glasgow and its neighbourhood. He showed skill, tact, and firmness, as a journalist, and the paper prospered under his guidance. He took his literary gifts too lightly, and when not working for the *Herald*, wrote merely for the amusement of a circle of friends. Most of the songs which he dashed off, and which were the delight of social gatherings in Glasgow and Edinburgh, have never been published, their humour being generally dependent on allusions unintelligible to the public at large. He was very unwilling to publish his verses. In 1851, however, a hundred copies of his "Legal Lyrics and Metrical Illustrations of the Scotch Forms of Process" were printed for private circulation. Three editions of the work have since appeared. Its author's health broke down prematurely, and he died in his fifty-second year in

his country house at Rosemore on the Holy Loch on the 15th of September, 1856.

Outram's best pieces, such as "The Annuity," "The Process of Augmentation," "The Process of Wakenin'," and "Cessio Bonorum," have become deservedly popular among Scotchmen. He was a true, original humourist, and a neat and fluent versifier. He had an intimate knowledge of Scottish character, and a thorough mastery of the Scottish dialect. He turned his familiarity with the peculiar features of Scotch law to excellent comic purpose. The scenes of his ludicrous lays "are as vividly portrayed," says his editor, Henry Glassford Bell, "as they could have been by the pencil of Wilkie." His drollery does not run into mere nonsense; it is either genially satiric, or racily illustrative of character. The expression is rather rough now and then, no doubt; but it is admirably apt, and fresh, and vigorous. And "The Process of Wakenin'" shows that Outram had a command of true and simple pathos as well as of humour. His published verses only fill a slender volume, and several of the pieces which it contains might be omitted without lessening the reader's enjoyment. There are, however, about a dozen of his compositions which will long keep his memory green.

WALTER WHYTE.

LEGAL LYRICS.

1851.

GEORGE OUTRAM.

I.—THE ANNUITY.

I GAED to spend a week in Fife—
An unco week it proved to be—
For there I met a waesome wife
Lamentin' her viduity.
Her grief brak out sae fierce and fell,
I thought her heart wad burst the shell;
And—I was sae left to mysel'—
I sell't her an annuity.

The bargain lookit fair eneugh—
She just was turned o' saxty-three—
I couldna guessed she'd prove sae teugh
By human ingenuity.
But years have come, and years have gane
And there she's yet as stieve's a stane—
The limmer's growin' young again,
Since she got her annuity.

She's crined awa' to bane an' skin;
But that it seems is naught to me;
She's like to live—although she's in
The last stage o' tenuity.
She munches wi' her wizened gums,
An' stumps about on legs o' thrums,
But comes—as sure as Christmas comes—
To ca' for her annuity.

She jokes her joke, an' cracks her crack,
As spunkie as a growin' flea—
An' there she sits upon my back,
A livin' perpetuity.
She hurkles by the ingle side,
An' toasts an' tans her wrunkled hide—
Lord kens how lang she yet may bide
To ca' for her annuity.

I read the tables drawn wi' care
For an Insurance Company ;
Her chance o' life was stated there,
Wi' perfect perspicuity.
But tables here or tables there,
She's lived ten years beyond her share,
An's like to live a dozen mair,
To ca' for her annuity.

I got the loon that drew the deed—
We spelled it o'er right carefully ;—
In vain he yerked his souple head,
To find an ambiguity :
It's dated—tested—a' complete—
The proper stamp—nae word delete—
And diligence, as on decreet,
May pass for her annuity.

Last Yule she had a fearfu' hoast—
I thought a kink might set me free ;
I led her out, 'mang snaw and frost,
Wi' constant assiduity.
But Deil ma' care !—the blast gaed by,
An' miss'd the auld anatomy ;
It just cost me a tooth, forbye
Discharging her annuity.

I thought the grief might gar her quit—
Her only son was lost at sea—
But aff her wits behuved to flit,
An' leave her in fatuity !
She threeps, an' threeps, he's livin' yet,
For a' the tellin' she can get ;
But catch the doited runt forget
To ca' for her annuity !

If there's a sough o' cholera
Or typhus—wha sae gleg as she ?
She buys up baths, an' drugs, an' a',
In siccan superfluity !
She doesna need—she's fever proof—
The pest gaed o'er her very roof ;
She tauld me sae--an' then her loof
Held out for her annu:ⁱy.

Ac day she fell—her arm she brak,—
A compound fracture as could be ;
Nae Leech the cure wad undertak,
Whate'er was the gratuity.
It's cured !—She handles't like a flail—
It does as weel in bits as hale ;
But I'm a broken man mysel'
Wi' her and her annuity.

Her broozled flesh an' broken banes,
Are weel as flesh an' banes can be.
She beats the taeds that live in stanes,
An' fatten in vacuity.
They die when they're exposed to air—
They canna thole the atmosphere ;
But her!—expose her onywhere,—
She lives for her annuity.

If mortal means could nick her thread,
Sma' crime it wad appear to me ;
Ca't murder—or ca't homicide—
I'd justify't—an' do it tae.
But how to fell a wither'd wife
That's carved out o' the tree o' life—
The timmer limmer daurs the knife
To settle her annuity.

I'd try a shot.—But whar's the mark ?—
Her vital parts are hid frae me ;
Her backbane wanders through her sark,
In an unkenn'd corkscrewity.
She's palsified—and shakes her head
Sae fast about, ye scarce can see't ;
It's past the power o' steel or lead
To settle her annuity.

She might be drowned ; but go she'll not
Within a mile o' loch or sea ;—
Or hanged—if cord could grip a throat
O' siccan exiguity.
It's fitter far to hang the rope—
It draws out like a telescope ;
'Twad tak a dreadfu' length o' drop
To settle her annuity.

Will puzion do't ?—It has been tried ;
But, be't in hash or fricassee,
That's just the dish she can't abide,
Whatever kind o' *goult* it hae.
It's needless to assail her doubts, —
She gangs by instinct—like the brutes—
An' only eats and drinks what suits
Hersel' an' her annuity.

The Bible says the age o' man
Threescore an' ten perchance may be ;
She's ninety-four ;—let them wha can
Explain the incongruity.
She should hae lived afore the Flood—
She's come o' Patriarchal blood—
She's some auld Pagan mummified,
Alive for her annuity.

She's been embalm'd inside and out—
She's sauted to the last degree—
There's pickle in her very snout,
Sae caper-like an' cruelty ;
Lot's wife was fresh compared to her ;
They've Kyanized the useless knir (witch) ;
She canna decompose—nae mair
Than her accursed annuity.

The water-drap wears out the rock
As this eternal jaud wears me ;
I could withstand the single shock,
But no the continuity.
It's pay me here—an' pay me there—
And pay me, pay me, evermair ;
I'll gang demented wi' despair—
I'm *charged* for her annuity.

II.—CESSIO BONORUM.

Air—"TULLOCHGORUM."

COME ben ta house, an' steek ta door,
An' bring her usquebaugh galore,
An' piper plo' wi' a' your pow'r
To reel o' Tullochgorum.
For we'se be crosse an' canty yet—
Crosse an' canty,
Crosse an' canty—
We'se be crosse an' canty yet
Around a Hieland jorum.
We'se be crosse an' canty yet,
For better luck she never met—
She's gotten out an' paid her debt
Wi' a Cessio Ponorum!
Huch! turrum, turrum, etc.

She ment ta pargain to dispute,
An' pay ta price she wadna do't,
But on a Bill her mark she put,
An' hoped to hear no more o'm.
Blythe an' merry was she then—
Blythe an' merry,
Blythe an' merry—
Blythe an' merry was she then
She thought she had come o'er 'm.
Blythe an' merry was she then—
But unco little did she ken
O' Shirra's laws, an Shirra's men,
Or Cessio Ponorum!
Huch! turrum, turrum, etc.

Cot tamn!—but it was pad indeed!
They took her up wi' meikle speed—
To jail they bore her—feet an' head—
 An' flung her on ta floor o'm.
Wae an' weary has she been—
 Wae an' weary,
 Wae an' weary—
Wae an' weary has she been
 Amang ta Debitorum.
Wae an' weary has she been,
An' most uncivil people seen—
She's much peholden to her frien'
 Ta Cessio Ponorum!
 Huch! tirrorum, tirrorum, etc.

She took an oath she couldna hear—
'Twas something about goods an' gear,—
She thought it proper no to spier
 Afore ta Dominorum.
She kent an' cardna if 'twas true—
 Kent an' cardna,
 Kent an' cardna—
Kent an' cardna if 'twas true,
 But easily she swore 'm.
She kent an' cardna if 'twas true,
But scrap't her foot, an' made her poo,
Then, oich!—as to ta door she flew
 Wi' her Cessio Ponorum!
 Huch! tirrorum, tirrorum, etc.

She owed some bits o' odds an' ends,
An' twa three debts to twa three friends—
She kent fu' weel her dividends
 Could paid anither score o'm.
Ta fees an' charges were but sma'—

Fees an' charges,
Fees an' charges—
Ta fees an' charges were but sma',
Huch! tat for fifty more o'm!
Ta fees an' charges were but sma'—
But little kent she o' the law.
Tamn!—if she hasn't paid them a'
Wi' her Cessio Ponorum!
Huch! tirrum, tirrum, etc.

But just let that cursed loon come here
That took her Bill!—she winna swear,—
But, ooghh!—if she could catch him near
Ta crags o' Cairngorum!
If belt an' buckle can keep fast—
Belt an' buckle,
Belt an' buckle—
If belt an' buckle can keep fast,
She'd mak' him a' Terrorem.
If belt an' buckle can keep fast,
Her caption would be like to last,
Py Cot!—but she would poot him past
A Cessio Ponorum!
Huch! tirrum, tirrum, etc.

Charles Lever.

1806—1872.

CHARLES JAMES LEVER was born in Dublin in 1806. His father, who was an architect, designed him for the medical profession, with a view to which he entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his degree in 1827. Proceeding to Gottingen he continued his studies, after which he visited America, and lived, it is said, for a time among the Indians, "adopting their dress and mode of life." In 1832 he was back in Ireland, fulfilling a medical appointment first in Clare, and afterwards in Ulster, in connection with the outbreak of cholera then raging. After this he married, and retired to Brussels, where he continued to practise medicine. In 1842 he was appointed Editor of the *Dublin University Magazine*, which he continued to edit until 1845, living in the neighbourhood of Dublin to be near his work. Resigning this appointment, he travelled on the Continent, and settled in Florence. In 1858 Lord Derby appointed him Consul at Spezzia, from whence he was transferred in 1867 to Trieste, where he died in 1872.

Lever's novels, "Charles O'Malley" (1841), "Jack Hinton" (1843), "Tom Burke" (1844), became, in spite of blemishes of construction, widely popular for their rollicking humour; and though he did better work in later years, it was at the expense of

qualities which made his earlier works popular. The convivial spirit is one that, setting law and order at defiance, often shows too little respect for technique; and Lever's verse, like his prose, is popular more for its spirit than its form. The following, said to be from the German, is a specimen :—

“The Pope he leads a happy life,
He knows no care, nor marriage strife,
He drinks the best of Rhenish wine,
I would the Pope's gay lot were mine.

“But yet not happy is his life,
He loves no maid, nor wedded wife;
Nor child has he to cheer his hope—
I would not wish to be the Pope.

“The Sultan better pleases me,
His is a life of jollity;
Has wives as many as he will—
I would the Sultan's throne then fill.

“But yet he's not a happy man,
He must obey the Alcoran;
And dares not drink one drop of wine—
I would not that his lot were mine.

“So here I take my lowly stand,
I'll drink my own, my native land;
I'll kiss my maiden's lips divine,
And drink the best of Rhenish wine.

“And when my maiden kisses me,
I'll fancy I the Sultan be;
And when my cheery glass I tope,
I'll fancy that I am the Pope.”

“The Widow Malone,” “Mary Draper,” and “Bad Luck to this Marching,” fairly represent his original verse, and will be found in the following pages.

ALFRED H. MILES.

SONGS.

CHARLES LEVER.

I.—THE WIDOW MALONE.

DID you hear of the Widow Malone, Ohone !
Who lived in the town of Athlone alone ?
O, she melted the hearts
Of the swains in them parts ;
So lovely the Widow Malone, Ohone !
So lovely the Widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score, or more ;
And fortunes they all had galore, in store ;
From the minister down
To the clerk of the Crown,
All were courting the Widow Malone, Ohone !
All were courting the Widow Malone.

But so modest was Mistress Malone, 'twas known,
That no one could see her alone, Ohone !
Let them ogle and sigh,
They could ne'er catch her eye,
So bashful the Widow Malone, Ohone !
So bashful the Widow Malone.

Till one Mister O'Brien from Clare,—how quare !
'Tis little for blushing they care down there ;
Put his arm round her waist,
Gave ten kisses at laste,
And says he, " You're my Molly Malone, my own ! "
Says he, " You're my Molly Malone."

And the widow they all thought so shy—my eye!
Never thought of a simper or sigh, for why?

“O, Lucius,” says she,

“Since you’ve now made so free,

You may marry your Mary Malone, your own;

You may marry your Mary Malone!”

There’s a moral contained in my song, not wrong;

And one comfort, it’s not very long, but strong:—

If for widows you die,

Learn to kiss—not to sigh,

For they’re all like sweet Mistress Malone! Ohone!

Oh they’re all like sweet Mistress Malone!

II.—MARY DRAPER.

DON’T talk to me of London dames,
Nor rave about your foreign flames
That never lived—except in drames,
Nor shone, except on paper;
I’ll sing you ’bout a girl I knew,
Who lived in Ballywhackinacrew,
And, let me tell you, mighty few
Could equal Mary Draper.

Her cheeks were red, her eyes were blue
Her hair was brown, of deepest hue,
Her foot was small, and neat to view,
Her waist was slight and taper;
Her voice was music to your ear,
A lovely brogue, so rich and clear,
Oh, the like I ne’er again shall hear
As from sweet Mary Draper.

She'd ride a wall, she'd drive a team,
Or with a fly she'd whip a stream,
Or may be sing you "Rousseau's dream,"

For nothing could escape her ;
I've seen her, too—upon my word—
At sixty yards bring down her bird—
Oh ! she charmed all the Forty-third !
Did lovely Mary Draper.

And, at the spring assizes ball,
The junior bar would, one and all,
For all her fav'rite dances call,
And Harry Deane would caper ;
Lord Clare would then forget his lore ;
King's counsel voting law a bore,
Were proud to figure on the floor,
For love of Mary Draper.

The parson, priest, sub-sheriff, too,
Were all her slaves, and so would you,
If you had only but one view
Of such a face or shape, or
Her pretty ankles—but, alone,
It's only west of old Athlone
Such girls were found—and now they're gone—
So, here's to Mary Draper !

III.—BAD LUCK TO THIS MARCHING.

BAD luck to this marching,
Pipeclaying and starching ;
How neat one must be to be killed by the French !
I'm sick of parading,
Through wet and cold wading,
Or standing all night to be shot in a trench.

To the tune of a fife
They dispose of your life,
You surrender your soul to some illigant lilt ;
Now, I like " Garryowen "
When I hear it at home,
But it's not half so sweet when you're going to be kill't.

Then, though up late and early,
Our pay comes so rarely,
The devil a farthing we've ever to spare ;
They say some disaster
Befell the paymaster ;
On my conscience, I think that the money's not there !
And, just think, what a blunder !
They won't let us plunder,
While the convents invite us to rob them, 'tis clear
Though there isn't a village,
But cries, " Come and pillage ! "
Yet we leave all the mutton behind for Mounseer.

Like a sailor that's nigh land,
I long for that island
Where even the kisses we steal if we please ;
Where it is no disgrace
If you don't wash your face,
And you've nothing to do but to stand at your ease.
With no sergeant t' abuse us,
We fight to amuse us,
Sure it's better beat Christians than kick a baboon ;
How I'd dance like a fairy
To see ould Dunleary,
And think twice ere I'd leave it to be a dragoon !

William Makepeace Thackeray.

1811—1863.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY was born at Calcutta on July 18th, 1811. His father, Richmond Thackeray, an official in the Indian service, died in 1816. He was taken to England when a child and received his early education at the Charter House, where he was not a distinguished pupil, but was very popular with his comrades. As a boy, he had a happy knack of turning out verses, and evinced especial skill as a parodist. In 1829 he went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he seems to have studied to little account. He continued, however, to turn out smart comical verses, and wrote a burlesque piece on "Timbuctoo," the subject set for the Chancellor's prize which was carried off by Tennyson. He left Cambridge in 1830 and for some years lived alternately at Weimar and at Paris. It was his early ambition to be an artist, and with this view he settled as a student at Paris. Dickens relates that on first meeting him in 1835 he "proposed to become the illustrator of my earliest book"—an offer which was not accepted. He never learned to draw correctly, but there is no contesting the spirit, the drollery, and occasionally the grace of his happiest sketches.

In 1832 he inherited a fortune which is said to have amounted to some £500 a year, and which in

one way and another quickly slipped through his fingers. Part was lost by an unlucky investment in an Indian bank; and part was squandered in an abortive attempt to float a newspaper, *The National Standard*. The history of that print is lightly touched upon in "Lovel the Widower," the narrator of the story telling how, even as Moses Primrose was led to invest in green spectacles, he was seduced into the purchase of an "eligible" literary property:—"I daresay I gave myself airs as editor of that confounded *Museum*, and proposed to educate the public taste, to diffuse morality and sound literature throughout the nation, and to pocket a liberal salary in return for my services. I daresay I printed my own sonnets, my own tragedy, my own verses. . . . I daresay I made a gabey of myself to the world. Pray, my good friend, hast thou never done likewise?"

His fortune being gone, Thackeray took up literature as his life-work. He began by writing for the *Times*, the *Constitutional*, and *Fraser's Magazine*. In *Fraser's* he wrote under the pen-names of "Mr. Fitzboodle" and "Michael Angelo Titmarsh." His "Yellowplush Papers" began to run in the magazine in 1837, and were followed by "Catherine,"—a gruesome story, designed as a satire on the Newgate novels, in which Ainsworth, Bulwer, and their imitators, glorified thieves and cut-throats. Then came "The Shabby Genteel Story" (1840), "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," "The Confessions of George Fitzboodle," and "The Luck of Barry Lyndon"—a work of far superior merit to its predecessors—which began to appear in 1844. For several years Thackeray's life was one of struggle. None of his

early stories secured wide popularity, nor is that to be wondered at in the case of such unpleasant though powerful work as "Catherine" and "The Shabby Genteel Story." But he hardly, if ever, excelled "Barry Lyndon" as an intellectual effort, and it seems curious that it did not bring its writer's name at once into prominence.

In 1837, he married Isabella, the daughter of Colonel Matthew Shawe. After a few years his wife, whose reason had failed her, had to be taken from under his roof. She was the mother of three daughters, Anne, Jane, and Harriet, of whom Anne, the eldest, alone survives. She is now Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, and has won no little distinction as a novelist.

From 1843 to about 1853 Thackeray contributed profusely to *Punch*, in which "The Snob Papers," the "Prize Novelists," and the "Ballads of Policemen X." originally appeared. In 1844 he visited Turkey and Egypt, a journey which he has recorded under the title "From Cornhill to Grand Cairo." In 1846, his first long novel, "Vanity Fair," began to come out in monthly numbers, the last of which was issued in 1848. Then it was seen what a writer had hitherto been toiling in obscurity. The novel took the public by storm, and set Thackeray in the forefront of his country's authors. Thenceforth his position was secure, and he mingled in the highest and most gifted society. Three great novels followed, "Vanity Fair;" "Pendennis" appearing in 1850, "The Newcomes" in 1852, and "Esmond" (which he held to be his best work) in 1854. In these four books his powers are seen at their highest; a falling off is perceptible in the later novels. In "The

Virginians," in "Philip," and in the fragment of "Denis Duval," the characters are much less vigorously drawn, the satire is tame by comparison, the expression is less brilliant and less sound. The style of "Denis Duval" is loose and somewhat affected compared to the style of "Barry Lyndon."

From 1847 to 1853 Thackeray lived in Young Street, Kensington, whence he removed to Onslow Square. His "Lectures on the English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century" were written in 1851, and were afterwards very successfully delivered in England, Scotland, and the United States. The writers dealt with are Swift, Congreve, Addison, Steele, Prior, Gay, Pope, Smollett, Fielding, Sterne, and Goldsmith. The book is of course delightful reading, but Thackeray is not a very safe critic to follow. His depreciation of Congreve, for example, is inexplicably unjust, while the extravagant praise lavished on the "Dunciad" is an almost equally striking instance of uncritical prejudice. A second series of lectures, "The Four Georges," had a somewhat less cordial reception in England. In 1857 Thackeray stood for Oxford in the Liberal interest, but, fortunately for himself and for letters, was rejected in favour of Mr. Cardwell who polled 1,070 votes to the novelist's 1,017. It is almost certain that he would have found political life intolerable; he was never an effective public speaker, and he could never have taken interest in the details of Parliamentary business. The "Virginians," which tells the story of Harry Esmond's grandsons, came out during the years 1858-59, and in 1859 Thackeray accepted the editorship of *The Cornhill Magazine*. The magazine had a brilliant success, over one

hundred and ten thousand copies of the first number being sold. Among the contributors to *The Cornhill* under Thackeray's editorship were Tennyson (who was represented by "Tithonus"), Mrs Browning, Matthew Arnold, Ruskin, Anthony Trollope, Lever, Mrs. Gaskell, Fitzjames Stephen, "Owen Meredith," and Laurence Oliphant. In the *Cornhill* Thackeray published his "Four Georges," "Lovel the Widower," "Philip," and "The Roundabout Papers." He relinquished the editorship in April 1862, but continued to write for the magazine until the day before the day on which he died. In 1862 he removed to a house which he had built at Palace Green, and there he died suddenly in his fifty-third year on the day before the Christmas day of 1863. He was buried in Kensal Green, and his bust was given a place in Westminster Abbey. The opening chapters of his unfinished novel, "Denis Duval," appeared in *The Cornhill Magazine* during 1864.

The charge of cynicism which it was at one time usual to bring against Thackeray has been again and again repelled by those who knew him best, who gladdened in his sunny humour and loved him for his ardent friendship and unobtrusive generosity. That he was the truest of friends, and the brightest and most genial of talkers in a small circle of intimate companions, is incontestable. But, on the other hand, certain of his admirers have misrepresented him almost as thoroughly as have his detractors. They have spoken of him as if he had been some tender sentimentalist with meekness ever in his heart and honey ever on his tongue. He was not only a bitter satirist in his writings; his scorn of humbug, or of what he deemed humbug, repeatedly

broke out in fierce or taunting speech and in speech which was not always justified. The letter which he wrote to Mr. Edmund Yates, in the course of the quarrel in which Dickens was involved, would alone prove how roughly, not to say brutally, he could assert himself against anyone who crossed his path. To talk of him as a "gentle censor" is to talk twaddle. His heart was worthy of his intellect; when he loved, he loved with exquisite tenderness; but he regarded the mass of mankind with a half-laughing, half-pitiful sense of their wickedness and weakness, and at times with impatient contempt. That is the prevailing impression left by his novels, despite occasional passages, sometimes beautiful and touching, sometimes verging on the mawkish, in which the words are the words of the optimist.

There are, no doubt, some who have otherwise shown themselves to be sound judges of literature, who regard Thackeray's view of life as somewhat narrow, and his moralising as often cheap and tedious. They hold that his genius was in a measure misapplied to the study of things paltry and sordid; that he was a great master of words, rather than a great imaginative writer; that as a satirist he was repetitive to weariness, and brooded persistently over follies and foibles which it had been wiser to pass by with a smile. They say, with truth, that he lacked the charm of the born storyteller, and too often sank the artist in the preacher. None the less, he remains a master in some ways unexcelled.

It is the veriest truism to repeat that in all the range of fiction there are no men and women more

keenly studied, more vividly portrayed, more consistently developed, than Thackeray's greatest creations. Becky Sharp and Major Pendennis and Beatrix Esmond seem wellnigh as secure of immortality as Falstaff and Rosalind. No novelist has treated the story of a youthful, ill-starred love with more delicate insight and touching sympathy than this so-called cynic. And no novelist since Fielding has written such admirable English. Of Thackeray, far more justly than of Macaulay, it might have been said, "Where did he get that style?" There is none more original, as there is none more attractive, in the kingdom of English prose. It has the ease of the happiest talk, and the grace, the finish, the verbal sparkle and glow of perfect literary art. His so-called ballads have the charm that belongs to the wholly or half-playful exercises, the recreations in rhyme, of a supreme literary craftsman. They are not verses of society; they are either too richly humorous, or too sharply satiric, or too deeply coloured by feeling. Through them, as all through his prose, mirth glides by the easiest transitions into sadness, mockery trembles into tenderness, to the strain of boon good-fellowship succeeds the irrepressible reminder that all below is vanity. Carelessly as they seem to have been penned, they abound in happy rhymes and turns of phrase, they show the hand of the writer born to work in metre no less than in prose. "The White Squall" is a really wonderful *tour de force* of vivid, rattling description and novel, dexterous rhyming; there is the true martial note in the rough swinging verses of "The Chronicle of the Drum"; and as for the Irish Ballads, they seem

bound to amuse till the drying up of the fountain of laughter. Since Burns wrote the "Ordination," no more telling, mirth-provoking bit of satire has been done in rhyme than the immortal "Battle of Limerick"; and where could there be found a more delicious revel of vocables, all honeyed by the Milesian usage, than in Mr. Moloney's account of the ball that was given to the Nepaulese ambassador? As for the serious pieces, we should think little of the head or heart of the man who ever read the ballad of "Bouillabaisse" unmoved by its exquisite tenderness, unstirred by its brave good-feeling. "Piscator and Piscatrix," slight as it is, shows how charmingly, with what a delicate interplay of sympathy with humour, Thackeray could, had he chosen, have cast a love idyl into verse. And the "Age of Wisdom" would of itself prove that he could give words the true singing flight, would of itself make us wish that this great master of prose had taken his lyric gift more seriously.

WALTER WHYTE.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

I.—THE MAHOGANY TREE.

CHRISTMAS is here :
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we :
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany Tree.

Once on the boughs
Birds of rare plume
Sang, in its bloom ;
Night-birds are we :
Here we carouse,
Singing, like them,
Perched round the stem
Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit ;
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.
Life is but short—
When we are gone,
Let them sing on
Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew,
Happy as this ;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see.

Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust !
We sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate :
Let the dog wait ;
Happy we'll be !
Drink, every one ;
Pile up the coa's,
Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree !

Drain we the cup. —
Friend, art afraid ?
Spirits are laid
In the Red Sea.
Mantle it up,
Empty it yet ;
Let us forget,
Round the old tree.

Sorrows begone !
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills
Bid me to flee.
Come with the dawn,
Blue-devil sprite,
Leave us to-night
Round the old tree.

II.—THE WHITE SQUALL

ON deck, beneath the awning,
I dozing lay and yawning
It was the grey of dawning,
Ere yet the sun arose ;
And above the funnel's roaring,
And the fitful wind's deploring,
I heard the cabin snoring
With universal nose.
I could hear the passengers snorting—
I envied their disporting—
Vainly I was courting
The pleasure of a doze !

So I lay, and wondered why light
Came not, and watched the twilight,
And the glimmer of the skylight,
That shot across the deck ;
And the binnacle pale and steady,
And the dull glimpse of the dead-eye,
And the sparks in fiery eddy
That whirled from the chimney neck.
In our jovial floating prison
There was sleep from fore to mizen,
And never a star had risen
The hazy sky to speck.

Strange company we harboured ,
We'd a hundred Jews to larboard,
Unwashed, uncombed, unbarbered—
Jews black, and brown, and gray ;
With terror it would seize ye,
And make your souls uneasy,
To see those Rabbis greasy
Who did nought but scratch and pray :

Their dirty children puking—
Their dirty saucepans cooking—
Their dirty fingers hooking
 Their swarming fleas away.

To starboard, Turks and Greeks were—
Whiskered and brown their cheeks were—
Enormous wide their breeks were,
 Their pipes did puff away ;
Each on his mat allotted
In silence smoked and squatted,
Whilst round their children trotted
 In pretty, pleasant play.
He can't but smile who traces
The smiles on those brown faces,
And the pretty prattling graces
 Of those small heathen gay.

And so the hours kept tolling,
And through the ocean rolling
Went the brave "*Iberia*" bowling
 Before the break of day—

When A SQUALL, upon a sudden,
Came o'er the waters scudding ;
And the clouds began to gather,
And the sea was lashed to lather,
And the lowering thunder grumbled,
And the lightning jumped and tumbled,
And the ship, and all the ocean,
Woke up in wild commotion.
Then the wind set up a howling,
And the poodle dog a yowling,

And the cocks began a crowing,
And the old cow raised a lowing,
As she heard the tempest blowing ;
And fowls and geese did cackle ;
And the cordage and the tackle
Began to shriek and crackle ;
And the spray dashed o'er the funnels,
And down the deck in runnels ;
And the rushing water soaks all,
From the seamen in the fo'ksal
To the stokers whose black faces
Peer out of their bed-places ;
And the captain he was bawling,
And the sailors pulling, hauling,
And the quarter deck tarpauling
Was shivered in the squalling ;
And the passengers awaken,
Most pitifully shaken ;
And the steward jumps up, and hastens
For the necessary basins.

Then the Greeks they groaned and quivered,
And they knelt, and moaned, and shivered,
As the plunging waters met them,
And splashed and overset them ;
And they call in their emergence
Upon countless saints and virgins ;
And their marrow-bones are bended,
And they think the world is ended.
And the Turkish women for'ard
Were frightened and behorror'd ;
And shrieking and bewildering,
The mothers clutched their children ;
The men sung " Allah ! Illah !
Marshallah ! Bismillah ! "

As the warring waters doused them
And splashed them and soused them,
And they called upon the Prophet,
And thought but little of it.

Then all the fleas in Jewry
Jumped up and bit like fury ;
And the progeny of Jacob
Did on the main-deck wake up
(I wot those greasy Rabbins
Would never pay for cabins ;)
And each man moaned and jabbered in
His filthy Jewish gaberdine,
In woe and lamentation,
And howling consternation
And the splashing water drenches
Their dirty brats and wenches ;
And they crawl from bales and benches
In a hundred thousand stench.

This was the White Squall famous,
Which latterly o'ercame us,
And which all will well remember
On the 28th September ;
When a Prussian captain of Lancers
(Those tight-laced whiskered prancers)
Came on the deck astonished,
By that wild squall admonished,
And wondering cried, " Potztausend ;
Wie ist der Sturm jetzt brausend ? "
And looked at Captain Lewis,
Who calmly stood and blew his
Cigar in all the bustle,
And scorned the tempest's tussle,

And oft we've thought thereafter
 How he beat the storm to laughter ;
 For well he knew his vessel
 With that vain wind could wrestle ;
 And when a wreck we thought her,
 And doomed ourselves to slaughter,
 How gaily he fought her,
 And through the hubbub brought her,
 And as the tempest caught her,
 Cried, "GEORGE, SOME BRANDY AND WATER !"

And when, its force expended,
 The harmless storm was ended,
 And as the sunrise splendid
 Came blushing o'er the sea ;
 I thought, as day was breaking,
 My little girls were waking,
 And smiling, and making
 A prayer at home for me.

III.—THE BATTLE OF LIMERICK.

YE Genii of the nation,
 Who look with veneration,
 And Ireland's desolation unsayingly deplore ;
 Ye sons of General Jackson
 Who thrample on the Saxon,
 Attend to the thransaction upon Shannon shore.

When William, Duke of Schumbug,
 A tyrant and a humbug,
 With cannon and with thunder on our city bore,
 Our fortitude and valliance
 Instruited his battalions
 To rispect the galliant Irish upon Shannon shore.

Since that capitulation,
No city in this nation
So great a reputation could boast before,
As Limerick prodigious
That stands with quays and bridges,
And the ships up to the windies of the Shannon shore.

A chief of ancient line
'Tis William Smith O'Brine
Reprisints his darling Limerick, this ten years or more:
O the Saxons can't endure
To see him on the flure,
And thrimble at the Cicero from Shannon shore !

This valliant son of Mars
Had been to visit Par's,
That land of Revolution, that grows the tricolor ;
And to welcome his return
From pilgrimages furren,
We invited him to tay on the Shannon shore.

Then we summoned to our board
Young Meagher of the sword :
'Tis he will sheathe that battle-axe in Saxon gore ;
And Mitchil of Belfast,
We bade to our repast,
To dthrink a dish of coffee on the Shannon shore.

Conveniently to hould
These patriots so bould,
We tuck the opportunity of Tim Doolan's store ;
And with ornamentals and banners
(As becomes gintale good manners)
We made the loveliest tay-room upon Shannon shore.

'Twould binifit your sowls,
To see the butthered rowls,
The sugar-tongs and sanwidges and craim galyore,
And the muffins and the crumpits,
And the band of harps and thrumpets
To celebrate the sworry upon Shannon shore.

Sure the Imperor of Bohay
Would be proud to dthink the tay
That Mistrhress Biddy Rooney for O'Brine did pour ;
And, since the days of Strongbow,
There never was such Congo—
Mitchil drank six quarts of it—by Shannon shore.

But Clarendon and Corry
Cormellan beheld this sworry
With rage and imulation in their black hearts' core ;
And they hired a gang of ruffins
To interrupt the muffins,
And the fragrance of the Congo on the Shannon shore.

When full of tay and cake,
O'Brine began to spake ;
But juice a one could hear him, for a sudden roar
Of a ragamuffin rout
Began to yell and shout,
And frighten the propriety of Shannon shore.

As Smith O'Brine harangued
They batthered and they banged :
Tim Doolan's doors and windies down they tore ;
They smashed the lovely windies
(Hung with muslin from the Indies)
Purshuing of their shindies upon Shannon shore.

With throwing of brickbats,
Drowned puppies and dead rats,
These ruffin democrats themselves did lower;
Tin kettles, rotten eggs,
Cabbage stalks, and wooden legs,
They flung among the patriots of Shannon shore.

O the girls began to scrame
And upset the milk and crame;
And the honourable gentlemin, they cursed and swore:
And Mitchil of Belfast,
'Twas he that looked aghast,
When they roasted him in effigy by Shannon shore.

O the lovely tay was spilt
On that day of Ireland's guilt;
Says Jack Mitchil, "I am kilt! Boys, where's the back door?
'Tis a national disgrace:
Let me go and veil me face";
And he boulded with quick pace from the Shannon shore.

"Cut down the bloody horde!"
Says Meagher of the sword;
"This conduct would disgrace any blackamore;"
But the best use Tommy made
Of his famous battle blade
Was to cut his own stick from the Shannon shore.

Immortal Smith O'Brine
Was ragin' like a line;
'Twould have done your sowl good to have heard him roar;
In his glory he arose,
And he rush'd upon his foes,
But they hit him on the nose by the Shannon shore.

Then the Futt and the Dthragoons
In squadthrons and platoons,
With their music playing chunes down upon us bore ;
And they bate the rattatoo,
But the Peelers came in view,
And ended the shaloo upon Shannon shore.

IV.—THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE.

A STREET there is in Paris famous
For which no rhyme our language yields,
Rue Neuve des Petit Champs its name is—
The New Street of the Little Fields.
And here's an inn, not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable case,
The which in youth I oft attended,
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—
A sort of soup, or broth, or brew,
Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo ;
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffron,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace :
All these you eat at Terrè's tavern
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed, a rich and savoury stew 'tis ;
And true philosophers, methinks,
Who love all sorts of natural beauties,
Should love good victuals and good drinks.
And Cordelier or Benedictine
Might gladly sure, his lot embrace,
Nor find a fast-day too afflicting,
Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is ?

Yes, here the lamp is, as before ;
The smiling red-cheeked écaillère is
Still opening oysters at the door.

Is Terrè still alive and able ?

I recollect his droll grimace !
He'd come and smile before your table,
And hoped you liked your Bouillabaisse.

We enter—nothing's changed or older.

"How's Monsieur Terrè, Waiter, pray ?"
The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulder—

"Monsieur is dead this many a day."

"It is the lot of saint and sinner,
So honest Terrè's run his race."

"What will Monsieur require for dinner ?"

"Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse ?"

"Oh, oui, Monsieur," 's the waiter's answer ;

"Quel vin Monsieur desire-t-il ?"

"Tell me a good one"—"That I can, Sir :

The Chambertin with yellow seal."

"So Terrè gone," I say, and sink in

My old accusom'd corner place ;

"He's done with feasting and with drinking,

With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse.

My old accustomed corner here is,

The table still is in the nook ;

Ah ! vanished many a busy year is

This well-known chair since last I took.

When first I saw ye, *cari loughi*,

I'd scarce a beard upon my face,

And now a grizzled grim old foggy

I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

“Where are you, old companions trusty
Of early days, here met to dine ?
Come, Waiter, quick, a flagon crusty—
I'll pledge them in the good old wine.
The kind old voices and old faces,
My memory can quick retrace ;
Around the board they take their places
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

“There's Jack has made a wondrous marriage ;
There's laughing Tom is laughing yet ;
There's brave Augustus drives his carriage ;
There's poor old Fred in the Gazette ;
On James's head the grass is growing :
Good Lord ! the world has wagged apace
Since here we set the claret flowing,
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

“Ah me ! how quick the days are flitting !
I mind me of a time that's gone
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me
—There's no one now to share my cup.

I drink it as the Fates ordain it.
Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes :
Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
In memory of dear old times.
Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is ;
And sit you down and say your grace
With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is
—Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse !

V.—THE AGE OF WISDOM.

HO! pretty page with the dimpled chin,
That never has known the Barber's shear,
All your wish is woman to win,
This is the way that boys begin—
Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,
Billing and cooing is all your cheer;
Sighing and singing of midnight strains,
Under Bonnybell's window panes—
Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear—
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass,
Once you have come to Forty Year.

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,
All good fellows whose beards are grey,
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow and wearisome ere
Ever a month was pass'd away?

The reddest lips that were ever kissed,
The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper, and we not list,
Or look away, and never be missed,
Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Gillian's dead, God rest her bier,
How I loved her twenty years syne!
Marian's married, but I sit here
Alone and merry at Forty Year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

Robert Browning.

1812—1889.

THE humour of Robert Browning was not a dominating constituent in his intellectual endowment, but it was certainly an essential one. Were we to remove from his work the passages in which its presence is obvious, even to the hasty, careless reader, and those still more numerous passages where it eludes the pointing finger or the frame of quotation marks, and yet, like the onion in Sydney Smith's salad, "unsuspected, animates the whole," the result would be, not merely impoverishment, but transformation. We should feel not merely that something had gone, but that what remained had lost a certain indefinable quality of interest and charm. For that quick sensibility, the expression of which in literature or art we call humour, is not, like commanding eloquence or great inventive skill, an *addition* to the normal human equipment; it is an integral and necessary part of it; and where it is lacking, the total effect of a man's achievement is as much impaired as it would be in a lack of sight or of hearing. Wordsworth's deficiency in humour—to give but one example—is made manifest, not by the fact that he wrote no "humorous" poems, but by the much more important fact that his serious work is marred by lapses, from which the missing sensibility would infallibly have saved him.

Elizabeth Barrett, writing in *Lady Geraldine's Courtship* of the great poet who was afterwards to become her husband, told how the lady's lover read to her

"From Browning some 'Pomegranate,' which, if cut deep
down the middle,
Shows a heart within, blood-tinctured, of a veined
humanity";

and it was from Browning's opulent, warm-blooded humanity, with its inevitable readiness of sympathetic sensibility, that his ever fresh and robust humour necessarily sprang. Mr. R. H. Hutton, in one of his penetrating essays on *Contemporary Thought and Thinkers*, has spoken of "that fine elasticity in passing from one mood to another which is of the essence of all humour"; and if we say that essential humour is this elasticity of passing from one mood to another, *plus* the immediate and vivid apprehension of a personal element common to both moods, I am very much inclined to think that we have almost hit upon a satisfying definition of quality or endowment which has often been declared indefinable.

And Browning, among the poets of our century, possessed this elasticity and apprehension in what was probably a unique degree. He seems able not only to shift from one to another point of view with amazing alertness, to pass from emotion to emotion with startling rapidity, but in a single instant to occupy the two standpoints, to feel the consentaneous sway of two opposed emotional appeals. Browning is, in this respect, like the dying speaker in his own poem "Confessions"—

"At a terrace somewhat near the stopper,
There watched for me, one June,
A girl: I know, sir, it's improper,
My poor mind's out of tune."

Spying eyes might "strain and stretch themselves
to Oes,"

"Yet never catch her and me together,
As she left the attic there,
By the rim of the bottle labelled 'Ether,'
And stole from stair to stair,

"And stood by the rose-wreathed gate. Alas!
We loved, sir—used to meet:
*How sad and bad and mad it was—
But, then, how it was sweet!*"

Those last two lines, with their fine impartiality of emotional satisfaction, could only have been written by a true humorist; for the humorist is the man who not only discerns the strange incongruities of existence (such discernment is possible to any thinking machine), but who accepts them, and, in a way, finds them delightful, because all life is interesting to him, and they are part of the stuff that life is made of. The moralist would see in such an experience only the sadness, badness, and madness; the sensualist would see only the sweetness; the humorist sees all the constituents, and gives to each its emotional value.

And yet the humorist differentiates not less truly than the moralist and the sensualist—indeed, more truly, because more subtly, his area of sensibility being much wider, and his tact more exquisite than theirs. Thus a large proportion of Browning's humour—witness such characteristic poems as "Bishop Blougram's Apology" and "Sludge, the

Medium"—takes the form of delicate irony, where the something *said* is delicately poised against the something *implied*, and we are made to feel the attraction of both. Browning's satirical irony always preserves the geniality which is of the essence of true humour; it may be mordant, but it is never scarifying; like summer lightning it illuminates, yet does not burn. To repeat a quotation already made, it is throughout, not bloodless and inhuman, like the savage humour of Swift, but always "blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity." In reading Browning we say, "This was a man who was interested in all that interests mankind;—who could traverse every territory of human thought and emotion with the alert gaze of a shrewd outsider, and yet with the easy familiarity of one native and to the manner born." Thus his humour and the catholic humour of Shakespeare are of the same family.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

THE POPE AND THE NET.

ROBERT BROWNING.

WHAT, he on whom our voices unanimously ran,
Made Pope at our last Conclave? Full low
his life began :

His father earned the daily bread as just a fisherman.

So much the more his boy minds book, gives proof
of mother-wit,

Becomes first Deacon, and then Priest, then Bishop :
see him sit

No less than Cardinal ere long, while no one cries
“ Unfit ! ”

But some one smirks, some other smiles, jogs elbow
and nods head ;

Each winks at each : “ ’I-faith, a rise ! Saint Peter’s
net, instead

Of sword and keys, is come in vogue ! ” You think
he blushes red ?

Not he, of humble holy heart ! “ Unworthy me ! ” he
sighs :

“ From fisher’s drudge to Church’s prince—it is indeed
a rise :

So, here’s my way to keep the fact for ever in my
eyes ! ”

And straightway in his palace-hall, where commonly
is set

Some coat-of-arms, some portraiture ancestral, lo,
we met

His mean estate’s reminder in his fisher-father’s net !

Which step conciliates all and some, stops cavil in a
trice :

"The humble holy heart that holds of new-born pride
no spice !

He's just the saint to choose for Pope!" Each adds
"'Tis my advice."

So Pope he was : and when we flocked—its sacred
slipper on—

To kiss his foot, we lifted eyes, alack the thing was
gone—

That guarantee of lowlihead,—eclipsed that star
which shone !

Each eyed his fellow, one and all kept silence. I
cried "Pish !

I'll make me spokesman for the rest, express the
common wish.

Why, Father, is the net removed ? " "Son, it hath
caught the fish.'

Edward Lear.

1813—1888.

EDWARD LEAR was born near Knowsley in Lancashire, in 1813. He was the youngest of twenty-one children, and was brought up, in somewhat narrow circumstances, by one of his sisters. As a boy he was remarkable for his devotion to painting and the study of natural history. This artistic aptitude was early recognised by his friends, who supplied him with the means of studying in London. For a time he employed himself mainly in making sketches of birds and beasts in the Zoological Gardens. As he was one day working there his sketch attracted the attention of the thirteenth Earl of Derby, who forthwith asked him to go down to draw the birds at Knowsley. Lear accordingly visited the Earl's seat, where he produced the drawings which are preserved in the "Knowsley Menagerie," and wrote a number of his incomparable nonsense rhymes. Thanks to the Earl of Derby, who started a subscription on his behalf, he was able to settle as an artist in Rome. His pictures found a ready sale, and he began to indulge his lifelong passion for wandering. He roamed over Italy and Greece, Sicily and Albania, visited Malta and Corsica, and became familiar with most of the isles of the Ægean. He afterwards journeyed to Palestine, Syria, Egypt, and Nubia.

During his travels he filled note-book after note-book with drawings and descriptions of the scenes through which he passed. The first fruits of his industrious rambling, his "Sketches of Rome and its Environs," appeared in 1842; his "Illustrated Excursions in Italy" followed in 1846; and his "Journal in Greece and Albania" in 1851. The last work called forth a tribute from Tennyson—the lines "To E. L. on his Travels to Greece:"—

"Illyrian woodlands, echoing falls
Of water, sheets of summer glass,
The long divine Peneïan pass
The vast Akrokerannian walls.

"Tomahrit, Athos, all things fair,
With such a pencil, such a pen
You shadow forth to other men,
I read and felt that I was there.

"And trust me while I turn'd the page
And track'd you still on classic ground,
I grew in gladness till I found
My spirits in the golden age "

Lear worked to some profit as a landscape painter, but rarely exhibited his pictures. He was especially successful in rendering rocky foregrounds and far-off lines of mountains. Sir Roderick Murchison said he could tell what were the geological features of any tract of country if he simply saw a sketch of it by Lear. It was not, however, as a landscape painter, nor as a descriptive writer—though his itineraries show marked literary talent—that Lear sprang into popularity. His "Nonsense Rhymes," which came out in 1861, took captive the hearts of English children. The book is now in its twenty-seventh edition. It was followed by "Nonsense Songs

and Stories " (1870), "Botany" (1870), "More Nonsense Rhymes" (1871), and "Laughable Lyrics" (1876). Lear spent the last twenty years of his life at San Remo in the Riviera. When he was almost sixty years of age he set out for India, but fell ill at Suez and had to return. Starting again, he visited Ceylon and India, whence he brought back several thousands of sketches. He died at San Remo on January 30th, 1888. He was one of the most generous, light-hearted, and witty of men, and he made troops of friends wheresoever he went.

"I shall place Mr. Edward Lear first of my hundred authors"—so Mr. Ruskin has said, and the saying is by no means the least wise of his literary judgments. To write inspired nonsense is a gift vouchsafed to few, and to no man was it given in more lavish measure than to Edward Lear. The secret of such nonsense-verse as his is no more communicable than the secret of such verse as the "Ode to the West Wind," or as "Kubla Khan." "Its test," to borrow Mr. Swinburne's phrase, in speaking of perfect lyric poetry, "is that it eludes all tests." Lear is in his way as consummate an artist as Shelley or Coleridge are in theirs. Young and old alike can drink and drink again unsated from the brimming, bubbling fountain of his merriment. The child delights in his drollery at once so quaint and unexpected and so transparent; the trained student of literature is carried away by his madcap invention, by his whimsical felicity in word-coining, by the transporting swing, the truly noble rhythm of his happiest verse. Of the kingdoms "which bards in fealty to Apollo hold" there is one whither he who loves not to fly is beggared of humour, deaf to

lyrical laughter—it is the merry, marvellous kingdom of the Oblong Oysters and the Green Jackdaws and the Dong with the Luminous Nose, the land where the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò goes a courting for ever, and the Jumblies whistle their moony song and drink of the ringboree by the hills of the Chankly Bore.

WALTER WHYTE.

NONSENSE RHYMES

EDWARD LEAR

I.—THE JUMBLIES

I.

THEY went to sea in a Sieve, they did,
In a Sieve they went to sea :
In spite of all their friends could say
On a winter's morn, on a stormy day
In a Sieve they went to sea !
And when the Sieve turned round and round
And every one cried, " You'll all be drowned ! "
They called aloud, " Our Sieve ain't big
But we don't care a button ! we don't care a fig !
In a Sieve we'll go to sea ! "
Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumbles live ;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a Sieve

II.

They sailed away in a Sieve, they did,
In a Sieve they sailed so fast,
With only a beautiful pea-green veil
Tied with a riband by way of a sail,
To a small tobacco-pipe mast ;
And every one said, who saw them go,
" O won't they be soon upset, you know !
For the sky is dark, and the voyage is long
And happen what may, it's extremely wrong
In a Sieve to sail so fast ! "

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live ;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a Sieve.

III.

The water it soon came in, it did,
The water it soon came in ;
So to keep them dry, they wrapped their feet
In a pinky paper all folded neat,
And they fastened it down with a pin.
And they passed the night in a crockery-jar,
And each of them said, " How wise we are !
Though the sky be dark, and the voyage be long,
Yet we never can think we were rash or wrong,
While round in our Sieve we spin ! "
Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live ;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a Sieve.

IV.

And all night long they sailed away ;
And when the sun went down,
They whistled and warbled a moony song
To the echoing sound of a coppery gong,
In the shade of the mountains brown.
" O Timballo ! How happy we are,
When we live in a sieve and a crockery-jar,
And all night long in the moonlight pale,
We sail away with a pea-green sail,
In the shade of the mountains brown ! "
Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live ;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a Sieve.

v.

They sailed to the Western Sea, they did,
To a land all covered with trees,
And they bought an Owl, and a useful Cart,
And a pound of Rice, and a Cranberry Tart,
And a hive of silvery Bees.
And they bought a Pig, and some green Jack-daws,
And a lovely Monkey with lollipop paws,
And forty bottles of Ring-Bo-Ree,
And no end of Stilton Cheese.
Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live ;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a Sieve.

vi.

And in twenty years they all came back,
In twenty years or more,
And every one said, "How tall they've grown !
For they've been to the Lakes, and the Terrible Zone,
And the hills of the Chankly Bore" ;
And they drank their health, and gave them a feast
Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast ;
And every one said, "If we only live,
We too will go to sea in a Sieve,—
To the hills of the Chankly Bore !"
Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live ;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a Sieve.

II.—THE PELICAN CHORUS.

KING and Queen of the Pelicans we;¹
No other Birds so grand we see!
None but we have feet like fins!
With lovely leathery throats and chins!
Ploffskin, Pluffskin, Pelican jee!
We think no Birds so happy as we!
Plumpskin, Ploshkin, Pelican jill!
We think so then, and we thought so still!

We live on the Nile. The Nile we love.
By night we sleep on the cliffs above;
By day we fish, and at eve we stand
On long bare islands of yellow sand.
And when the sun sinks slowly down
And the great rock walls grow dark and brown,
And the purple river rolls fast and dim
And the ivory Ibis starlike skim,
Wing to wing we dance around,—
Stamping our feet with a slumpy sound,—
Opening our mouths as Pelicans ought,
And this is the song we nightly snort;
Ploffskin, Pluffskin, Pelican jee,—
We think no Birds so happy as we!
Plumpskin, Ploshkin, Pelican jill,—
We think so then, and we thought so still.

Last year came out our Daughter, Dell;
And all the Birds received her well.
To do her honour, a feast we made
For every bird that can swim or wade.
Hérons and Gulls, and Cormorants black,
Cranes, and Flamingoes with scarlet back,
Plovers and Storks, and Geese in clouds,
Swans and Dilberry Ducks in crowds.

Thousands of Birds in wondrous flight !
 They ate and drank and danced all night,
 And echoing back from the rocks you heard
 Multitude-echoes from Bird and Bird,—
 Ploffskin, Pluffskin, Pelican jee,
 We think no Birds so happy as we ;
 Plumpskin, Ploshkin, Pelican jill,
 We think so then, and we thought so still !

Yes, they came ; and among the rest,
 The King of the Cranes all grandly dressed.
 Such a lovely tail ! Its feathers float
 Between the ends of his blue dress-coat ;
 With pea-green trousers all so neat,
 And a delicate frill to hide his feet,—
 (For though no one speaks of it, every one knows,
 He has got no webs between his toes !)

As soon as he saw our Daughter Dell,
 In violent love that Crane King fell,—
 On seeing her waddling form so fair,
 With a wreath of shrimps in her short white hair,
 And before the end of the next long day,
 Our Dell had given her heart away ;
 For the King of the Cranes had won that heart,
 With a Crocodile's egg and a large fish-tart.
 She vowed to marry the King of the Cranes,
 Leaving the Nile for stranger plains ;
 And away they flew in a gathering crowd
 Of endless birds in a lengthening cloud.
 Ploffskin, Pluffskin, Pelican jee,
 We think no Birds so happy as we !
 Plumpskin, Ploshkin, Pelican jill,
 We think so then, and we thought so still !

And far away in the twilight sky,
 We heard them singing a lessening cry,—
 Farther and farther till out of sight,
 And we stood alone in the silent night !
 Often since, in the nights of June,
 We sit on the sand and watch the moon ;—
 She has gone to the great Gromboolian plain,
 And we probably never shall meet again !
 Oft, in the long still nights of June,
 We sit on the rocks and watch the moon ;—
 —She dwells by the streams of the Chankly Bore,
 And we probably never shall see her more.
 Ploffskin, Pluffskin, Pelican jee,
 We think no Birds so happy as we !
 Plumpskin, Ploshkin, Pelican jill,
 We think so then, and we thought so still !

III.—THE COURTSHIP OF THE YONGHY-BONGHY-BÒ.

I.

ON the coast of Coromandel
 Where the early pumpkins blow,
 In the middle of the woods
 Lived the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.
 Two old chairs, and half a candle,—
 One old jug without a handle,—
 These were all his worldly goods :
 In the middle of the woods,
 These were all the worldly goods,
 Of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò,
 Of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.

II.

Once among the Bong-trees walking
 Where the early pumpkins blow,
 To a little heap of stones
 Came the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.
 There he heard a Lady talking,
 To some milk-white Hens of Dorking,—
 " 'Tis the Lady Jingly Jones !
 " On that little heap of stones
 " Sits the Lady Jingly Jones !"
 Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò,
 Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.

III.

" Lady Jingly ! Lady Jingly !
 " Sitting where the pumpkins blow,
 " Will you come and be my wife ?"
 Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.
 " I am tired of living singly,—
 " On this coast so wild and shingly,—
 " I'm a-weary of my life ;
 " If you'll come and be my wife,
 " Quite serene would be my life !"—
 Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò,
 Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.

IV.

" On this Coast of Coromandel,
 " Shrumps and watercresses grow,
 " Prawns are plentiful and cheap,"
 Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.
 " You shall have my chairs and candle,
 " And my jug without a handle !—

“ Gaze upon the rolling deep
“ (Fish is plentiful and cheap ;)
“ As the sea, my love is deep ! ”
Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò,
Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.

v.

Lady Jingly answered sadly,
And her tears began to flow,—
“ Your proposal comes too late,
“ Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò !
“ I would be your wife most gladly ! ”
(Here she twirled her fingers madly,)
“ But in England I’ve a mate !
“ Yes ! you’ve asked me far too late,
“ For in England I’ve a mate,
“ Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò !
“ Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò !

vi.

“ Mr. Jones—(his name is Handel,—
“ Handel Jones, Esquire, & Co.)
“ Dorking fowls delights to send,
“ Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò !
“ Keep, oh ! keep your chairs and candle,
“ And your jug without a handle,—
“ I can merely be your friend !
“—Should my Jones more Dorkings send,
“ I will give you three, my friend
“ Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò !
“ Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò ! ”

vii.

“ Though you’ve such a tiny body,
“ And your head so large doth grow,—
“ Though your hat may blow away,
“ Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò

“Though you’re such a Hoddy Doddy—
“Yet I wish that I could modi—
 “fy the words I needs must say !
 “Will you please to go away ?
 “That is all I have to say—
“Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy Bò !
“Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy Bò ! ”

VIII.

Down the slippery slopes of Myrtle,
Where the early pumpkins blow,
To the calm and silent sea
Fled the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.
There, beyond the Bay of Gurtle,
Lay a large and lively Turtle ;—
 “You’re the Cove,” he said, “for me ;
 “On your back beyond the sea,
 “Turtle, you shall carry me ! ”
Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò,
Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.

IX.

Through the silent-roaring ocean
Did the Turtle swiftly go ;
Holding fast upon his shell
Rode the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.
With a sad primæval motion
Towards the sunset isles of Boshen
Still the Turtle bore him well.
Holding fast upon his shell,
 “Lady Jingly Jones, farewell ! ”
Sang the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò,
Sang the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.

x.

From the Coast of Coromandel,
Did that Lady never go ;
On that heap of stones she mourns
For the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.
On that Coast of Coromandel,
In his jug without a handle,
Still she weeps, and daily moans ;
On that little heap of stones
To her Dorking Hens she moans,
For the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò,
For the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.

Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu.

1814—1873.

AMONG the French refugees who found shelter in the British Isles at the time of the Huguenot persecutions were a number who settled in Dublin. A descendant of one of these, Joseph Le Fanu, who was Clerk to the Crown in that city about the middle of the eighteenth century, married for his second wife a sister of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, another sister being married by his brother, Captain Henry Le Fanu, of Leamington. The son of Joseph Le Fanu became Dean Le Fanu, whose son was Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu the novelist, who was born on the 28th of August, 1814.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, in his lives of the Sheridans, from which the above facts are taken, gives the following amusing anecdotes of his youth:—

“When he was a mere boy he exhibited a pleasant humour, which often saved him from punishment. Once his father, the Dean of Emly, had occasion to rebuke him for coming down late in the morning. ‘I well remember,’ says his brother, ‘breakfast was nearly over, and Joe had not appeared. My father held his watch in his hand; ’twas nearly ten o’clock. And when Joe at last entered, he said in his severest voice, “I ask you, Joseph, I ask you seriously, is this right?” “No, sir; I’m sure it must be fast,” was the reply.’ More original and quaint was the following,

which it is hard to read without a smile. Walking along a road near Dublin, he met an elderly woman who was unknown to him, but who seemed to recognise him. 'Ah, then, Masther Richard, is that yourself?' 'Myself, of course it's myself,' was the reply. The woman then fell in raptures about the 'ould times' and 'the dear misthress,' with details about the length of time since she had seen them all. Amused at this mistake, he said the family were all well; but why did she not come and see them? Confidentially she replied, 'Shure, you know, Masther Richard, since the little business of the spoons—oh, I daren't go near the place!' 'Oh,' said the humourist, 'that's all forgotten long ago! Do come up and see them!' 'Ah! d'ye say that, Masther Richard?' 'To be sure! Come to dinner next Sunday with the servants; you'll see how they'll all welcome you!'"

As a novelist, Sheridan Le Fanu became well known, some of his novels attaining to many editions, but it is by his poem of "Shamus O'Brien" that he obtains a passport into this volume. Originally written for his brother to recite, it was first printed in the pages of the *Dublin University Magazine*, where his other poem, "Phadrig Croohore," also appeared. Samuel Lover recited the former during his visit to America, and helped to popularise it, and, in consequence, has sometimes been credited with its authorship. It is full of Irish wit and pathos, and is popular wherever the Irish heart beats. Le Fanu died on the 7th of February, 1873.

ALFRED H. MILES.

SHAMUS O'BRIEN: A TALE OF '98.

J. SHERIDAN LE FANU.

JIST afther the war, in the year '98,
As soon as the boys wor all scattered and bate,
'Twas the custom, whenever a pisant was got,
To hang him by thrial—barrin' sich as was shot.—
There was trial by jury goin' on in the light,
And martial-law hangin' the lavins by night.
It's them was hard times for an honest gossoon :
If he missed with the judges—he'd meet a dragoon ;
An' whether the sodgers or judges gev sintence,
The divil a much time they allowed for repintance.
An' it's many's the fine boy was then on his keepin',
Wid small share iv restin', or atin', or sleepin' ;
An' because they loved Erin, an' scorned for to sell it,—
A prey for the bloodhound, a mark for the bullet—
Unsheltered by night, and unrested by day,
With the *heath* for their *barrack*, *revenge* for their *pay* ;
An' the bravest an' hardiest boy iv them all
Was Shamus O'Brien, from the town iv Glingall.
His limbs were well-set, an' his body was light,
An' the keen-fangèd hound had not teeth half so white.
But his face was as pale as the face of the dead,
And his cheek never warmed with the blush of the red ;
An' for all that he wasn't an ugly young bye,
For the divil himself couldn't blaze with his eye,
So droll an' so wicked, so dark and so bright,
Like a fire-flash that crosses the depth of the night ;
An' he was the best mower that ever has been,
An' the illigantest hurler that ever was scen.
An' his dancin' was sich that the men used to stare,
An' the women turn crazy, he done it so quare ;
An', by gorra, the whole world gev in to him there.

An' it's he was the boy that was hard to be caught,
An' it's often he run, an' it's often he fought,
An' it's many the one can remember right well
The quare things he done : and I've often heerd tell
How he lathered the yeomen, himself agin' four,
An' stretched the two strong st on old Galtimore.—
But the fox *must* sleep sometimes, the wild deer *must* res
An' treachery prey on the blood iv the best.—
Afther many a brave action of power and pride,
An' many a hard night on the mountain's bleak side,
An' a thousand great dangers and toils overpast,
In the darkness of night he was taken at last.
Now, Shamus, look back on the beautiful moon,
For the door of the prison must close on you soon,
An' take your last look on her dim lovely light,
That falls on the mountain and valley this night ;—
One look at the village, one look at the flood,
An' one at the shelthering, far-distant wood.
Farewell to the forest, farewell to the hill,
An' farewell to the friends that will think of you still ;
Farewell to the pathern, the hurlin' an' wake,
And farewell to the girl that would die for your sake.—
An' twelve sodgers brought him to Maryborough jail,
An' the turnkey resaved him, refusin' all bail ;
The fleet limbs wor chained, an' the sthrong hands wor bo
An' he laid down his length on the cowl'd prison ground.
An' the dreams of his childhood kem over him there,
As gentle an' soft as the sweet summer air ;
An' happy remembrances crowding on ever,
As fast as the foam-flakes dhrift down on the river,
Bringing fresh to his heart merry days long gone by,
Till the tears gathered heavy and thick in his eye.
But the tears didn't fall, for the pride of his heart
Would not suffer *one* drop down his pale cheek to start ;

An' he sprang to his feet in the dark prison cave,
 An' he swore with the fierceness that misery gave,
 By the hopes of the good, an' the cause of the brave,
 That when he was mouldering in the cold grave
 His enemies never should have it to boast
 His scorn of their vengeance one moment was lost ;
 His bosom might bleed, but his cheek should be dry,
 For, undaunted he *lived*, and undaunted he'd *die*.

Well, as soon as a few weeks was over and gone,
 The terrible day iv the thrial kem on ;
 There *was sich* a crowd there was scarce room to stand,
 An' sodgers on guard, an' dhragoons sword-in-hand.
 An' the court-house so full that the people were bothered,
 An' attorneys an' criers on the point iv bein' smothered ;
 An' counsellors almost gev over for dead,
 An' the jury sittin' up in their box overhead ;
 An' the judge settled out so detarmined an' big,
 With his gown on his back, and an illigant wig ;
 An' silence was called, and the minute 'twas said
 The court was as still as the heart of the dead.
 An' they heard but the openin' of one prison lock,—
 An' Shamus O'Brien kem into the dock.—
 For one minute he turned his eye round on the throng,
 An' he looked at the bars, so firm and so strong,
 An' he saw that he had not a hope nor a friend,
 A chance of escape, nor a word to defend ;
 An' he folded his arms as he stood there alone,
 As calm and as cold as a statue of stone ;
 And they read a big writin', a yard long at laste.
 An' Jim didn't understand it, nor mind it a taste,
 An' the judge took a big pinch iv snuff, and he says,
 "Are you guilty or not, Jim O'Brien, av you plase ?"
 An' all held their breath in the silence of dhrad,
 An' Shamus O'Brien made answer and said :

“ My lord, if you ask me, if in my life-time
I have thought any treason, or done any crime
That should call to my cheek, as I stand alone here,
The hot blush of shame, or the coldness of fear,
Though I stood by the grave to receive my death-blow,
Before God and the world I would answer you, *No !*
But—if you would ask me, as I think it like,
If in the rebellion I carried a pike,
An’ fought for ould Ireland from the first to the close,
An’ shed the heart’s blood of her bitterest foes,
I answer you, *Yes ;* and I tell you again,
Though I stand here to perish, it’s my glory that *then*
In her cause I was willing my veins should run dhry,
An’ that *now* for *her* sake I am ready to die.”

Then the silence was great, and the jury smiled bright,
An’ the judge wasn’t sorry the job was made light ;
By my sowl, it’s himself was a crabbed ould chap !
In a twinklin’ he pulled on his ugly black cap.
Then Shamus’ mother, in the crowd standin’ by,
Called out to the judge with a pitiful cry :
“ O, judge ! darlin’, don’t, O, don’t say the word !
The crathur is young, have mercy, my lord ;
He was foolish, he didn’t know what he was doin’ ;—
You don’t know him, my lord—O, don’t send him to ruin !
He’s the kindest crathur, the tendherest-hearted ;—
Don’t part us for ever, we’ve been so long parted.
Judge, mavourneen, forgive him, forgive him, my lord,
An’ God will forgive you—O, don’t say the word ! ”
That was the first minute O’Brien was shaken,
When he saw he was not quite forgot or forsaken ;
An’ down his pale cheeks, at the word of his mother,
The big tears wor runnin’ fast, afther each other ;
An’ two or three times he endeavoured to spake,
But the sthrong, manly voice seemed to falther and break
But at last, by the strength of his high-mounting pride,

He conquered and mastered his grief's swelling tide,
"An'," says he, "mother, darlin', don't break your poor heart,
For, sooner or later, the dearest *must* part ;
And God knows it's bettther than wandering in fear
On the bleak, trackless mountain, among the wild deer,
To lie in the grave, where the head, heart, and breast
From thought, labour, and sorrow, for ever shall rest.
Then, mother, my darlin', don't cry any more,
Don't make me seem broken, in this, my last hour ;
For I wish, when my head's lyin' undher the raven,
No thrue man shall say that I died like a craven !"
An' then towards the judge Shamus bent down his head,
An' that minute the solemn death-sentence was said.
The mornin' was bright, an' the mists rose on high,
An' the lark whistled merrily in the clear sky ;—
But why are the men standin' idle so late ?
An' why do the crowds gather fast in the street ?
What come they to talk of ? what come they to see ?
An' why does the long rope hang from the cross-tree ?—
O, Shamus O'Brien ! pray fervent and fast,
May the saints take your soul, for *this* day is your *last* ;
Pray fast, an' pray sthrong, for the moment is nigh,
When, sthrong, proud, an' great as you are, you must die.—
An' faster an' faster, the crowd gathered there,
Boys, horses, and gingerbread, just like a fair ;
An' whisky was sellin', an' cussamuck too,
An' ould men and young women enjoying the view.
An' ould Tim Mulvany, he med the remark,
There wasn't sich a sight since the time of Noah's ark ;
An' be gorra, 'twas thrue for him, for divil sich a scruge,
Sich divarshin and crowds, was known since the deluge.
For thousands were gathered there, if there was one,
Waitin' till such time as the hangin' id come on.
At last they threw open the big prison-gate,
An' out came the sheriffs an' sodgers in state,

An' a cart in the middle, an' Shamus was in it,
Not *paler*, but *prouder* than ever, that minute,
An' as soon as the people saw Shamus O'Brien,
Wid prayin' an' blessin', and all the girls cryin',
A wild wailin' sound kem on by degrees,
Like the sound of the lonesome wind blowin' through trees
On, on to the gallows the sheriffs are gone,
An' the cart an' the sodgers go steadily on ;
An' at every side swellin' around of the cart,
A wild, sorrowful sound, that id open your heart.
Now under the gallows the cart takes its stand,
An' the hangman gets up with the rope in his hand ;
An' the priest, havin' blest him, goes down on the ground
An' Shamus O'Brien throws one last look round.
Then the hangman dhrew near, an' the people grew still,
Young faces turn sickly, and warm hearts turn chill ;
An' the rope bein' ready, his neck was made bare,
For the gripe iv the life-strangling cord to prepare ;
An' the good priest has left him, havin' said his last prayer
But the priest had done *more*, for his hands he unbound,
And with one daring spring Jim has leaped on the ground ;
Bang ! bang ! go the carbines, and clash go the sabres ;
He's not down ! he's alive still ! now stand to him, neighbours
Through the smoke and the horses he's into the crowd,—
By the heavens, he's free !—than thunder more loud—
By one *shout* from the people the heavens were shaken—
One shout that the dead of the world might awaken !
Your swords they may glitter, your carbines go bang,
But if you want hangin', it's yourself you must hang ;
To-night he'll be sleepin' in Aherloc Glin,
An' the divil's in the dice if you catch him ag'in.—
The sodgers ran this way, the sheriffs ran that,
An' Father Malone lost his new Sunday hat ;
An' the sheriffs were both of them punished severely,
An' fined like the divil because Jim done them fairly.

R. H. Dalton Barham.

1815—1886.

RICHARD HARRIS DALTON BARRHAM, son and biographer of the author of the "*Ingoldsby Legends*," was born at Westwell, Kent, in the month of October, 1815. He was educated at St. Paul's School and Oxford University, and followed his father, both in the choice of a profession, and as a contributor of mock-heroic stories in verse to *Bentley's Magazine*. Shortly after leaving Oxford he was presented with the living of Lolworth, near Cambridge, where he resided, until, in 1863, delicate health compelled him to seek a warmer climate, and he retired to Dawlish, where he pursued geological studies. He published, besides the "Life and Letters" of his father (1870), "The Life and Remains" of Theodore Hook (1849), and a novel entitled "A Rubber of Life," which was afterwards dramatized for a London Theatre. "The Temptations of St. Anthony," given in the following pages, is the best known and perhaps the best written of his verse tales, though, like some of his father's "Legends," it suffers from that facility of composition which so often proves fatal to felicity of style. In verse of this class it is so easy to be slovenly that one has frequently to regret spray-footed lines and hump-backed cadences, the more to be deplored that they are found in close proximity to stanzas

wholly regular. The author of "Ingoldsby," in some impromptu lines left at the house of Theodore Hook in 1834, makes playful reference to the chronicler of "St. Anthony's Temptations":—

"As Dick and I
Were a-sailing by
At Fulham bridge, I cock'd my eye,
And says I, 'Add-zooks!
There's Theodore Hook's,
Whose Sayings and Doings make such pretty books.

" 'I wonder,' says I,
Still keeping my eye
On the house, 'if he's in—I should like to try ;'
With his oar on his knee,
Says Dick, says he,
'Father, suppose you land and see !'

" 'What land and sea,'
Says I to he,
'Together! Why, Dick, why, how can that be ?'
And my comical son,
Who is fond of fun,
I thought would have split his sides at the pun.

"So we rows to shore,
And knocks at the door—
When William, a man I've seen often before,
Makes answer and says,
'Master's gone in a chaise
Call'd a *homnibus*, drawn by a couple of bays.'

"So I says then,
'Just lend me a pen :'
'I will, sir,' says William, politest of men ;
So having no card, these poetical brayings,
Are the record I leave of *my* Doings and Sayings."

The Rev. R. H. Dalton Barham died at Dawlish on the 28th of April, 1886.

ALFRED H. MILES.

THE TEMPTATIONS OF ST. ANTHONY.

R. H. DALTON BARHAM.

“He would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of the devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together, and that was—a woman.”—*Sketch Book*.

ST. ANTHONY sat on a lowly stool,
And a book was in his hand ;
Never his eye from its page he took,
Either to right or left to look,
But with steadfast soul, as was his rule,
The holy page he scanned.

“We will woo,” said the imp, “St. Anthony’s eyes
Off from his holy book :
We will tease him with laughter, whoops, and cries,
That he upon us may look.”

The devil was in the best humour that day
That ever his highness was in :
And that’s why he sent out his imps to play,
And he furnished them torches to light their way,
Nor stinted them incense to burn as they may,—
Sulphur, and pitch, and rosin.

So they came to the Saint in a motley crew,
A heterogeneous rout :
There were imps of every shape and hue,
And some looked black, and some looked blue ;
And they passed and varied before the view,
And twisted themselves about :

And had they exhibited thus to you,
I think you'd have felt in a bit of a stew,—
Or so should myself, I doubt.

There were some with feathers, and some with scales,
And some with warty skins ;
Some had not heads, and some had tails,
And some had claws like iron nails ;
And some had combs and beaks like birds,
And yet, like jays, could utter words ;
And some had gills and fins.

Some rode on skeleton beasts, arrayed
In gold and velvet stuff,
With rich tiaras on the head,
Like kings and queens among the dead ;
While face and bridle-hand, displayed,
In hue and substance seemed to cope
With maggots in a microscope,
And their thin lips, as white as soap,
Were colder than enough.

And spiders big from the ceiling hung,
From every creek and nook ;
They had a crafty, ugly guise,
And looked at the Saint with their eight eyes .
And all that malice could devise
Of evil to the good and wise
Seemed welling from their look.

Beetles and slow-worms crawled about,
And toads did squat demure ;
From holes in the wainscoting mice peeped out,
Or a sly old rat, with his whiskered snout ;

And forty feet, a full span long,
 Danced in and out, in an endless throng ;
 There ne'er has been such extravagant rout
 From that time to this, I'm sure.
 But the Good St. Anthony kept his eyes
 Fixed on the holy book ;—
 From it they did not sink nor rise ;
 Nor sights, nor laughter, shouts nor cries,
 Could win away his look.

A quaint imp sat in an earthen pot,
 In a big-bellied earthen pot sat he :
 Through holes in the bottom his legs outshot,
 And holes in the sides his arms had got,
 And his head came through the mouth, God wot
 A comical sight to see.

And he drummed on his belly, so fair and round ;
 On his belly so round and fair ;
 And it gave forth a rumbling, mingled sound,
 'Twixt a muffled bell and a growling hound,
 A comical sound to hear.
 And he sat on the edge of a table-desk,
 And drummed it with his heels ;
 And he looked as strange and as picturesque,
 As the figures we see in an arabesque,
 Half hidden in flowers, all painted in fresque,
 In Gothic vaulted ceils.

Then he whooped and hawed, and winked and grinned
 And his eyes stood out with glee ;
 And he said these words and he sang this song,
 And his legs and his arms, with their double prong,
 Keeping time with his tune as it galloped along,
 As birth to his song gave he.

“ Old Tony, my boy ! shut up your book,
And learn to be merry and gay.
You sit like a bat in his cloistered nook ;
Like a round-shouldered fool of an owl you look ;
But straighten your back from its booby crook,
And more sociable be, I pray.

“ Let us see you laugh, let us hear you sing ;
Take a lesson from me, old boy !
Remember that life has a fleeting wing,
And then comes Death, that stern old king,
So we'd better make sure of joy.”

But the good St. Anthony bent his eyes
Upon the holy book :
He heard that song with a laugh arise,
But he knew that the imp had a naughty guise,
And he did not care to look.

Another imp came in a masquerade,
• Most like to a monk's attire :
But of living bats his cowl was made,
Their wings stitched together with spider-thread :
And round and about him they fluttered and played
And his eyes shot out from their misty shade
Long parallel bars of fire.

And his loose teeth chattered like clanking bones,
When the gibbet-tree sways in the blast :
And with gurgling shakes, and stifled groans,
He mocked the good St. Anthony's tones
As he muttered his prayer full fast.

A rosary of beads was hung by his side,—
Oh, gaunt-looking beads were they !

And still when the good Saint dropped a bead,
He dropped a tooth, and he took good heed
To rattle his string, and the bones replied,

Like a rattlesnake's tail at play.

But the good St. Anthony bent his eyes

Upon the holy book ;

He heard that mock of groans and sighs,

And he knew that the thing had an evil guise,

And he did not dare to look.

Another imp came with a trumpet-snout,

That was mouth and nose in one :

It had stops like a flute, as you never may doubt,

Where his long lean fingers capered about,

As he twanged his nasal melodies out,

In quaver, and shake, and run.

And his head moved forward and backward still

On his long and snaky neck ;

And he lent his energies all to fill

His noscy tube with wind and skill,

And he sneezed his octaves out, until

'Twas well-nigh ready to break.

And close to St. Anthony's ear he came,

And piped his music in :

And the shrill sound went through the good Saint's frame

With a smart and a sting, like a shred of flame,

Or a bee in the ear,—which is much the same,—

And he shivered with the din.

But the Good St. Anthony bent his eyes

Upon the holy book ;

He heard that snout with its gimlit cries,

And he knew that the imp had an evil guise,

And he did not dare to look.

A thing with horny eyes was there,
With horny eyes like the dead ;
And its long sharp nose was all of horn,
And its bony cheeks of flesh were shorn,
And its ears were like thin cases torn
From feet of kine ; and its jaws were bare ;
And fish-bones grew, instead of hair,
Upon its skinless head.

Its body was of thin birdy bones,
Bound round with a parchment skin ;
And when 'twas struck, the hollow tones
That circled round like drum-dull groans,
Bespoke a void within.

Its arm was like a peacock's leg,
And the claws were like a bird's :
But the creep that went, like a blast of plague,
To loose the live flesh from the bones,
And wake the good Saint's inward groans,
As it clawed his cheek, and pulled his hair,
And pressed on his eyes in their beating lair,
Cannot be told in words.

But the good St. Anthony kept his eyes
Still on the holy book ;
He felt the clam on his brow arise,
And he knew that the thing had a horrid guise,
And he did not dare to look.

An imp came then like a skeleton form
Out of a charnel vault ;
Some clings of meat had been left by the worm,
Some tendons and strings on his legs and arm,
And his jaws with gristle were black and deform,
But his teeth were as white as salt.

And he grinned full many a lifeless grin,
And he rattled his bony tail ;
His skull was decked with gill and fin,
And a spike of bone was on his chin,
And his batlike ears were large and thin,
And his eyes were the eyes of a snail.
He took his stand at the good Saint's back,
And on tip-toe stood a space :
Forward he bent, all rotten-black,
And he sank again on his heel, good lack !
And the good Saint uttered some ghostly groans,
For the head was caged in the gaunt rib-bones,—
A horrible embrace !
And the skull hung o'er with an elvish pry,
And cocked down its india-rubber eye
To gaze upon his face.
Yet the good St. Anthony sunk his eyes
Deep in the holy book ;
He felt the bones, and so was wise
To know that the thing had a ghastly guise,
And he did not dare to look.
Last came an imp,—how unlike the rest !
A beautiful female form :
And her voice was like music, that, sleep-oppress'd,
Sinks on some cradling zephyr's breast ;
And whilst with a whisper his cheek she press'd,
Her cheek felt soft and warm.
When over his shoulder she bent the light
Of her soft eyes on to his page,
It came like a moonbeam silver bright,
And relieved him then with a mild delight,
For the yellow lamp-lustre scorched his sight,
That was weak with the mists of age.

Hey! the good St. Anthony boggled his eyes
Over the holy book :
Ho, ho! at the corners they 'gan to rise,
For he knew that the thing had a lovely guise,
And he could not choose but look.
There are many devils that walk this world,—
Devils large, and devils small ;
Devils so meagre, and devils so stout ;
Devils with horns, and devils without ;
Sly devils, that go with their tails upcurled,
Bold devils, that carry them quite unfurled.
Meek devils, and devils that bawl ;
Serious devils, and laughing devils ;
Imps for churches, and imps for revels ;
Devils uncouth, and devils polite ;
Devils black, and devils white ;
Devils foolish, and devils wise ;
But a laughing woman, with two bright eyes,
Is the worstest devil of all.

Shirley Brooks.

1816—1874.

CHARLES WILLIAM SHIRLEY BROOKS was born in London, April 29th, 1816. He was articled to his maternal uncle, Mr. Charles Sabine, of Oswestry, and studied law for five years; after which he left law for literature, and represented the *Morning Chronicle* in the gallery of the House of Commons for five sessions, writing the parliamentary summary for the columns of that paper. In 1853 he travelled in Russia, Syria, and Egypt, on a commission for the *Chronicle*, inquiring into the questions of labour and poverty as they existed in those countries. His articles were afterwards collected into a volume, which formed one of the "Traveller's Library." For the stage he wrote "The Creole; or, Love's Fetters," produced at the Lyceum in 1847, and "Anything for a Change," performed at the same theatre in the following year. "The Daughter of the Stars" (New Strand Theatre, 1850), "Timour the Tartar," in collaboration with John Oxenford, for the Olympic in 1861, and several other minor pieces. His principal novels are "Aspen Court" (1855), "The Gordian Knot" (1858). He was for some time a leader writer on the *Illustrated London News*, the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, and *Home News*. In 1851 he became a contributor to *Punch*, and on the death of Mark Lemon in 1870, its editor. During

the twenty-four years of this connection he contributed the "Essence of Parliament," a bright and racy *résumé* of the proceedings of the legislature. "The Naggletons," a series of humorous papers setting forth the domestic difficulties of the Naggletons,— "Caudles" of a later generation and a higher social grade,—and a large number of verses, grave and gay, which were afterwards collected and published posthumously by his son, under the title, "Poems of Wit and Humour" (1875). These poems include many clever parodies as well as some of the best occasional verse of the times. Of the former, what could be better in its way than the following rebuke to that class of democratic oratory which declares that it does not judge a man by the cut of his coat, and then proceeds to condemn the man who possesses a good one?—

"More luck to honest poverty,
It claims respect, and a' that ;
But honest wealth's a better thing,
We dare be rich for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
And spooney cant and a' that,
A man may have a ten-pun note,
And be a brick for a' that.

"What though on soup and fish we dine,
Wear evening togs and a' that,
A man may like good meat and wine,
Nor be a knave for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their fustian talk and a' that,
A gentleman, however clean,
May have a heart for a' that.

"A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis duke, and a' that,
And if the title's earned, all right,
Old England's fond of a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
 Their balderdash and a' that,
A name that tells of service done
Is worth the wear for a' that.

"Then let us pray that come it may,
And come it will for a' that,
That common sense may take the place
Of common cant and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
 Who cackles trash and a' that,
Or be he lord, or be he low,
The man's an ass for a' that."

Of occasional verse of a more serious order the pages of *Punch* have produced many fine examples. Indeed, the obituary lines, sometimes from one pen and sometimes from another, which have appeared in "The London Charivari," have often been the best that have been called forth by the occasions they celebrate. Many of these in times past were from the pen of Shirley Brooks, of which the following is a fine example:—

ALBERT.

December 14, 1861.

"How should the Princes die?
With red spur deep in maddening charger's flank,
Leading the rush that cleaves the foeman's rank,
And shouting some time-famous battle-cry?

Ending a pleasure day,
Joy's painted goblet fully drained, and out,
While wearied vassals coldly stand about,
And con new homage which they long to pay?

- "So have the princes died.
Nobler and happier far the fate that falls
On him who 'mid yon aged castle's walls,
Hears as he goes, the splash of Thames's tide.
- "Gallant, high-natured, brave,
O, had his lot been cast in warrior days,
No nobler knight had won the minstrel's praise,
Than he, for whom the half-reared banners wave.
- "Or, graced with gentler powers,
The song, the pencil, and the lyre his own,
Deigned he to live fair pleasure's thrall alone,
None had more lightly spent the laughing hours.
- "Better and nobler fate
His, whom we claimed but yesterday,
His, ours no more, his, round whose sacred clay,
The death-mute pages and the heralds wait.
- "It was too soon to die.
Yet, might we count his years by triumphs won,
By wise, and bold, and Christian duties done,
It were no brief eventless history.
- "This was his princely thought :
With all his varied wisdom to repay
Our trust and love, which on that Bridal Day
The Daughter of the Isles for dowry brought.
- "For that he loved our Queen,
And, for her sake, the people of her love,
Few and far distant names shall rank above
His own, where England's cherished names are seen.
- "Could there be closer tie
'Twixt us, who, sorrowing, own a nation's debt
And Her, our own dear Lady, who as yet
Must meet her sudden woe with tearless eye :
- "When with a kind relief
Those eyes rain tears, O might the thought employ !
Him whom she loved we loved. We shared her joy,
And will not be denied to share her grief."

ALFRED H. MILES.

WIT AND HUMOUR.

SHIRLEY BROOKS.

I.—THE PHILOSOPHER AND HER FATHER.

A SOUND came booming through the air—
“What is that sound?” quoth I.
My blue-eyed pet, with golden hair,
Made answer, presently,
“Papa, you know it very well—
That sound—it was Saint Pancras Bell.”

“My own Louise, put down that cat,
And come and stand by me;
I’m sad to hear you talk like that,
Where’s your philosophy?
That sound—attend to what I tell—
That was *not* Saint Pancras Bell.

“Sound is the name the sage selects
For the concluding term
Of a long series of effects,
Of which the blow’s the germ.
The following brief analysis
Shows the interpolations, Miss.

“The blow which, when the clapper slips
Falls on your friend, the Bell,
Changes its circle to ellipse,
(A word you’d better spell,)
And then comes elasticity,
Restoring what it used to be.

“Nay, making it a little more,
The circle shifts about,
As much as it shrunk in before
The Bell, you see, swells out;
And so a new ellipse is made,
(You’re not attending, I’m afraid.)

“This change of form disturbs the air,
Which in its turn behaves
In like elastic fashion there,
Creating waves on waves;
These press each other onward, dear,
Until the outmost finds your ear.”

“And then, papa, I hear the sound,
Exactly what I said;
You’re only talking round and round,
Just to confuse my head.
All that you say about the Bell
My Uncle George would call a ‘sell.’”

“Not so, my child, my child, not so,
Sweet image of your sire!
A long way further we must go
Before it’s time to tire;
This wondrous, wandering wave, or tide,
Has only reached your ear’s outside.

“Within that ear the surgeons find
A *tympanum*, or drum,
Which has a little bone behind,—
Malleus it’s called by some;
But those not proud of Latin Grammar,
Humbly translate it as the hammer.

"The wave's vibrations this transmits,
On to the *incus* bone,
(*Incus* means anvil, which it hits,)
And this transfers the tone
To the small *os, orbiculare*,
The tiniest bone that people carry.

"The *stapes* next—the name recalls
A stirrup's form, my daughter—
Joins, three half-circular canals,
Each fill'd with limpid water ;
Their curious lining, you'll observe,
Made of the auditory nerve.

This vibrates next—and then we find
The mystic work is crown'd,
For there my daughter's gentle mind
First recognises sound.
See what a host of causes swell
To make up what you call 'the Bell.'"
Awhile she paused, my bright Louise,
And ponder'd on the case ;
Then, settling that he meant to tease,
She slapp'd her father's face,
You bad old man to sit and tell
Such gibberybosh about a Bell !"

II.—BAYONET AND CHISEL.

A SENTIMENTAL NARRATIVE.

I PASSED the Palace in the Park,
In sooth it was a weary trudge,
The snow with trampled mud was dark,
And all was slide and slush and sludge,
Wherein I greatly feared to lose
My nice new Yankce overshoes.

I kept at distance from the dome
Where dwells our Sovereign (when in town),
Because I thought my short way home
Was Birdcage Walk of old renown.
But I could see (and therefore state)
Two men stood near that palace gate.

One was a sentry—on his head
The fabled skin that warms the bear.
He ceased awhile his measured tread,
And watched the other working there.
For this, a sculptor, chiselled what
He thought adornment. I thought not.

A huge tarpaulin, sound and black,
Shrouded the artist like a cloak,
The sentry leant his manly back
Against his box, and thus he spoke—
At least 'twas thus to Fancy's ear;
For I was too far off to hear:—

“ My friend, whose skilful plastic art
Creates such graces out of stone,
I feel a certain pang of heart
When thou art gone, and I'm alone,
That thou can'st do such things as these,
While I can only stand at ease.

“ Mine was a country life, my friend,
Away from art and all its lore,
Until kind Fortune deigned to send
Recruiting Sergeant Henry Moore.
He came—I drank—I took his fee,
And am the soldier that you see.

"Yet do not think I speak in spite,
Or envy thee thy well-earned gains,
For that I know would not be right
(Thanks to our pious chaplain's pains);
And warmly I appreciate
Thy marks upon our Sovereign's gate."

He ceased. His artist-friend replied—
Fancy, once more, the short-hand writer—
"Soldier, thou speakest, by my side,
Words would do homage to a mitre,
And I am proud to hear thy lip
Commend the ornament I chip.

"Yet do not mourn, thou gallant heart ;
Our ways in two directions run—
Thou in grand deeds to bear a part,
I to record them when they're done.
And yet 'tis pleasant, friend, to feel
We're fellow-workers with the Steel.

"And, when thy Bayonet, in the flank
Of Russian slaves, has bid them flee,
This humble Chisel, friend, may clank
To bid some marble speak of thee.
And thus, though each in different way,
Are we not colleagues—Brother—say ?

Thus Fancy deemed that at their stations
The Sculptor and the Soldier talked.
But briefer were their observations
As heard by one who nearer walked.
Soldier—"That blessed wind is Eastly."
Artist—"Confound the day—it's beastly."

III.—THE POLICEMAN'S TEAR.

ON THE RETURN OF THE GUARDS FROM THE CRIMEA.

AGAINST the rails he leant,
To take a last fond look
At the kitchen he was petted in,
And the open-handed cook.
He heard the pretty housemaid read---
"The Guards will soon be here,"
And the Peeler turned his bracelet round,
And wiped away a tear.
He thought on beet and pickles,
On the lobster and the crab,
And other dainties that the Force
So well knows how to grab.
He thought of Susan's sixpences,
Of Sarah's supper-beer,
And the Peeler turned his bracelet round,
And wiped away a tear.
For the Guards, the Guards are coming—
A week, and we shall find
His nose put no less out of joint
Than our larder, when he'd dined ;
Cousins from the Crimea
With his rights will interfere—
No wonder that the Peeler sighed,
And wiped away a tear.
But there is vengeance in his head,
So do not deem him weak—
There's many a soldier will be watched
And brought before the Beak.
And of his rivals he will try
To keep our kitchens clear,
No sharper eye the steps can guard
Than now lets fall a tear.

IV.—DIXIT, ET IN MENSAM.

[The scene is a pic-nic, and Mr. Joseph de Clapham ventures to think that his *fiancée*, the lovely Belgravinia, is a little too fast.]

NOW, don't look so glum and so sanctified, please,
For folks *comme il faut*, Sir, are always at ease ;
How dare you suggest that my talk is too free ?

Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

Must I shut up my eyes when I ride in the Park ?
Or, pray, would you like me to ride after dark ?
If not, Mr. Prim, I shall say what I see,

Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

What harm am I speaking, you stupid Old Nurse !
I'm sure papa's newspaper tells us much worse,
He's a clergyman, too, are you stricter than he ?

Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

I knew who it was, and I said so, that's all ;
I said who went round to her box from his stall ;
Pray, what is your next prohibition to be ?

Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

"My grandmother would not"—O, would not, indeed ?
Just read Horace Walpole—Yes, sir, I *do* read.
Besides, what's my grandmother's buckram to me ?

Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

"I said it before that old *roue*, Lord Gadde" ;
That's a story, he'd gone : and what harm if I had ?
He has known me for years—from a baby of three

Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

You go to your Club (and this makes me so wild),
There you smoke and you slander man, woman, and child,
But I'm not to know there's such people as she—

Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

It's all my own fault ; the Academy, Sir,
You whispered to Philip, "No, no, it's not *her*,
Sir Edwin would hardly——" I heard, *mon ami* ;
Il n'est jamais de mal en bon compagnie.

Well, there, I'm quite sorry ; now, stop looking haughty,
Or must I kneel down on my knees, and say, "Naughty
There ! get me a peach, and I wish you'd agree,
Il n'est jammais de mal en bon compagnie.

V.—TO MY BELOVED VESTA.

MISS, I'm a Pensive Protoplasm,
Born in some pre-historic chasm.
I, and my humble fellow-men
Are hydrogen, and oxygen,
And nitrogen and carbon too,
And so is Jane and so are you.
In stagnant waters swim our brothers
And sisters, but we've many others,
Among them animalculæ,
And lizard's eggs,—and so, you see,
My darling Vesta, show no pride,
Nor turn coquettish head aside,
Our pedigrees, as thus made out,
Are no great things to boast about.
The only comfort seems to be
In this—philosophers agree—
That how a Protoplasm's made
Is mystery outside their trade.
And we are parts, so say the sages,
Of life come down from long-past ages.
So let us haste in Hymen's bands
To join our protoplasmic hands,
And spend our gay organic life
As happy man and happy wife.

Aytoun—Martin.

"Bon Gaultier."

THE "Bon Gaultier Ballads" were the joint work of Professor Aytoun and Sir Theodore Martin. The chief facts in Aytoun's life are mentioned in the article prefixed to the extracts from his serious poetry. Sir Theodore Martin was born in 1816, in Edinburgh, and was educated at the High School and University of that city. In 1846 he settled in London, where he became a successful parliamentary solicitor. In 1851 he married Miss Faucit, who gained one of her triumphs in "King René's Daughter," a piece which he had adapted from a drama by Henrik Hertz. He also translated "Correggio" and "Aladdin; or, The Wonderful Lamp,"—dramatic poems by the Danish writer Adam Oehlenschläger. The "Bon Gaultier Ballads" appeared in 1854, and were followed in 1858 by a volume of translations, also written in conjunction with Aytoun, from the poems and ballads of Goethe. Sir Theodore Martin has published verse translations of Horace's "Odes" (1860), of Catullus (1861), of Dante's "Vita Nuova" (1862), of Goethe's "Faust" (Part I., 1865; Part II., 1886), and of Heine's "Poems and Ballads" (1878). He has likewise written a life of Professor Aytoun (1867); the delightful little book on Horace belonging to the series of Ancient Classics for English Readers (1870), and biographies

of the Prince Consort (1874-80), Lord Lyndhurst (1883), and the Princess Alice (1885). He was made C.B. in 1875, and K.C.B. five years afterwards. In 1880 he was elected Lord Rector of St. Andrews University.

Aytoun's comic work is the last literary product of an Edinburgh society that has passed away—of the school of convivial lawyers and writers whose freaks round the mahogany survive in the pages of "Guy Mannering" and the "Noctes." His racy and overflowing humour was occasionally extravagant and uproarious. In his prose tales he carried exaggeration to excess, and upset probability in a riot of ludicrous fancy. But he had the keenest appreciation of the comic foibles of his countrymen, and especially of the Western Scot. His stories are irresistibly amusing. Few recent writers have evoked heartier laughter than he who told of the pride and fall of Reginald Dunshunner of St. Mirrens; of Maggie, the flower of Dreepdaily, with her ballad-burdens of shares and votes; of Toddy Tam and the delightful adventure of "The Clique." In the "Bon Gaultier Ballads" the humour is less rollicking. Indeed, in several of the pieces it runs somewhat cold and thin. There is a lack both of geniality and point in the stories of the Count of Tolledo and of I. O. Uwins, nor are the American ballads, on the whole, strongly incentive to laughter. One does not greatly care to listen to the free Columbian's vituperative adieu to Dickens, nor to hear how Philip Slingsby slew the snapping turtle, nor how "Colt his foeman quartered"—though the last ballad ends with a very happy travesty of the closing lines of "Horatius":—

“And in the nights of winter,
 In the long November days;
 When lads and lassies merrily
 Are shucking at the maize,
 When the good man wets his whistle,
 And the good wife scolds the child,
 And the girls exclaim convulsively—
 ‘Have done, or I’ll be riled,’
 While a loafer, sitting next them,
 Attempts a sly caress,
 Exclaiming—‘Ah, ye ’possum,
 Ye’ve fixed my heart, I guess,’
 With weeping and with laughter,
 Still will they tell the tale,
 How Colt his foemen quartered,
 And died within the jail.”

But the fight in Congress, which ended in the gouging of “coon-faced Kurnel Slick,” is described with admirable gusto. And if the lines, “Who would not be the Laureate bold,” are not a very happy exercise in pseudo-Tennysonian verse, the “Lay of the Love-lorn” is a masterly example of parodistic ingenuity and sonorous nonsense. The grand rhythm of “Locksley Hall” is very skilfully mimicked—indeed, Aytoun, in general, exhibits a better command of rhythm in his humorous than in his serious pieces. The “Lay” is full of sound and colour; the writer revels in the play of his madcap fancy, and “scales the high pyramids” of magniloquent absurdity and audacious burlesque:—

“I myself in far Timbuctoo leopard’s blood shall daily
 quaff,
 Ride a-tiger-hunting mounted on a thorough-bred giraffe.
 * * * * *
 I shall rear my young mulattoes as no Bond Street brats
 are reared;
 They shall ride on alligators, catch the wild goats by the
 beard,

Whistle to the cockatoos, and mock the hairy-faced baboon
Worship mighty Mumbo-Jumbo in the mountains of the
moon."

Even funnier than the "Lay of the Love-lorn" is the Scottish ballad which tells how "oor gude Queen gae'd forth to sail upon the saut sea-faem," how she held high feast with the King of France, and played at cards with the dourest prince in the land ("an' aye she dealed the red honours, an' aye she dealed the black"), and how the only poet to be found in France could not write a stanza, though threatened with the gallows tree, whereupon the Queen sent for the great bard Bon Gaultier, who filled the castle-hall with music. Best known of all is the song of the "Fhairshon." The popularity of Aytoun's serious ballads is on the wane, but the "Phairshon" is a joy for ever. The lay of "Mactavish and the Queen of Phaerie" opens almost as promisingly:—

"I will sing you songs
Will make your heart-strings tingle,
They were made by me,
Ossian, son of Fingal,
In honour of a chief
Called Forquhard Mhor-Mactavish;
To whom the ladies were
Of their attentions lavish."

But this lay (which is not included in the "Bon Gaultier Ballads") was left a fragment by Aytoun.

WALTER WHYTE.

BON GAULTIER BALLADS.

1853.

AYTOUN—MARTIN.

I.—THE MASSACRE OF THE MACPHERSON.

FROM THE GAELIC.

FHAIRSHON swore a feud
Against the clan M'Tavish ;
Marched into their land
To murder and to rafish ;
For he did resolve
To extirpate the vipers,
With four-and-twenty men
And five-and-thirty pipers.

But when he had gone
Half-way down Strath Canaan,
Of his fighting tail
Just three were remainin .
They were all he had
To back him in ta battle ;
All the rest had gone
Off, to drive ta cattle.

"Fery coot !" cried Fhairshon,
"So my clan disgraced is ;
Lads, we'll need to fight
Pefore we touch the peasties.
Here's Mhic-Mac-Methusaleh
Coming wi' his fassals,
Gillies seventy-three,
And sixty Dhuiné was sauls !"

“Coot tay to you, sir;
Are you not ta Fhairshon?
Was you coming here
To fisit any person?
You are a plackguard, sir!
It is now six hundred
Coot long years, and more,
Since my glen was plundered.”

“Fat is tat you say?
Dare you cock your peaver?
I will teach you, sir,
Fat is coot pehaviour!
You shall not exist
For another day more;
I will shoot you, sir,
Or stap you with my claymore!”

“I am fery glad
To learn what you mention,
Since I can prevent
Any such intention.”
So Mhic-Mac-Methusaleh
Gave some war-like howls,
Trew his skhian-dhu,
An’ stuck it in his powels.

In this fery way
Tied ta faliant Fhairshon,
Who was always thought
A superior person.
Fhairshon had a son
Who married Noah’s daughter,
And nearly spoiled ta Flood,
By trinking up ta water.

Which he would have done,
 I at least pelieve it,
 Had ta mixture peen
 Only half Glenlivet.
 This is all my tale :
 Sirs, I hope 'tis new t'ye !
 Here's your fery good healths,
 And tamn ta whusky duty !

II.—THE QUEEN IN FRANCE.

AN ANCIENT SCOTTISH BALLAD.

PART I.

IT fell upon the August month,
 When landsmen bide at hame,
 That our gude Queen went out to sail
 Upon the saut-sea faem.

And she has ta'en the silk and gowd,
 The like was never seen ;
 And she has ta'en the Prince Albert,
 And the bauld Lord Aberdeen.

“Ye'se bide at hame, Lord Wellington :
 Ye daurna gang wi' me :
 For ye hae been ance in the land o' France,
 And that's eneuch for ye.

“Ye'se bide at hame, Sir Robert Peel,
 To gather the red and the white monie ;
 And see that my men do not eat me up
 At Windsor wi' their gluttonie.”

They hadna sailed a league, a leaguc,—
 A league, but barely twa,
 When the lift grew dark, and the waves grew wan,
 And the wind began to blaw.

“O weel, weel may the waters rise,
In welcome o’ their Queen;
What gars ye look sae white, Albert?
What makes your ee sae green?”

“My heart is sick, my heid is sair:
Gie me a glass o’ the gude brandie:
To set my foot on the braid green sward,
I’d gie the half o’ my yearly fee.

“It’s sweet to hunt the sprightly hare
On the bonny slopes o’ Windsor lea,
But O, it’s ill to bear the thud
And pitching o’ the saut, saut sea!”

And aye they sailed, and aye they sailed,
Till England sank behind,
And over to the coast of France
They drave before the wind.

Then up and spak the King o’ France,
Was birling at the wine:
“O wha may be the gay ladye,
That owns that ship sae fine?”

“And wha may be that bonny lad,
That looks sae pale and wan?
I’ll wad my lands o’ Picardie,
That he’s nae Englishman.”

Then up and spak an auld French lord,
Was sitting beneath his knee,
“It is the Queen o’ braid England
That’s come across the sea.”

“And O an it be England’s Queen,
She’s welcome here the day ;
I’d rather hae her for a friend
Than for a deadly fae.

“Gae, kill the eerock in the yard,
The auld sow in the sty,
And bake for her the brockit calf,
But and the puddock-pic !”

And he has gane until the ship,
As soon as it drew near,
And he has ta’en her by the hand—
“Ye’re kindly welcome here !”

And syne he kissed her on ae cheek,
And syne upon the ither ;
And he ca’d her his sister dear,
And she ca’d him her brither.

“Light down, light down now, ladye mine,
Light down upon the shore ;
Nae English king has trodden here
This thousand years and more.”

“And gin I lighted on your land,
As light fu’ weel I may,
O, am I free to feast wi’ you,
And free to come and gae ?”

And he has sworn by the Haly Rood,
And the black stane o’ Dumblane,
That she is free to come and gae
Till twenty days are gane.

"I've lippened to a Frenchman's aith,"
Said gude Lord Aberdeen ;
"But I'll never lippen to it again
Sae lang's the grass is green.

"Yet gae your ways, my sovereign liege,
Sin' better mayna be ;
The wee bit bairns are safe at hame,
By the blessing o' Marie !"

Then down she lighted frae the ship,
She lighted safe and sound ;
And glad was our good Prince Albert
To step upon the ground.

"Is that your Queen, my Lord ?" she said,
"That auld and buirdly dame ?
I see the crown upon her head ;
But I dinna ken her name."

And she has kissed the Frenchman's Queen,
And eke her daughters three,
And gien her hand to the young Princess,
That louted upon the knee.

And she has gane to the proud castel,
That's biggit beside the sea :
But aye, when she thought o' the bairns at hame,
The tear was in her ee.

She gied the King the Cheshire cheese,
But and the porter fine ;
And he gied her the puddock-pies,
But and the blude-red wine.

Then up and spak the dourest prince,
An admiral was he ;
“ Let’s keep the Queen o’ England here,
Sin’ better mayna be !

“ O mony is the dainty king
That we hae trappit here ;
And mony is the English yerl
That’s in our dungeons drear ! ”

“ You lee, you lee, ye graceless loon,
Sae loud’s I hear ye lee !
There never yet was Englishman
That came to skaith by me.

“ Gae oot, gae oot, ye fause traitour !
Gae oot until the street ;
It’s shame that Kings and Queens should sit
Wi’ sic a knave at meat ! ”

Then up and raise the young French lord,
In wrath and hie disdain—
“ O ye may sit, and ye may eat
Your puddock-pics alane !

“ But were I in my ain gude ship,
And sailing wi’ the wind,
And did I meet wi’ auld Napier,
I’d tell him o’ my mind.”

O then the Queen leuch loud and lang,
And her colour went and came
“ Gin ye meet wi’ Charlie on the sea,
Ye’ll wish yersel at hame ! ”

And aye they birlit at the wine,
And drank richt merrilie,
Till the auld cock crawed in the castle-yard,
And the abbey bell struck three.

The Queen she gaed until her bed,
And Prince Albert likewise ;
And the last word that gay ladye said
Was—"O thae puddock-pies !"

PART II.

THE sun was high within the lift
Afore the French King raise ;
And syne he louped intil his sark,
And warslit on his claes.

"Gae up, gae up, my little foot-page,
Gae up until the toun ;
And gin ye meet wi' the auld harper,
Be sure ye bring him down."

And he has met wi' the auld harper ;
O but his een were reid ;
And the bizzing o' a swarm of bees
Was singing in his heid.

"Alack ! alack !" the harper said,
"That this should e'er hae been !
I daurna gang before my liege,
For I was fou yestreen."

"It's ye maun come, ye auld harper ;
Ye daurna tarry lang ;
The King is just dementit-like
For wanting o' a sang."

And when he came to the King's chamber,
He loutit on his knee,

"O what may be your gracious will
Wi' an auld frail man like me?"

"I want a sang, harper," he said,
"I want a sang richt speedilie;
And gin ye dinna make a sang,
I'll hang ye up on the gallows tree."

"I canna do't, my liege," he said,
"Hae mercy on my auld grey hair!
But gin that I had got the words,
I think that I might mak the air."

"And wha's to mak the words, fause loon,
When minstrels we have barely twa;
And Lamartine is in Paris toun,
And Victor Hugo far awa'!"

"The deil may gang for Lamartine,
And flee awa' wi' auld Hugo,
For a better minstrel than them baith
Within this very toun I know.

"O kens my liege the gude Walter,
At hame they ca' him BON GAULTIER?
He'll rhyme ony day wi' True Thomas,
And he is in the castle here."

The French King first he lauchit loud,
And syne did he begin to sing;

"My e'en are auld, and my heart is cauld,
Or I suld ha'e known the minstrels' King

"Gae take to him this ring o' gowd,
And this mantle o' the silk sae fine,
And bid him mak a maister sang
For his sovereign ladye's sake and mine.

“I winna take the gowden ring,
Nor yet the mantle fine :
But I’ll mak the sang for my ladye’s sake,
And for a cup of wine.”

The Queen was sitting at the cards,
The King ahint her back ;
And aye she dealed the red honours,
And aye she dealed the black ;

And syne unto the dourest Prince
She spak richt courteouslie ;—
“Now will ye play, Lord Admiral,
Now will ye play wi’ me ?”

The dourest Prince he bit his lip,
And his brow was black as glaur ;
“The only game that e’er I play
Is the bluidy game o’ war !”

“And gin ye play at that, young man,
It weel may cost ye sair ;
Ye’d better stick to the game at cards,
For you’ll win nae honours there !”

The King he leuch, and the Queen she leuch,
Till the tears ran blithely down ;
But the admiral he raved and swore,
Till they kicked him frae the room.

The Harper came, and the Harper sang,
And O but they were fain ;
For when he had sung the gude sang twice,
They called for it again.

It was the sang o’ the Field o’ Gowd,
In the days of auld langsyne ;
When bauld King Henry crossed the seas,
Wi’ his brither King to dine.

And aye he harped, and aye he carped,
Till up the Queen she sprang—
“I’ll wad a County Palatine,
Gude Walter made that sang.”

Three days had come, three days had gane,
The fourth began to fa’,
When our gude Queen to the Frenchman said,
“It’s time I was awa !

“O, bonny are the fields o’ France,
And saftly draps the rain ;
But my bairnies are in Windsor Tower,
And greeting a’ their lane.

“Now ye maun come to me, Sir King,
As I have come to ye ;
And a benison upon your heid
For a’ your courtesie !

“Ye maun come, and bring your lady fere ;
Ye sall na say me no ;
And ye’s mind, we have aye a bed to spare
For that gawsy chield Guizot.”

Now he has ta’en her lily-white hand,
And put it to his lip,
And he has ta’en her to the strand,
And left her in her ship.

“Will ye come back, sweet bird ?” he cried,
“Will ye come kindly here,
When the lift is blue, and the laverocks sing,
In the spring-time o’ the year ?”

“It’s I would blythely come, my Lord,
To see ye in the spring ;
It’s I would blythely venture back,
But for ae little thing.

“ It isna that the winds are rude,
Or that the waters rise,
But I loe the roasted beef at hame,
And no thae puddock-pies ! ”

III.—THE CRY OF THE LOVELORN.

COMRADES, you may pass the rosy. With permission of the chair,
I shall leave you for a little, for I'd like to take the air.

Whether 'twas the sauce at dinner, or that glass of ginger-beer,
Or these strong cheroots, I know not, but I feel a little queer.

Let me go. Nay, Chuckster, blow me, 'pon my soul,
this is too bad !
When you want me, ask the waiter ; he knows where I'm to be had.

Whew ! this is a great relief now ! Let me but undo my stock ;
Resting here beneath the porch, my nerves will steady like a rock.

In my ears I hear the singing of a lot of favourite tunes—
Bless my heart, how very odd ! Why, surely there's a brace of moons !

See ! the stars ! how bright they twinkle, winking with a frosty glare,
Like my faithless cousin Amy when she drove me to despair.

Oh, my cousin, spider-hearted ! Oh, my Amy ! No,
confound it !

I must wear the mournful willow,—all around my
heart I've bound it.

Falser than the bank of fancy, frailer than a shilling
glove,

Puppet to a father's anger, minion to a nabob's
love !

Is it well to wish thee happy ? Having known me
could you ever

Stoop to marry half a heart, and little more than
half a liver ?

Happy ! Damme ! Thou shalt lower to his level day
by day,

Changing from the best of china to the commonest
of clay.

As the husband is, the wife is,—he is stomach-
plagued and old ;

And his curry soups will make thy cheek the colour
of his gold.

When sih feeble love is sated, he will hold thee
surely then

Something lower than his hookah,—something less
than his cayenne.

What is this ? His eyes are pinky. Was't the
claret ? Oh, no, no,—

Bless your soul ! it was the salmon,—salmon always
makes him so.

Take him to thy dainty chamber—soothe him with
thy lightest fancies ;

He will understand thee, won't he ?—pay thee with
a lover's glances ?

Louder than the loudest trumpet, harsh as harshest
ophicleide,
Nasal respirations answer the endearments of his
bride.

Sweet response, delightful music ! Gaze upon thy
noble charge,
Till the spirit fill thy bosom that inspired the meek
Laffarge.

Better thou wert dead before me, better, better that
I stood,
Looking on thy murdered body, like the injured
Daniel Good !

Better thou and I were lying, cold and timber-stiff
and dead,
With a pan of burning charcoal underneath our
nuptial bed !

Cursed be the Bank of England's notes, that tempt
the soul to sin !

Cursed be the want of acres,—doubly cursed the
want of tin !

Cursed be the marriage-contract, that enslaved thy
soul to greed !

Cursed be the sallow lawyer, that prepared and drew
the deed !

Cursed be his foul apprentice, who the loathsome
fees did earn !

Cursed be the clerk and parson,—cursed be the
whole concern !

* * * * *

Oh, 'tis well that I should bluster,—much I'm like to
make of that ;

Better comfort have I found in singing "All around
my Hat."

But that song, so wildly plaintive, palls upon my
British ears.

'Twill not do to pine for ever—I am getting up in
years.

Can't I turn the honest penny, scribbling for the
weekly press,

And in writing Sunday libels drown my private
wretchedness?

Oh, to feel the wild pulsation that in manhood's
dawn I knew,

When my days were all before me,—and my years
were twenty-two!

When I smoked my independent pipe along the
Quadrant wide,

With the many larks of London flaring up on every
side;

When I went the pace so wildly, caring little what
might come;

Coffee-milling care and sorrow, with a nose-adapted
thumb.

Felt the exquisite enjoyment, tossing nightly off, oh
heavens!

Brandies at the Cider Cellars, kidneys smoking hot
at Evans'!

Or in the Adelphi sitting, half in rapture, half in
tears,

Saw the glorious melodrama conjure up the shades
of years!

Saw Jack Sheppard, noble stripling, act his wondrous
feats again,

Snapping Newgate's bars of iron, like an infant's
daisy chain.

Might was right, and all the terrors, which had held
the world in awe,
Were despised, and priggish prospered, spite of
Laurie, spite of law.

In such scenes as these I triumphed, ere my passions'
edge was rusted,
And my cousin's cold refusal left me very much dis-
gusted !

Since, my heart is sere and withered, and I do not
care a curse,
Whether worse shall be the better, or the better be
the worse.

Hark ! my merry comrades call me, bawling for
another jorum ;
They would mock me in derision, should I thus
appear before 'em.

Womankind no more shall vex me, such at least as
go arrayed
In the most expensive satins and the newest silk
brocade.

I'll to Afric, lion-haunted, where the giant forest
yields
Rarer robes and finer tissue than are sold at Spital-
fields.

Or to burst all chains of habit, flinging habit's self
aside,
I shall walk the tangled jungle in mankind's primeval
pride ;

Feeding on the luscious berries and the rich cassava
root,
Lots of dates, and lots of guavas, clusters of for-
bidden fruit.

Never comes the trader thither, never o'er the purple
main

Sounds the oath of British commerce, or the accent
of Cockaigne.

There, methinks, would be enjoyment, where no
envious rule prevents ;

Sink the steamboats ! cuss the railways ! rot, O rot
the Three per Cents !

There the passions, cramped no longer, shall have
space to breathe, my cousin !

I will wed some savage woman—nay, I'll wed at
least a dozen.

There I'll rear my young mulattos, as no Bond Street
brats are reared :

They shall dive for alligators, catch the wild goats
by the beard—

Whistle to the cockatoos, and mock the hairy-faced
baboon,

Worship mighty Mumbo Jumbo in the Mountains of
the Moon.

I, myself, in far Timbuctoo, Leopard's blood will
daily quaff,

Ride a-tiger-hunting, mounted on a thorough-bred
giraffe.

Fiercely shall I shout the war-whoop, as some sullen
stream he crosses,

Startling from their noonday slumbers iron-bound
rhinoceroses.

Fool ! again the dream, the fancy ! But I know my
words are mad,

For I hold the grey barbarian lower than the Chris-
tian cad.

I the swell—the city dandy ! I to seek such horrid
places,—

I to haunt with squalid negroes, blubber-lips and
monkey-faces !

I to wed with Coromantees ! I, who managed—very
near—

To secure the heart and fortune of the widow Shilli-
beer !

Stuff and nonsense ! let me never fling a single
chance away ;

Maids, ere now, I know, have loved me, and another
maiden may.

Morning Post (*The Times* won't trust me), help me
as I know you can ;

I will pen an advertisement,—that's a never-failing
plan.

“WANTED—by a bard, in wedlock, some young in-
teresting woman :

Looks are not so much an object, if the shiners be
forthcoming !

“Hymen's chains the advertiser vows shall be but
silken fetters ;

Please address to A. T. Chelsea. N.B.—You must
pay the letters.”

That's the sort of thing to do it. Now I'll go and
taste the balmy,—

Rest thee with thy yellow nabob, spider-hearted
Cousin Amy !

Arthur Hugh Clough.

1819—1861.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH united in happy and sympathetic association healthy, mental, and physical life. Though given to psychological inquiry and introspective analysis he took the keenest delight in the enjoyment of the physical world, and so maintained in even balance the two parts of his remarkably vigorous and harmonious nature. In an equipment so complete a sense of humour could not be lacking, and Clough gives ample evidence of possessing it in a rare degree. The humour and satire of "The Latest Decalogue" would be sufficient proof if it stood alone.

"Thou shalt have one God only ; who
Would be at the expense of two ?
No graven images may be
Worshipped, except the currency :
Swear not at all ; for, for thy curse
Thine enemy is none the worse :
At Church on Sunday to attend
Will serve to keep the world thy friend :
Honour thy parents ; that is, all
From whom advancement may befall :
Thou shalt not kill ; but need'st not strive
Officiously to keep alive :
Do not adultery commit ;
Advantage rarely comes of it :
Thou shalt not steal ; an empty feat,
When it's so lucrative to cheat :

Bear not false witness ; let the lie
Have time on its own wings to fly :
Thou shalt not covet, but tradition
Approves all forms of competition.

Other examples might easily be quoted from the "Amours de Voyage," "The Bothre of Tober-na-Vuolich," and "Dipsychus," but they are somewhat difficult to detach from their contexts, and the lines "Spectator Ab Extra" given in the following pages must suffice.

ALFRED H. MILES.

SPECTATOR AB EXTRA.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

I.

AS I sat at the *Café* I said to myself,
They may talk as they please about what they call pelf,
They may sneer as they like about eating and drinking,
But help it I cannot, I cannot help thinking
How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho !
How pleasant it is to have money.

I sit at my table, *en grand seigneur*,
And when I have done, throw a crust to the poor ;
Not only the pleasure itself of good living,
But also the pleasure of now and then giving :
So pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho !
So pleasant it is to have money.

They may talk as they please about what they call pelf,
And how one ought never to think of one's self,
How pleasures of thought surpass eating and drinking—
My pleasure of thought is the pleasure of thinking
How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho !
How pleasant it is to have money.

II

LE DINER.

Come along, 'tis the time, ten or more minutes past,
And he who came first had to wait for the last ;
The oysters ere this had been in and been out ;
Whilst I have been sitting and thinking about
How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho !
How pleasant it is to have money.

A clear soup with eggs ; *voilà tout* ; of the fish
The *filets de sole* are a moderate dish

A là Orly, but you're for red mullet, you say :

By the gods of good fare, who can question to-day
How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho !
How pleasant it is to have money.

After oysters, *sauterne* ; then sherry, champagne,
Ere one bottle goes, comes another again ;
Fly up, thou bold cork, to the ceiling above,
And tell to our ears in the sound that they love
How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho !
How pleasant it is to have money.

I've the simplest of palates ; absurd it may be,
But I almost could dine on a *poulet-au-riz*,
Fish and soup and omelette and that—but the deuce—
There were to be woodcocks, and not Charlotte Russe !
So pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho !
So pleasant it is to have money.

Your chablis is acid, away with the hock,
Give me the pure juice of the purple Médoc :
St. Peray is exquisite ; but, if you please,
Some Burgundy just before tasting the cheese.
So pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho !
So pleasant it is to have money.

As for that, pass the bottle, and d——n the expense,
I've seen it observed by a writer of sense,
That the labouring classes could scarce live a day,
If people like us didn't eat, drink, and pay.
So useful it is to have money, heigh-ho !
So useful it is to have money.

One ought to be grateful, I quite apprehend,
 Having dinner and supper and plenty to spend,
 And so suppose now, while the things go away,
 By way of a grace we all stand up and say,
 How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho!
 How pleasant it is to have money.

III.

PARVENANT

I cannot but ask, in the park and the streets,
 When I look at the number of persons one meets,
 Whate'er in the world the poor devils can do
 Whose fathers and mothers can't give them a sou.
 So needful it is to have money, heigh-ho!
 So needful it is to have money.

I ride and I drive, and I care not a d——n,
 The people look up and they ask who I am;
 And if I should chance to run over a cad,
 I can pay for the damage, if ever so bad.
 So useful it is to have money, heigh-ho!
 So useful it is to have money.

It was but this winter I came up to town,
 And already I'm gaining a sort of renown;
 Find my way to good houses without much ado,
 Am beginning to see the nobility, too.
 So useful it is to have money, heigh-ho!
 So useful it is to have money.

O dear! what a pity they ever should lose it,
 Since they are the people that know how to use it;
 So easy, so stately, such manners, such dinners,
 And yet, after all, it is we are the winners.
 So needful it is to have money, heigh-ho!
 So needful it is to have money.

It's all very well to be handsome and tall,
Which certainly makes you look well at a ball ;
It's all very well to be clever and witty,
But if you are poor, why it's only a pity.

So needful it is to have money, heigh-ho !

So needful it is to have money.

There's something undoubtedly in a fine air,
To know how to smile and be able to stare ;
High breeding is something, but well-bred or not,
In the end the one question is, what have you got ?

So needful it is to have money, heigh-ho !

So needful it is to have money.

And the angels in pink and the angels in blue,
In muslins and moirés so lovely and new,
What is it they want, and so wish you to guess,
But if you have money, the answer is Yes.

So needful, they tell you, is money, heigh-ho !

So needful it is to have money.

Whyte-Melville.

1821-1878.

GEORGE JOHN WHYTE-MELVILLE was the eldest son of Major Whyte-Melville, of Mount Melville, St. Andrew's, Fifeshire. He was born in the year 1821, and was educated at Eton. In 1839 he joined the Coldstream Guards, from which he retired ten years later, having attained the rank of Captain. In 1855 he joined the Turkish Cavalry, resigning his appointment at the close of the Crimean War.

It is as a novelist that Whyte-Melville is chiefly known. He glorified the pleasures of the countryside as they are seen from the eyes of "The Galloping Squire," as Anthony Trollope may be said to have glorified them as seen from the parsonage windows. He was a keen sportsman and a fearless rider, and in verse may perhaps be said to divide with Adam Lindsay Gordon the right to be called the laureate of the horse. He died from the results of a fall while galloping over a ploughed field in December, 1878, and so met his death while in the enjoyment of one of the keenest pleasures of his life. His principal novels are "Digby Grand" (1853); "General Bounce" (1854); "Kate Coventry" (1856); "The Interpreter" (1858); "Holmby House" (1860); "Good for Nothing" (1861); "The Gladiators" (1863); "The Brookes of Bridlemere" (1864); "Cerise" (1866); "M. or N." (1869); "Satanela"

(1872); "Uncle John" (1874); "Katerfelto" (1875); "Sister Louise" (1876); and "Black but Comely" (1879). He published several other works, including a "Translation of Horace into English Verse" (1850); his volume of "Songs and Verse" (1872); and "The True Cross : a Legend of the Church" (1873).

Whyte-Melville's verse is of a quality which makes one regret that he gave so small a proportion of his time to its cultivation. Here, as in his prose, he passes easily from classic story to modern song, from the historic to the fashionable, from the reflective to the convivial, and with an ear for music and a command of technique which produce the happiest results. It is perhaps, however, by his hunting songs and ballads that he will be best remembered. There is knowledge and experience in them as well as a "go" and "ring" about them which carries them home. No one but a "master of the horse" could have written "The Clipper that stands in the stall at the top."

"A head like a snake, and a skin like a mouse,
An eye like a woman, bright, gentle, and brown,
With loins and a back that would carry a house,
And quarters to lift him smack over a town!
While a leap to the rest is to him but a hop,
This Clipper that stands in the stall at the top."

ALFRED H. MILES.

SONGS AND VERSES.

1869.

WHYTE-MELVILLE.

I.—RIDING THROUGH THE BROOM.

THERE'S music in the gallery,
There's dancing in the hall,
And the girl I love is moving
Like a goddess through the ball,
Amongst a score of rivals
You're the fairest in the room,
But I like you better, Marion,
Marion, Marion,
I like you better, Marion,
Riding through the broom.

It was but yester morning,
The vision haunts me still,
That we looked across the valley,
As our horses rose the hill;
And I bade you read my riddle,
And I waited for my doom,
While the spell was on us Marion
Marion, Marion,
The spell was on us, Marion,
Riding through the broom

The wild bird carolled freely,
The May was dropping dew,
The day was like a day from heaven,
From heaven, because of you;
And on my heart there broke a light,
Dispelling weeks of gloom.

While I whispered to you, Marion,
Marion, Marion,
While I whispered to you, Marion,
Riding through the broom.

“What is freer than the wild bird?
What is sweeter than the May?
What is fresher than the morning,
And brighter than the day?”
In your eye came deeper lustre,
On your cheek a softer bloom,
And I think you guessed it, Marion,
Marion, Marion,
I think you guessed it, Marion,
Riding through the broom.

And now they flutter round you,
These insects of an hour,
And I must stand aloof and wait,
And watch my cherished flower;
I glory in her triumphs,
And I grudge not her perfume,
But I love you best, my Marion,
Marion, Marion,
I love you best, my Marion,
Riding through the broom.

II.—THE GALLOPING SQUIRE.

COME, I'll show you a country that none can surpass,
For a flyer to cross like a bird on the wing.
We have acres of woodland and oceans of grass,
We have game in the autumn and cubs in the spring,
We have scores of good fellows hang out in the shire,
But the best of them all is the Galloping Squire.

The Galloping Squire to the saddle has got,
While the dewdrop is melting in gems on the thorn,
From the kennel he's drafted the pick of his lot;
How they swarm to his cheer! How they fly to his horn!
Like harriers turning or chasing like fire,
"I can trust 'em, eech hound!" says the Galloping Squire.

One wave of his arm, to the covert they throng;
"Yoi! wind him! and rouse him! By Jove! he's away!"
Through a gap in the oaks see them speeding along,
O'er the open like pigeons: "They *mean* it to-day!
You may jump till you're sick—you may spur till you tire!
For it's catch 'em who can!" says the Galloping Squire.

Then he takes the old horse by the head, and he sails
In the wake of his darlings, all ear and all eye,
As they come in his line, o'er banks, fences, and rails,
The cramped ones to creep, and the fair ones to fly.
It's a *very* queer place that will put in the mire
Such a rare one to ride as the Galloping Squire.

But a fallow has brought to their noses the pack,
And the pasture beyond is with cattle-stains spread ;
One wave of his arm, and the Squire in a crack
Has lifted and thrown in the beauties at head.
"On a morning like this, it's small help you require,
But he's forward, I'll swear !" says the Galloping Squire.

So forty fair minutes they run and they race,
'Tis a heaven to some ! 'tis a lifetime to all ;
Though the horses we ride are such gluttons for pace,
- There are stout ones that stop, there are safe ones that fall.
But the names of the vanquished need never transpire
For they're all in the rear of the Galloping Squire.

Till the gamest old varmint that ever drew breath,
All stiffened and draggled, held high for a throw,
O'er the Squire's jolly visage, is grinning in death,
Ere he dashes him down to be eaten below ;
While the daws flutter out from a neighbouring spire
At the thrilling who-whoop of the Galloping Squire.

And the labourer at work, and the lord in his hall,
Have a jest or a smile when they hear of the sport,
In ale or in claret he's toasted by all,
For they never expect to see more of the sort.
And long may it be ere he's forced to retire,
For we breed very few like the Galloping Squire.

III.—GIPSY JOHN.

(FROM "BLACK BUT COMELY.")

THE gipsy fires are shining,
The kettle sings a song,
And stomachs want their lining
That are empty all day long.

Then welcome if you've lost your way,
For daylight's past and gone,
And strangers might do worse than stay
To house with Gipsy John !
So dip your fingers in the stew,
And drink a cup to me ;
I'll fill again, and drink to you
A health in Romany !

I hope you'll like your dinner—
But it's not polite to brag—
And as I'm a living sinner,
It has cost me not a mag !
That loaf is off the bailiff's board,
A rich cur-mud-ge-on !
The rest comes mostly from my lord,
Purloined by Gipsy John.
Then dip your fingers in the stew,
And drink a cup to me ;
I'll fill again, and drink to you
A health in Romany !

There's fowl of many a feather,
There's a turkey-poult and hen,
A moorcock off the heather,
A mallard from the fen,
A leash of teal, a thumping goose,
As heavy as a swan ;
He ought to wear his waistcoat loose
Who dines with Gipsy John !
Then dip your fingers in the stew,
And drink a cup to me ;
I'll fill again, and drink to you
A health in Romany !

And when your brains are turning,
And you're only fit for bed,
Those lamps in heaven are burning
To light you overhead :
Till waking up, refreshed and bright,
When stars grow pale and wan,
You'll swear they pass a cosy night
Who lodge with Gipsy John !
Then dip your fingers in the stew,
And drink a cup to me ;
I'll fill again, and drink to you
A health in Romany !

The birds of air shall call you,
They are stirring with the day,
No mischief shall befall you
Till we've set you on your way ;
And when you've left the wanderer's camp
To travel blithely on,
Be kind to some poor tinker-tramp,
And think of Gipsy John !
Then dip your fingers in the stew,
And drink a cup to me ;
I'll fill again, and drink to you
A health in Romany !

Frederick Locker-Lampson.

1821—1895.

LIKE many others who are represented in this volume, Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson has claims which entitle him to recognition in a much more restricted circle, and, introduced by the sympathetic pen of Mr. Austin Dobson, a general selection of his poems appears in Volume V. of the "Poets and Poetry of the Century."

In the course of the introduction referred to, Mr. Austin Dobson says: "Among those who console themselves for the success of the 'lighter lyre' by reducing its rank as poetry, Mr. Locker is sometimes regarded as the representative society-verse writer,—the disciple upon whom, in our day, the mantle of *Praed* has fallen. But he is much more, as it seems to us, than the merely brilliant rhymers of

'The ice of her Ladyship's manners,
The ice of his Lordship's champagne.

"It is true that in such pieces as 'Rotten Row,' 'St. James's Street,' 'At Hurlingham,' and half-a-dozen others, he has written society-verse with an aptitude for which his opportunities and his experience especially qualify him. But the majority of his pieces are less verses of society than verses of humanity,—they are concerned more with the world at large than the world of the *Court Journal*. Often

they have turns and cadences which lift them far above the purely playful or humorous level at which they are conventionally supposed to remain.

"The truth is that, under the reputation of a verse-writer, Mr. Locker conceals a very genuine and highly cultivated poetic gift; and his admitted popularity is due in reality rather to his possession of this quality than to any successful perpetuation on his part of the themes or traditions of *Praed*. The 'poems' in his book are much more numerous than the 'verses.' 'At Her Window' is simply one of the most beautiful love-songs of the century; and, as long as it is not thought necessary to class the 'Talking Oak' and the 'Day Dream' of Tennyson among *vers de société*, there would seem to be no sufficient reason why such of Mr. Locker's efforts as 'My Neighbour Rose,' 'A Garden Lyric,' 'A Human Skull,' 'The Old Oak-Tree at Hatfield Broad Oak,' 'An Invitation to Rome and the Reply,' should be denied their places in the inner poetic circle."

Of the other and lighter side of Mr. Locker's work the following pages testify, and even here the quality of geniality which involves the human is apparent. Mr. Locker's verse flows with perfect naturalness from a fount of singular purity; and it is easy, while enjoying the transparency of the current and the sparkles that dance upon the surface, to forget that the very quality of clearness deceives as to the depths which it reveals.

ALFRED H. MILES.

SOCIETY AND HUMOUR.

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON.

I.—*ROTTEN ROW.*

I HOPE I'm fond of much that's good,
As well as much that's gay ;
I'd like the country if I could ;
I love the Park in May :
And when I ride in Rotten Row,
I wonder why they call'd it so.
A lively scene on turf and road ;
The crowd is bravely drest :
The *Ladies' Mile* has overflow'd,
The chairs are in request :
The nimble air, so soft, so clear,
Can hardly stir a ringlet here.
I'll halt beneath those pleasant trees,—
And drop my bridle-rein,
And, quite alone, indulge at ease
The philosophic vein :
I'll moralize on all I see—
Yes, it was all arranged for me !
Forsooth, and on a livelier spot
The sunbeam never shines.
Fair ladies here can talk and trot
With statesmen and divines :
Could I have chosen, I'd have been
A Duke, a Beauty, or a Dean.
What grooms ! What gallant gentlemen !
What well-appointed hacks !
What glory in their pace, and then
What Beauty on their backs !
My Pegasus would never flag
If weighted as my Lady's nag.

But where is now the courtly troop
 That once rode laughing by ?
 I miss the curls of Cantelupe
 The laugh of Lady Di :
 They all could laugh from night to morn,
 And Time has laugh'd them all to scorn

I then could frolic in the van
 With dukes and dandy earls ;
 Then I was thought a *nice* young man
 By rather *nice* young girls !
 I've half a mind to join Miss Browne
 And try one canter up and down.

Ah, no—I'll linger here awhile,
 And dream of days of yore ;
 For me bright eyes have lost the smile,
 The sunny smile they wore :—
 Perhaps they say, what I'll allow,
 That I'm not quite so handsome now.

II.—AN OLD MUFF.

*He cannot be complete in aught
 Who is not humourously prone,—
 A man without a merry thought
 Can hardly have a funny bone.*

TIME has a magic wand !
 What is this meets my hand,
 Moth-eaten, mouldy, and
 Cover'd with fluff ?
 Faded, and stiff, and scant ;
 Can it be ? No, it can't—
 Yes, I declare, it's Aunt
 Prudence's muff !

Years ago, twenty-three,
Old Uncle Doubledee
Gave it to Aunty P.
 Laughing and teasing—
“Prue., of the breezy curls,
Question those solemn churls,—
What holds a pretty girl’s
 Hand without squeezing ?”

Uncle was then a lad,
Gay, but, I grieve to add,
Sinful, if smoking bad
 Baccy’s a vice :
Glossy was then this mink
Muff, lined with pretty pink
Satin, which maidens think
 “Awfully nice !”

I seem to see again
Aunt, in her hood and train,
Glide, with a sweet disdain,
 Gravely to Meeting :
Psalm-book and kerchief new,
Peep’d from the muff of Pru. ;
Young men and pious too,
 Giving her greeting.

Sweetly her Sabbath sped
Then ; from this Muff, it’s said,
Tracts she distributed :—
 Converts (till Monday !)
Lured by the grace they lack’d,
Follow’d her. One, in fact,
Ask’d for—and got his tract
 Twice of a Sunday !

Love has a potent spell ;
Soon this bold *Ne'er-do-well*,
Aunt's too susceptible
 Heart undermining,
Slipt, so the scandal runs,
Notes in the pretty nun's
Muff—triple-corner'd ones,
 Pink as its lining.

Worse follow'd—soon the jade
Fled (to oblige her blade !)
Whilst her friends thought that they'd
 Lock'd her up tightly :
After such shocking games
Aunt is of wedded dames
Gayest, and now her name's
 Mrs. Golightly.

In female conduct flaw,
Sadder I never saw,
Faith still I've in the law
 Of compensation.
Once Uncle went astray,
Smoked, joked, and swore away.
Sworn by he's now, by a
 Large congregation.

Changed is the Child of Sin
Now he's (he once was thin)
Grave, with a double chin,—
 Blest be his fat form !
Changed is the garb he wore,
Preacher was never more
Prized than is Uncle for
 Pulpit or platform.

If all's as best befits
 Mortals of slender wits,
 Then beg this Muff and its
 Fair owner's pardon :
 All's for the best, indeed
 Such is my simple creed ;
 Still, I must go and weed
 Hard in my garden.

III.—THE BEAR PIT.

IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

*It seems that poor Bruin has never had peace
 'Twixt bald men in Bethel, and wise men in grease.—*

OLD ADAGE.

WE liked the Bear's serio-comical face,
 As he loll'd with a lazy, a lumbering grace ;
 Said Slyboots to me (as if *she* had got none),
 " Papa, let's give Bruin a bit of your bun."

Says I, " A plum bun might please wistful old Bruin,
 He can't eat the stone that the cruel boy threw in ;
 Stick *yours* on the point of mamma's parasol,
 And then he will climb to the top of the pole.

" Some bears have got two legs, and some have got more.
 Be good to old Bears if they've no legs or four ;
 Of duty to age you should never be careless,—
 My dear, I am bald, and I soon may be hairless !

" The gravest aversion exists among Bears
 From rude, forward persons who give themselves airs ;
 We know how some graceless young people were mau'd
 For plaguing a Prophet and calling him *bald*.

"Strange ursine devotion ! Their dancing-days ended,
Bears die to 'remove' what, in life, they defended :
They succour'd the Prophet, and, since that affair,
The bald have a painful regard for the bear."

My Moral ! Small people may read it, and run.
(The Child has my moral—the Bear has my bun.)

IV.—MR. PLACID'S FLIRTATION.

*Jemima was cross, and I lost my umbrella
That day at the tomb of Cecilia Metella.*

LETTERS FROM ROME.

MISS TRISTRAM'S *poulet* ended thus : "Nota bene,
We meet for croquet in the Aldobrandini."
Says my wife, "Then I'll drive, and you'll ride with Selina"
(Jones's fair spouse, of the Via Sistina).

We started : I'll own that my family deem
I'm an ass, but I'm not such an ass as I seem ;
As we cross'd the stones gently a nursemaid said, "La—
There goes Mrs. Jones with Miss Placid's papa !"

Our friends, one or two may be mention'd anon,
Had arranged *rendezvous* at the Gate of St. John :
That pass'd, off we spun over turf that's not green there,
And soon were all met at the villa. You've been there ?

I'll try and describe, or I won't, if you please,
The cheer that was set for us under the trees :
You have read the *menu*, may you read it again ;
Champagne, perigord, galantine, and—champagne.

The luncheon despatch'd, we adjourn'd to croquet,
A dainty, but difficult sport in its way.

Thus I counsel the sage, who to play at it stoops,
Belabour thy neighbour, and spoon through thy hoops.

Then we stroll'd, and discourse found its kindest of tones :
"How charming were solitude and—Mrs. Jones !"

"Indeed, Mr. Placid, I dote on the sheeny
And shadowy paths of this Aldobrandini!"

A girl came with violet posies, and two
Soft eyes, like her violets, freshen'd with dew,
And a kind of an indolent, fine-lady air,—
As if she by accident found herself there.

I bought one. Selina was pleased to accept it;
She gave me a rosebud to keep—and I've kept it.
Then twilight was near, and I think, in my heart,
When she vow'd she must go, she was loth to depart.

Cattivo momento! we dare not delay:
The steeds are remounted, and wheels roll away:
The ladies *condemn* Mrs. Jones, as the phrase is,
But vie with each other in chanting my praises.

"He has so much to say!" cries the fair Mrs. Legge;
"How amusing he was about missing the peg!"
"What a beautiful smile!" says the plainest Miss Gunn.
All echo, "He's charming! delightful!—What fun!"

This sounds rather *nice*, and it's perfectly clear it
Had sounded more *nice* had I happen'd to hear it;
The men were less civil, and gave me a rub,
So I afterwards heard when I went to the Club.

Says Brown, "I shall drop Mr. Placid's society;"
(Brown is a prig of improper propriety);
"Hang him," said Smith (who from cant's not exempt);
"Why, he'll bring immorality into contempt."

Says I (to myself), when I found me alone,
"My wife has my heart—is it always her own?"
And further, says I (to myself), "I'll be shot
If I know if Selina adores me or not."

Says Jones, "I've just come from the *scarvi*, at Veii,
And I've bought some remarkably fine scarabæi!"

V.—AN OLD BUFFER.

BUFFER.—A cushion or apparatus, with strong springs, to deaden the buff or concussion between a moving body and one on which it strikes.—*Webster's English Dictionary.*

*"If Blossom's a sceptic, or saucy, I'll search,
And find her a wholesome corrective—in Church!"*

MAMMA, *loquitur.*

"A KNOCK-ME-DOWN sermon, and worthy of Birch,
Says I to my Wife, as we toddle from church ;

"Convincing indeed !" is the lady's remark.

"How logical, too, on the size of the Ark !"

Then *Blossom* cut in, without begging our pardons,

"Pa, was it as big as the 'Logical Gardens ?"

"Miss *Blossom*," says I, to my dearest of Dearies,

"Papa disapproves of nonsensical queries ;

The Ark was an Ark, and had people to build it,—

Enough that we're told Noah built it and fill'd it:

Mamma doesn't ask how he caught his opossums."

—Said she, "That remark is as foolish as *Blossom's* !"

Thus talking and walking, the time is beguiled

By my orthodox Wife and my sceptical Child ;

I act as their *buffer*, whenever I can,

And you see I'm of use as a family man.

I parry their blows, and I've plenty to do—

I think that the Child's are the worst of the two !

My Wife has a healthy aversion for sceptics,

She vows they are bad—why, they're only dyspeptics !

May *Blossom* prove neither the one nor the other,

But do as she's bid by her excellent mother.

She thinks I'm a Solon ; perhaps, if I huff her,

She'll think I'm a . . . Something that's denser and tougher.

Charles Stuart Calverley.

1831—1884.

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY was born on December 22nd, 1831, at Martley, in Worcestershire. In his youth he was known as Charles Stuart Blayds, but in 1852 his father, the Rev. Henry Blayds, assumed the name of Calverley, which the family had borne from days preceding the Norman Conquest down to the beginning of the present century. He was sent in 1846 to Harrow, where he showed remarkable facility as a writer of Latin verse, and in 1850 he went up to Balliol College, Oxford. After winning the Chancellor's Prize at Balliol, he removed in 1852 to Christ's College, Cambridge. There he gained sundry University honours, and came out second in the first class of the Classical Tripos in 1856. He was elected a fellow of his college, and for some time worked as a tutor at Cambridge. His "Verses and Translations" appeared in 1862. Having vacated his fellowship on marrying his cousin, Ellen Calverley, he settled in London, and was called to the Bar in 1865. In the winter of 1866-7 while skating at his father-in-law's seat, Oulton Hall, near Leeds, he fell and sustained a concussion of the brain, from the effects of which he never thoroughly recovered. He was in consequence forced to relinquish a professional career, and his exquisite literary faculty was only

fitfully employed. His verse translation of Theocritus appeared in 1869, and his "Fly Leaves," which made him known as the king of English parodists, in 1872. He made two journeys to Norway and one to Switzerland. Declining health compelled him to spend his later years in inactivity and retirement. He died at Folkestone on February 17th, 1884. His "Literary Remains" were issued along with a memoir by Mr. Walter Sendall in 1885.

On the testimony of those who knew him best, Calverley's published writings convey only a very imperfect idea of his powers. At Oxford and at Cambridge he was justly regarded as a prodigy of versatility and intellectual brilliance. He excelled in scholarship and in athletics; his wit, his sunny humour, his musical talents, his gifts as a conversationalist, a caricaturist and a comic rhymers, the ease with which he carried off University honours as if in play, made him the idol and delight of his fellows. At Cambridge his jests went the round of the University. The Latin poem with which he won the Chancellor's Prize at Oxford is said to have been composed so rapidly that it might almost be termed an improvisation. His appearance in his college days is thus described by Mr. Sendall: "Short of stature, with a powerful head of the Greek type, covered thickly with crisp curling masses of dark hair, and closely set upon a frame whose supple joints and well-built proportions betokened both speed and endurance—he presented a picture of health, strength, and activity." He was a fascinating companion from his sparkling gaiety, his modesty and kindness. He was the most loyal and generous of friends; he was a favourite every-

where;—when he visited Cumberland he won the hearts of the dalesmen as readily as he had captivated the Cambridge undergraduates. But he seems to have had no ambition. “He was,” says his friend, Professor Seeley, “a hero asleep. Only some great need would ever have drawn him from his tent. And it was his lot to saunter along the high-road of life where the cases do not arise which call for such powers as his.” He was laughingly impatient of restraint and of everything formal, pretentious, and humdrum. Most men and things appeared to him in a ridiculous light; but his comic philosophy of life was untinged by cynicism. His uncontrollable mocking genius was exercised, not only on what he condemned but even on what he deeply admired. Thus, although he was an ardent student and worshipper of Virgil, he could not refrain from travesty the Virgilian music and the Virgilian magic of style. He was a prince of translators as well as of parodists. Some of his renderings of Latin poetry are of unsurpassable excellence, reproducing not only the exact sense, but the very rhythmic effect of the original.

Calverley had a wonderful sense of rhythm and of the power and beauty of words. He was a student of style from his boyhood. With his imagination and deep human sympathy, his sensitiveness, his exquisite appreciation of verbal music, and his mastery of poetic *technique*, he seemed to possess in unusual completeness the equipment of a serious lyrical artist; but his powers, by a charming perversity of genius, were enlisted in the service of an elvish irrepressible humour and a satiric wit equally whimsical and keen. His satire was guided

by severe good taste. He derided outworn rhymes and sham sentiment, obscure and contorted phrases, and lackadaisical refrains. His humour gains a peculiar pungency from the classic terseness and finish of his clear-cut verse. In certain of his pieces the air of mock gravity is so well maintained that the lines when first read might be taken for serious poetry, until a sharp deft change from the florid to the familiar, from the sentimental to the burlesque, an ingeniously incongruous phrase, a rhyme of ludicrous felicity, betrays their satiric intent. His exquisite literary sense enabled him to produce broadly humorous effects by subtle and singularly terse conjunctions of ornate with prosaic diction. And the succinctness of the expression, the severity of the literary form never embarrassed the play of his wit nor retarded the current of his humour. His best known parodies are "Lovers, and a Reflection," and "The Cock and the Bull." The last is perhaps Calverley's best, as it is certainly his bitterest effort. The parodies of Lord Tennyson's "Brook," of Miss Ingelow's "Divided," and of Mr. William Morris's early ballads, were apparently thrown off in a mood of light-hearted mockery. With "The Cock and the Bull" it is otherwise. His temperament and training led Calverley to regard simplicity, directness, terseness, and lucidity, as qualities inseparable from sound literary work. Hence the exceptional bitterness of feeling which inspires his travesty of the style of "The Ring and the Book,"—the most telling parody in the English tongue.

WALTER WHYTE.

FLY LEAVES.

1872.

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY.

I.—WANDERERS.

AS o'er the hill we roam'd at will,
My dog and I together,
We mark'd a chaise, by two bright bays
Slow-moved along the heather :

Two bays arch neck'd, with tails erect
And gold upon their blinkers ;
And by their side an ass I spied ;
It was a travelling tinker's.

The chaise went by, nor aught cared I ;
Such things are not in my way :
I turn'd me to the tinker, who
Was loafing down a by-way :

I ask'd him where he lived—a stare
Was all I got in answer,
As on he trudged : I rightly judged
The stare said, "Where I can, sir."

I ask'd him if he'd like a whiff
Of 'bacco ; he acceded ;
He grew communicative too,
(A pipe was all he needed,)
Till of the tinker's life, I think,
I knew as much as he did.

"I loiter down by thorp and town ;
For any job I'm willing ;
Take here and there a dusty brown,
And here and there a shilling.

"I deal in every ware in turn,
I've rings for buddin' Sally
That sparkle like those eyes of her'n ;
I've liquor for the valet.

"I steal from th' parson's strawberry-plots,
I hide by th' squire's covers ;
I teach the sweet young housemaids what's
The art of trapping lovers.

"The things I've done 'neath moon and stars
Have got me into messes :
I've seen the sky through prison bars,
I've torn up prison dresses :

"I've sat, I've sigh'd, I've gloom'd, I've glanced,
With envy at the swallows
That through the window slid, and danced
(Quite happy) round the gallows ;

"But out again I come, and show
My face nor care a stiver,
For trades are brisk and trades are slow ;
But mine goes on for ever."

Thus on he prattled like a babbling brook.
Then I, "The sun hath slipt behind the hill,
And my aunt Vivian dines at half-past six."
So in all love we parted ; I to the Hall,
They to the village. It was noised next noon
That chickens had been miss'd at Syllabub Farm.

II.—THE COCK AND THE BULL.

YOU see this pebble-stone? It's a thing I bought
 Of a bit of a chit of a boy i' the mid o' the day—
 I like to dock the smaller parts-o'-speech,
 As we curtail the already cur-tail'd cur
 (You catch the paronomasia, play 'po' words?)
 Did, rather, i' the pre-Landseerian days.
 Well, to my muttons. I purchased the concern,
 And clapt it i' my poke, having given for same
 By way o' chop, swop, barter or exchange—
 Chop' was my snickering dandiprat's own term—
 One shilling and fourpence, current coin o' the realm.
 O-n-e one and f-o-u-r four
 Pence, one and fourpence—you are with me, sir?—
 What hour it skills not: ten or eleven o' the clock,
 One day (and what a roaring day it was
 Go shop or sight-sec—bar a spit o' rain l)
 In February, eighteen sixty nine,
 Alexandrina Victoria, Fidei—
 Hm—hm—how runs the jargon? being on throne.

Such, sir, are all the facts, succinctly put,
 The basis or substratum—what you will—
 Of the impending eighty thousand lines.
 “Not much in 'em either,” quoth perhaps simple Hodge.
 But there's a superstructure. Wait a bit.

Mark first the rationale of the thing:
 Hear logic rivel and levigate the deed.
 That shilling—and for matter o' that, the pence—
 I had o' course upo' me—wi' me say—
 (*Mecum's* the Latin, make a note o' that)
 When I popp'd pen i' stand, scratch'd ear, wiped snout
 (Let everybody wipe his own himself),

Sniff'd—tch !—at snuffbox ; tumbled up, he-heed,
 Haw-haw'd (not hee-haw'd, that's another guess thing :)
 Then fumbled at, and stumbled out of, door,
 I shoved the timber ope wi' my omoplat ;
 And *in vestibulo*, i' the lobby to-wit,
 (Iacobi Facciolati's rendering, sir,)
 Donn'd galligaskins, antigropeloes,
 And so forth ; and, complete with hat and gloves,
 One on and one a-dangle i' my hand,
 And ombrifuge (Lord love you !), case o' rain,
 I flopp'd forth, 'sbuddikins ! on my own ten toes,
 (I do assure you there be ten of them),
 And went clump-clumping up hill and down dale
 To find myself o' the sudden i' front o' the boy.
 Put case I hadn't 'em on me, could I ha' bought
 This sort-o'-kind-o'-what-you-might-call toy,
 This pebble-thing, o' the boy-thing ? Q. E. D.
 That's proven without aid from mumping Pope,
 Sleek porporate or bloated Cardinal.
 (Isn't it, old Fatchaps ? You're in Euclid now.)
 So, having the shilling—having i' fact a lot—
 And pence and halfpence, ever so many o' their,
 I purchased, as I think I said before,
 The pebble (*lapis, lapidis,—di,—dem,—de—*
 What nouns 'crease short i' the genitive, Fatchaps, eh ?)
 O' the boy, a bare-legg'd beggarly son of a gun,
 For one-and-fourpence. Here we are again.

Now Law steps in, bigwigg'd, voluminous-jaw'd ;
 Investigates and re-investigates.
 Was the transaction illegal ? Law shakes head.
 Perpend, sir, all the bearings of the case.

At first the coin was mine, the chattel his.
 But now (by virtue of the said exchange

And barter) *vice versâ* all the coin,
Per juris operationem, vests
 I' the boy and his assigns till ding o' doom ;
 (*In sæcula sæculo-o-o-orum* ;
 I think I hear the Abate mouth out that.)
 To have and hold the same to him and them . . .
Confer some idiot on Conveyancing.
 Whereas the pebble and every part thereof,
 And all that appertaineth thereunto,
Quodcunque pertinet ad eam rem,
 (I fancy, sir, my Latin's rather pat)
 Or shall, will, may, might, can, could, would or should,
 (*Suboudi cætera*—clap we to the close—
 For what's the good of law in a case o' the kind ?)
 Is mine to all intents and purposes.
 This settled, I resume the thread o' the tale.

Now for a touch o' the vendor's quality.
 He says a gen'lman bought a pebble of him,
 (This pebble i' sooth, sir, which I hold i' my hand)—
 And paid for't, *like* a gen'lman, on the nail.
 "Did I o'ercharge him a ha'penny? Devil a bit.
 Fiddlepin's end! Get out, you blazing ass!
 Gabble o' the goose. Don't bugaboo-baby *me*!
 Go double or quits? Yah! tittup! what's the odds?"
 —There's the transaction view'd i' the vendor's light.

Next ask that dumpted hag, stood snuffling by,
 With her three frowsy blowsy brats o' babes,
 The scum o' the kennel, cream o' the filth-heap—Faugh!
 Aie, aie, aie, aie! *δτοτοτοτοτοῖ*,
 ('Stead which we blurt out Highty toighty now)—
 And the baker and candlestickmaker, and Jack and Gill,
 Blear'd Goody this and queasy Gaffer that.
 Ask the schoolmaster. Take schoolmaster first.

He saw a gentleman purchase of a lad
 A stone, and pay for it *rite*, on the square,
 And carry it off *per saltum*, jauntily,
Propria quæ maribus, gentleman's property now
 (Agrceably to the law explain'd above),
In proprium usum, for his private ends.
 The boy he chuck'd a brown i' the air, and bit
 I' the face the shilling: heaved a thumping stone
 At a lean hen that ran cluck clucking by,
 (And hit her, dead as nail i' post o' door,)
 Then *abiit*—what's the Ciceronian phrase?—
Excessit, evasit, erupit—off slogs boy;
 Off like bird *avi similis*, —(you observed
 The dative? Pretty i' the Mantuan!) *Anglice*
 Off in three flea skips. *Hactenus*, so far,
 So good, *tam bene*. *Bene, satis, male*——,
 Where was I with my trope 'bout one in a quag?
 I did once hitch the syntax into verse:
Verbum personale, a verb personal,
Concordat—ay, “agrees,” old Fatchaps—*cum*
Nominativo, with its nominative,
Genere, i' point o' gender, *Numero*,
 O' number, *et persona*, and person. *Ut*,
 Instance: *Sol ruit*, down flops sun, *et* and,
Montes umbrantur, out flounce mountains. Pah!
 Excuse me, sir, I think I'm going mad.
 You see the trick on't though, and can yourself
 Continue the discourse *ad libitum*.
 It takes up about eighty thousand lines,
 A thing imagination boggles at:
 And might, odds-bobs, sir! in judicious hands,
 Extend from here to Mesopotamy.

Lewis Carroll.

1833—1898.

THE writer who chose to veil his identity under the *nom de plume* Lewis Carroll was born in the year 1833. In 1865 he published "Alice in Wonderland," and thereby became one of the best-known and best-loved writers of the age. The book captivated young and old; its fame spread over sea; it was translated into most of the languages of Europe; and, as yet, there is no sign that its popularity is waning. A hardly less delightful sequel, "Through the Looking-Glass," appeared in 1872, and was followed by "The Hunting of the Snark" (1876), "Doublets," "Rhyme and Reason" (1883), "A Tangled Tale," and "Sylvie and Bruno." "Alice in Wonderland" has been dramatised, and has been successfully performed by a company of children.

In the kingdom of inspired nonsense there is none greater than Lewis Carroll. His nonsense is like no other man's. It is not ironic and cynical and elaborated like Mr. Gilbert's, nor is it of grotesque, madcap drollery all compact like Edward Lear's. The strange humour never runs riot. It startles and bewilders and delights; it has a flavour to be tasted nowhere else, and that never grows insipid on the palate; yet it is hardly the humour that bubbles and sparkles and evokes irresistible laughter.

Lewis Carroll has not Lear's high spirits. Amid his wildest whimsicalities, his most preposterous inversions of fact and reason, he preserves a singular restraint in his manner. He exhibits a sedateness in absurdity, a precision in inconsequence, which give an exquisite incongruity, a delightful piquancy to the writing. Especially is this notable in "Alice," where the effect of the ludicrously impossible incidents is inimitably heightened by the quaint gravity, the charming primness, wherewith the dialogue is touched. The writer's style is worthy of his humour. Never has nonsense been more neatly turned in prose or rhyme, more indelibly sealed with the seal of literature.

There are good things in "The Hunting of the Snark" and in "Sylvie and Bruno," though of the latter book it has been not untruly said that much thereof is, alas! mere Dodson and Fogg. But for the true Lewis Carroll, for the writer who has brought a fresh joy alike to the nursery and the study, we must turn to "Alice in Wonderland" and its successor, "Through the Looking-Glass." In these two queer and fascinating books the writer has succeeded, as only a writer of genius could, in reproducing the mental condition of a dreamer. And there lies one of the reasons why men and women and children have drawn equal delight from these two stories; for in dreamland the man and the child go through very much the same experience, inasmuch as the sense of the impossible ceases for each to exist. In these tales, as in a dream, the most preposterous things happen, the most ridiculous, inconsequent things are said, without exciting a whisper of surprise. It would be hard to say where

else in literature the effect of a dream is so closely reproduced, save, perhaps, in certain parts of the *Arabian Nights*.

For children, the two tales, which recount the adventures of Alice, are a paradise of fancy, a garden of delight where no whisper of a moral is ever drearily audible, where no fell dragon in the shape of an allegory lurks insidious beneath the charming tangle of extravagance. For elder readers, for the lovers of literature, there is the added joy of noting the writer's dexterity and wit as a parodist, the ever-happy turn of his verse, the charm of its rhythm, the constant fitness of its rounded phrase. As for the Carrollian language—the new-born tongue in which was written the wild and wondrous ballad of the "Jabberwock," in "Through the Looking-Glass,"—it is, if not far above singing, at least far above criticism. To him who knows it not, it were hopeless to seek to convey, however faintly, an idea of its weirdness and comicality, its magical mystery, its indefinable felicity of suggestion. Let him study it and "chortle in his joy."

JABBERWOCK.

- " 'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe ;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.
- " " Beware the Jabberwock, my son !
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch !
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch ! "
- " He took his vorpal sword in hand :
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

“ And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffing through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came !

“ One, two ! One, two ! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack !
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

“ ‘ And hast thou slain the Jabberwock ?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy !
O frabjous day ! Callooh ! Callay ! ’
He chortled in his joy.

“ ‘ Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe ;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe. ’

WALTER WHYTE.

The Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, well-known as the author of several works on mathematics, who adopted the name of Lewis Carroll when making excursions into the realm of fancy, died at Guildford on Sunday, January 14th, 1898, in the 66th year of his age.

HUMOROUS VERSE.

1869.

LEWIS CARROLL.

I.—FATHER WILLIAM.

(FROM "ALICE IN WONDERLAND.")

1865.

"YOU are old, Father William," the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white ;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right ?"

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,
"I feared it might injure the brain ;
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat ;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—
Pray, what is the reason of that ?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,
"I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—
Allow me to sell you a couple."

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet ;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak—
Pray, how did you manage to do it ?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife ;
And the muscular strength, which it gave to my jaw,
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth ; "one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever ;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—
What made you so awfully clever ?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"
Said his father ; "don't give yourself airs !
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff ?
"Be off, or I'll kick you down stairs !"

II.—MELANCHOLETTA.

(FROM "RHYME AND REASON.")

1883.

WITH saddest music all day long
She soothed her secret sorrow :
At night she sighed "I fear 'twas wrong
Such cheerful words to borrow ;
Dearest, a sweeter, sadder song
I'll sing to thee to-morrow."

I thanked her, but I could not say
That I was glad to hear it :
I left the house at break of day,
And did not venture near it
Till time, I hoped, had worn away
Her grief, for nought could cheer it !

My dismal sister ! Couldst thou know
The wretched home thou keepest !
Thy brother, drowned in daily woe,
Is thankful when thou sleepest ;
For if I laugh, however low,
When thou'rt awake, thou weapest !

I took my sister t'other day
 (Excuse the slang expression)
To Saddler's Wells to see the play,
 In hopes the new impression
Might in her thoughts, from grave to gay,
 Effect some slight digression.

I asked three gay young dogs from town
 To join us in our folly,
Whose mirth, I thought, might serve to drown
 My sister's melancholy:
The lively Jones, and sportive Brown,
 And Robinson the jolly.

The maid announced the meal in tones
 That I myself had taught her,
Meant to ally my sister's moans
 Like oil on troubled water:
I rushed to Jones, the lively Jones,
 And begged him to escort her.

Vainly he strove, with ready wit,
 To joke about the weather—
To ventilate the last "*on dit*"—
 To quote the price of leather—
She groaned "Here I and sorrow sit:
 Let us lament together!"

I urged, "You're wasting time you know,
 Delay will spoil the venison."
"My heart is wasted with my woe!
 There is no rest—in Venice, on
The Bridge of Sighs!" she quoted low
 From Byron and from Tennyson.

I need not tell of soup and fish
In solemn silence swallowed,
The songs that ushered in each dish,
And its departure followed,
Nor yet my suicidal wish
To *be* the cheese I hollowed.

Some desperate attempts were made
To start a conversation ;
"Madam," the sportive Brown essayed,
"Which kind of recreation,
Hunting or fishing, have you made
Your special occupation ?"

Her lips curved downwards instantly,
As if of india-rubber.
"Hounds *in full cry* I like," said she
(Oh how I longed to snub her !)
"Of fish, a whale's the one for me,
It is so full of blubber !"

The night's performance was "*King John*."
"It's dull," she wept, "and so—so !"
A while I let her tears flow on,
She said they soothed her woe so !
At length the curtain rose upon
"*Bombastes Furioso*."

In vain we roared ; in vain we tried
To rouse her into laughter :
Her pensive glances wandered wide
From orchestra to rafter—
"*Tier upon tier !*" she said, and sighed ;
And silence followed after.

III.—THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER.

(FROM "THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS.")

1872.

THE sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might ;
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done.
"It's very rude of him," she said,
"To come and spoil the fun."

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky :
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand ;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand :
"If this were only cleared away,"
They said, "it *would* be grand !"

"If seven maids, with seven mops,
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

"Oh, Oysters, come and walk with us!"
The Walrus did beseech.
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beech:
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each.

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low :
And all the little oysters stood
And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things :
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,
"Before we have our chat ;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat !"
"No hurry !" said the Carpenter :
They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need :
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed—
Now, if you're ready, Oysters dear
We can begin to feed."

"But not on us," the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
"After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do !"
"The night is fine," the Walrus said.
"Do you admire the view ?

"It was so kind of you to come !
And you are very nice !"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"Cut us another slice :
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I've had to ask you twice !"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
"To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick !"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"The butter's spread too thick !"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said :
"I deeply sympathize."
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

"Oh, Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run !
Shall we be trotting home again ?
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

Henry S. Leigh.

1837—1883.

HENRY SAMBROOKE LEIGH was born in London, March 29th, 1837. He was a son of James Mathews Leigh, the artist, a nephew of Charles Mathews the elder. Henry Leigh began early to devote himself to literary pursuits, contributing light and witty verses to various periodicals, and afterwards reproducing them in volume form. In this way he published "*Carols of Cockayne*" (1869); "*Gillet and Goosequill*" (1871); "*A Town Garland*" (1878); and "*Strains from the Strand*" (1882). He translated many French comic operas for the English stage, among which may be named, "*Falsacappa*," produced at the Globe Theatre in 1871; and "*Le Roi Carotte*," performed at the Alhambra in 1872. Other translations followed from his pen; and during the next few years he produced for the St. James', "*The Bridge of Sighs*" (1872); for the Queen's, "*The White Cat*" fairy spectacle, 1875); for the Alhambra "*Voyage dans la Lune*" (1876) and "*Fatinitza*" (from the German, 1878); for the Gaiety, "*The Great Casimir*" (a comedietta, 1879); besides occasionally collaborating with other writers, and contributing lyrics to other works. His "*Jeux d'Esprit*," written and spoken by French and English wits and humourists, appeared in 1877, and his Mark Twain's "*Nightmares*" in 1878. His verse

was produced with a facility and fluency which apparently outran thought and idea. Hence he produced many pieces of great similarity, and lacking the variety necessary to sustain interest. Nevertheless he wrote a number of bright, melodious lyrics, some of which are touched with a measure of feeling. "The Two Ages" and "Rotten Row" show him to have been a patriotic native of Cockayne, "The Twins" and "The Timid Leech" display his grotesque humour, and "Only Seven," and "Châteaux d'Espagne" his powers of parody, while the latter and "My Love and my Heart" have an autobiographic interest in their reference to well-known actresses of his time. He died on the 16th of June, 1883.

ALFRED H. MILES.

CAROLS OF COCKAYNE,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

HENRY S. LEIGH.

I.—THE TWO AGES.

FOLKS were happy as days were long
In the old Arcadian times ;
When life seem'd only a dance and song
In the sweetest of all sweet climes.
Our world grows bigger, and, stage by stage
As the pitiless years have roll'd
We've quite forgotten the Golden Age
And come to the Age of Gold.

Time went by in a sheepish way
Upon Thessaly's plains of yore,
In the nineteenth century lambs at play
Mean mutton, and nothing more.
Our swains at present are far too sage
To live as one liv'd of old,
So they couple the *crook* of the Golden Age
With the *hook* of the Age of Gold.

From Corydon's reed the mountains round
Heard news of his latest flame,
And Tityrus made the woods resound
With echoes of Daphne's name.
They kindly left us a lasting gage
Of their musical art, we're told ;
And the Pandean pipe of the Golden Age
Brings mirth to the Age of Gold.

Dwellers in huts and in marble halls—
From Shepherdess up to Queen—
Cared little for bonnets, and less for shawls,
And nothing for crinoline.
But now Simplicity's not the rage,
And it's funny to think how cold
The dress they wore in the Golden Age
Would seem in the Age of Gold.

Electric telegraphs, printing, gas,
Tobacco, balloons, and steam,
Are little events that have come to pass
Since the days of that old *régime*.
And, spite of Lemprière's dazzling page,
I'd give—though it might seem bold—
A hundred years of the Golden Age
For a year in the Age of Gold.

II.—THE TWINS.

I N form and feature, face and limb,
I grew so like my brother,
That folks got taking me for him,
And each for one another.
It puzzled all our kith and kin,
It reach'd an awful pitch ;
For one of us was born a twin,
Yet not a soul knew which.

One day, (to make the matter worse),
Before our names were fix'd,
As we were being wash'd by nurse
We got completely mix'd ;

And thus, you see, by Fates' decree,
 (Or rather nurse's whim),
My brother John got christen'd *me*,
 And I got christened *him*.

This fatal likeness even dogg'd
 My footsteps when at school,
And I was always getting flogg'd
 For John turn'd out a fool.
I put this question hopelessly
 To every one I knew,—
What *would* you do, if you were me,
 To prove that you were *you*?

Our close resemblance turn'd the tide
 Of my domestic life ;
For somehow my intended bride
 Became my brother's wife.
In short, year after year the same
 Absurd mistakes went on ;
And when I died—the neighbours came
 And buried brother John !

III.—ROTTEN ROW.

THERE'S a tempting bit of greenery—ot *rus in*
 urbe scenery—

That's haunted by the London "upper ten" ;
Where, by exercise on horseback, an equestrian may
 force back

Little fits of *tedium vitæ* now and then.

Oh! the times that I have been there, and the types
that I have seen there

Of that gorgeous Cockney animal, the "swell";
And the scores of pretty riders (both patricians and
outsiders)

Are considerably more than I can tell.

When first the warmer weather brought these people
all together,

And the crowds began to thicken through the
Row,

I reclined against the railing on a sunny day, inhaling
All the spirits that the breezes could bestow.

And the riders and the walkers and the thinkers and
the talkers

Left me lonely in the thickest of the throng,
Not a touch upon my shoulder—not a nod from one
beholder—

As the stream of Art and Nature went along.

But I brought away one image, from that fashionable
scrimmage,

Of a figure and a face—ah, *such* a face!

Love has photograph'd the features of that loveliest
of creatures

On my memory, as Love alone can trace.

Did I hate the little dandy in his whiskers, (they
were sandy,)

Whose absurd salute was honour'd by a smile?

Did I marvel at his rudeness in presuming on her
goodness,

When she evidently loathed him all the while?

Oh ! the hours that I have wasted, the regrets that
I have tasted,
Since the day (it seems a century ago)
When my heart was won *instantly* by a lady in a
canter,
On a certain sunny day in Rotten Row !

IV.—MY LOVE AND MY HEART.

OH, the days were ever shiny
When I ran to meet my love ;
When I press'd her hand so tiny
Through her tiny, tiny glove.
Was I very deeply smitten ?
Oh, I loved like *anything* !
But my love she is a kitten,
And my heart's a ball of string.

She was pleasingly poetic,
And she loved my little rhymes ;
For our tastes were sympathetic,
In the old and happy times.
Oh, the ballads I have written,
And have taught my love to sing !
But my love she is a kitten,
And my heart's a ball of string.

Would she listen to my offer,
On my knees I would impart
A sincere and ready proffer
Of my hand and of my heart ;
And below her dainty mitten
I would fix a wedding ring—
But my love she is a kitten,
And my heart's a ball of string.

Take a warning, happy lover,
From the moral that I show;
Or too late you may discover
What I learn'd a month ago.
We are scratched or we are bitten
By the pets to whom we cling.
Oh, my love she is a kitten,
And my heart's a ball of string.

V.—TO A TIMID LEECH.

NAY, start not from the banquet where the red
wine foams for thee,
Though somewhat thick to perforate this epidermis be,
'Tis madness, when the bowl invites to linger at the
brink;
So haste thee, haste thee, timid one. Drink, pretty
creature, drink!

I tell thee, if these azure veins could boast the regal
wine
Of Tudors or Plantagenets, the draught should still
be thine!
Though round the goblet's beaded brim plebeian
bubbles wink,
'Twill cheer and not inebriate. Drink, pretty
creature, drink!

Perchance, reluctant being, I have placed thee wrong
side up,
And the lips that I am chiding have been farthest
from the cup.
I have waited long and vainly, and I cannot, cannot
think
Thou would'st spurn the oft-repeated call: Drink,
pretty creature, drink

While I watch'd thy patient struggles, and imagined
thou wert coy,
'Twas thy tail, and not thy features, that refused
the proffer'd joy.
I will but turn thee tenderly—nay, never, never
shrink—
Now, once again the banquet calls: Drink, pretty
creature, drink!

VI.—ONLY SEVEN.

A PASTORAL STORY AFTER WORDSWORTH.

I MARVELLED why a simple child
That lightly draws its breath,
Should utter groans so very wild,
And look as pale as Death.

Adopting a parental tone
I ask'd her why she cried;
The damsel answer'd, with a groan,
“I've got a pain inside!

“I thought it would have sent me mad
Last night about eleven”;
Said I, “What is it makes you bad?
How many apples have you had?”
She answer'd, “Only seven!”

“And are you sure you took no more,
My little maid?” quoth I.
“Oh please, sir, mother gave me four,
But *they* were in a pie!”

"If that's the case," I stammer'd out,
"Of course you've had eleven!"
The maiden answer'd, with a pout,
"I ain't had more nor seven!"

I wondered hugely what she meant,
And said, "I'm bad at riddles,
But I know where little girls are sent
For telling taradiddles.

"Now if you don't reform," said I,
"You'll never go to heaven!"
But all in vain; each time I try,
That little idiot makes reply,
"I ain't had more nor seven!"

Postscript.

To borrow WORDSWORTH's name was wrong
Or slightly misapplied;
And so I'd better call my song
Lines after ACHE-INSIDE.

VII.—LES ADIEUX.

WE met—heigh ho!
A year ago
To see was to adore you.
At least I know
I told you so,
And many more before you.

I bade you speak—
Your blushing cheek
Referr'd me to your mother ;
Yet silly freak,
Within a week
You flirted with another.

My hopes were bright,
My cares were light,
No Fate our loves could sever :
And yet I write
This very night—
“Adieu, adieu for ever !”

I cannot fret ;—
I'm not as yet
Completely broken-hearted ;
I *do* regret
That we have met,
But not that we have parted.

VIII.—CHÂTEAUX D'ESPAGNE.

(A REMINISCENCE OF “DAVID GARRICK” AND “THE
CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA.”)

ONCE upon an evening weary, shortly after Lord
Dundreary
With his quaint and curious humour set the town in
such a roar,
With my shilling I stood rapping—only very gently
tapping—
For the man in charge was napping—at the money-
taker's door.

It was Mr. Buckston's playhouse, where I linger'd
at the door ;
Paid half price and nothing more.

Most distinctly I remember, it was just about
September—
Though it might have been in August, or it might
have been before—
Dreadfully I fear'd the morrow. Vainly had I
sought to borrow ;
For (I own it to my sorrow) I was miserably poor,
And the heart is heavy laden when one's miserably
poor ;
(I have been so once before.)

I was doubtful and uncertain, at the rising of the
curtain,
If the piece would prove a novelty, or one I'd seen
before ;
For a band of robbers drinking in a gloomy cave, and
clinking
With their glasses on the table, I had witness'd o'er
and o'er ;
Since the half-forgotten period of my innocence was
o'er,
Twenty years ago or more.

Presently my doubt grew stronger. I could stand
the thing no longer,
" Miss," said I, " or Madam, truly your forgiveness I
implore,
Pardon my apparent rudeness. Would you kindly
have the goodness
To inform me if this drama is from Gaul's enlighten'd
shore ? "

For I know that plays are often brought us from the
Gallic shore ;
Adaptations—nothing more !

So I put the question lowly ; and my neighbour
answer'd slowly,

“ It's a British drama wholly, written quite in days
of yore.

'Tis an Andalusian story of a castle old and hoary,
And the music is delicious, though the dialogue be
poor !”

(And I could not help agreeing that the dialogue *was*
poor ;
Very flat, and nothing more.)

But at last a lady entered, and my interest grew
center'd

In her figure, and her features and the costume that
she wore.

And the slightest sound she utter'd was like music ;
so I mutter'd

To my neighbour, “ Glance a minute at your playbill
I implore.

Who's that rare and radiant maiden ? Tell, oh, tell
me, I implore.”

Quoth my neighbour, “ Nelly Moore.”

Then I ask'd in quite a tremble—it was useless to
dissemble—

“ Miss, or Madam, do not trifle with my feelings any
more ;

Tell me who, then, was the maiden, that appear'd
so sorrow laden

In the room of David Garrick, with a bust above the
door ?’

(With a bust of Julius Cæsar up above the study door.)

Quoth my neighbour, "Nelly Moore."

* * * * *

I've her photograph from Lacy's; that delicious little face is

Smiling on me as I'm sitting (in a draught from yonder door),

And often in the nightfalls, when a precious little light falls

From the wretched tallow candles on my gloomy second floor

(For I have not got the gaslight on my gloomy second floor,)

Comes an echo, "Nelly Moore!"

James Brunton Stephens.

1835—1902.

OUTSIDE of his adopted land, Brunton Stephens's name is less familiar than Kendall's, and, compared with Gordon's, is unknown. In his own colony of Queensland, and throughout Australia, his sparklingly humorous poems, full of the oddities and quaintnesses of Antipodean life, subtle play on language, and geniality of spirit, have secured for him wide popularity and a defined position in the first trio of distinctively Australian poets. His productions range from the Swinburnian sweep of his stanzas to the sea in "Convict Once"—

"Oh for the sea! 'Twere so easy to cease in its yielding
embracement,

Caught like a rain-drop, and merged in the hugeness
of infinite rest,

Only the laugh of a ripple o'erbubbling the dimpled
displacement,

Then the great level of calm, and the hush of the pas-
sionless breast.

"Curse on those undulous pastures, and far vista'd woods
unavailing,

Scant of contiguous umbrage, unmeet for the tomb that
I crave!

Oh for the dark-curtained sleep of the Sea, for her kindly
unfailing

End of all dolorous things in the bliss of the kiss of
the wave!

"Would that my oft-haunted river were deep as the concave of ocean,

Tideless as Euxine, and true to the secrets of final despair!

God! it would wake me, methinks to be dragged in its libertine motion;

Stranded, perchance, to be floated once more by the sun and the air."

to the Calverleyan sparkle of the lines "To a Black Gin"—

"Daughter of Eve, draw near—I would behold thee.

Good heavens! could ever arm of man enfold thee?

Did the same Nature that made Phryne mould thee?

Come thou to leeward; for thy balmy presence

Savoureth not a whit of *mille-fleurs*ence:—

My nose is no insentient excrescence."

Within the limits marked by the poems from which these extracts are made, Brunton Stephens displays a versatility, and a capacity for probing the depths of pathos, for playing with the piquancies of humour, and of reaching the high tones of reflective rhapsody.

Brunton Stephens was born at Bowness, on the Firth of Forth, in the year 1835. His father, John Stephens, was the parish schoolmaster and session clerk to the parish church. The poet was born in the schoolhouse in George Place, and when old enough was sent to Edinburgh to finish the education his father had begun. He passed through the usual routine of scholastic training, and when his college days were ended accepted a travelling tutorship, and for three years journeyed about, visiting France, Italy, Egypt, Turkey, Sicily, and the Holy Land. Returning to his native country, he settled down for five or six years to the routine life of school-teaching; but at last failing health prompted

him to seek recuperation under the genial skies of the Southern Cross. In 1861 he left Scotland for Queensland. Shortly after his arrival he entered the family of a squatter as tutor, and remained with them some time. Five years after Messrs. Macmillan published for him his greatest effort, "Convict Once," a highly original poem, in which "light and shade are skilfully blended, which glows with an opulence of poetic colouring, and is upborne from beginning to end on a strong pinion of fervid inspiration." It is in rhymed hexameters, and is almost equally remarkable for its verbal artifice and artistic workmanship as for its poetic beauty. In 1873 Messrs. Watson, of Brisbane, published for him a poem, entitled "The Godolphin Arabian," a story adapted from Eugene Sue's romance, very cleverly versified and very humorously related. Shortly after the issue of this volume Stephens received an appointment as headmaster of a Brisbane State School. About this time he contributed to the *Queenslander* a story entitled "A Hundred Pounds." It was republished in 1876 by Mullen, of Melbourne. As might be anticipated, the story is dramatically told, and is very interesting. Its style has been compared to that of Oliver W. Holmes. In 1876 the poet married Rosalie, the daughter of Mr. J. W. Donaldson, of Danescourt, County Meath. In 1880 he issued a volume of "Miscellaneous Poems," containing many humorous pieces, but also some of high poetic excellence. Amongst them may be mentioned "The Dark Companion," "For my Sake," "Spirit and Star," and the "Story of a Soul." In 1883 he was appointed a corresponding clerk in the Colonial Secretary's office, Brisbane, since which appoint-

ment he occasionally contributed to the *Queenslander* and the *Australasian*, making their readers laugh at the whimsicalities of such pieces as "Marsupial Bill; or, the Bad Boy, the Good Dog, and the Old Man Kangaroo," lifting their thoughts to the patriotic elevation of "The Dominion," or striking responsive chords in the pathos of "The Angel and the Doves."

J. HOWLETT-ROSS.

HUMOROUS VERSE.

I—THE COURTSHIP OF THE FUTURE.

(A PREVISION.)

(A.D. 2876.)

He.

“WHAT is a kiss?”—Why, long ago,
When pairs, as we, a-wooing sat,
They used to put their four lips . . . so . . .
And make a chirping noise . . . like that.
And, strange to say, the fools were pleased;
A little went a long way then :
A cheek lip-grazed, a finger squeezed,
Was rapture to those ancient men.
Ah, not for us the timid course
Of those old-fashion’d bill-and-cooers !
One unit of *our* psychic force
Had squelched a thousand antique wooers.
For us the god his chalice dips
In fountains fiercer, deeper, dearer,
Than purling confluence of lips
That meet, but bring the Souls no nearer.
Well ; ’twas but poverty at worst ;
Poor beggars, how could they be choosers !
Not yet upon the world had burst
Our Patent Mutual Blood-Transfusers.
Not yet had Science caught the clue
To joy self-doubting,—squaring,—cubing,—
Nor taught to draw the whole soul through
A foot of gutta-percha tubing.
Come, Lulu, bare the pearly arm ;—
Now, where the subtle blue shows keenest,
I hang the duplex, snake-like charm,
(The latest, by a new machinist).

And see, in turn above my wrist,
I fix the blood-compelling conduits. . . .
Ah, this is what the old world missed,
For all the lore of all its pundits!

I turn the tap—I touch the spring—
Hush, Lulu, hush! our lives are blending.
(This new escapement's quite the thing,
And very well worth recommending.)
Oh, circuit of commingling bliss!
Oh, bliss of mingling circulation!
True love alone can merge like this
In one continuous pulsation.

Your swift life thrills me through and through:
I wouldn't call the Queen my mother:
Now you are I and I am you,
And each of us is one another.
Reciprocally influent
The wedded love-tide flows between us:—
Ah, this is what the old fables meant,
For surely, love, our love is venous!

Now, now, your inmost life I know,
How nobler far than mine, and grander;
For through *my* breast *your* feelings flow,
And through my brain your thoughts meander.
I feel a rush of high desires,
With sweet domestic uses blending,
As now I think of angel-choirs,
And now of stockings heaped for mending.

And see—myself! in light enshrined!
An aureole my hat replacing!
Now, amorous yearnings half-defined,
With prudish scruples interlacing.

Next, cloudlike, floats a snowy veil,
 And—heavens above us!—what a trousseau! . . .
 Come, Lulu, give me tale for tale;
 I'll keep transfusing till you do so.

She.

Oh, love, this never *can* be you!
 The stream flows turbid, melancholic;
 And heavy vapours dull me through,
 Dashed with a something alcoholic.
 The elective forces shrink apart,
 No answering raptures thrill and quicken;
 Strange feelings curdle at my heart,
 And in my veins vile memories thicken.

I feel an alien life in mine!
 It isn't I! It isn't you, Sir!
 This is the mood of Caroline!
 Oh, don't tell *me*! I know the brew, Sir!
 Nay, nay,—it isn't "the machine"!
 This isn't you—this isn't I, Sir!
 It's the old story—you have been
 Transfusing elsewhere on the sly, Sir!

II.—A PICCANINNY.

LO by the "humpy" door a smockless Venus!
 Unblushing bronze, she shrinks not, having seen us,
 Though there is nought but short couch-grass between us
 She hath no polonaise, no Dolly Varden;
 Yet turns she not away, nor asketh pardon;
 Fact is, she doesn't care a copper "farden."
 Ah yet, her age her reputation spareth;
 At three years old pert Venus little careth,
 She puts her hand upon her hip and starteth;

All unabashed, unhaberdashed, unheeding,
No Medicean, charmingly receding,
But quite unconscious of improper breeding.

'Tis well ; it smacks of Eden ere came sin in,
Or any rag of consciousness or linen,
Or anything that one could stick a pin in.

Could boundaries be neater ? posture meeter ?
Could bronze antique or terra cotta beat her ?
Saw ever artist any thing completer ?

A shade protuberant, beyond contesting,
Where this day's 'possum is just now digesting,
But otherwise, all over interesting ;

Trim without trimming, furbelow, or bow on ;
Was ever sable skin with such a glow on ?
So darkly soft, so softly sleek, and—so on ?

Was ever known so dark, so bright an iris,
Where sleep of light, but never play of fire is—
Where not a soupçon of a wild desire is ?

O swarthy statuette ! hast thou no notion
That life is fire and war and wild commotion ?
A burning bush, a chafed and raging ocean ?

Hast thou no questioning of what's before thee ?
Of who shall envy thee, or who adore thee ?
Or whose the jealous weapon that shall score thee ?

Hast thou no faint prevision of disaster—
Of dark abduction from thy lord and master—
Of aliens fleeing, kindred following faster ?

No faint forehearing of the waddies banging,
Of club and heclaman together clanging,
War shouts, and universal boomeranging ?

And thou the bone of all the fierce contention—
The direful spring of broken-nosed dissension—
A Helen in the nigger apprehension ?

Nay, my black tulip, I congratulate thee,
Thou canst not guess the troubles that await thee,
Nor carest who shall love or who shall hate thee :

Recking as little of the human passions
As of the very latest Paris fashions,
And soaring not beyond thy daily rations !

Die young, for mercy's sake ! If thou grow older,
Thou shalt grow lean at calf and sharp at shoulder,
And daily greedier and daily bolder ;

A pipe between thy savage grinders thrusting,
For rum and everlasting 'baccy lusting,
And altogether filthy and disgusting ;

Just such another as the dam that bore thee—
That haggard Sycorax now bending o'er thee !
Die young, my sable pippin, I implore thee !

Why shouldst thou live to know deterioration ?
To walk a spectre of emaciation ?
To grow, like that, all over corrugation ?

A trifle miscellaneous like her, too,
An object not "*de luxe*" and not "*de vertu*"—
A being odious even to refer to ?

Her childhood, too, like thine, was soft and tender ;
Her womanhood hath nought to recommend her ;
At thirty she is not of any gender.

Oh, dusky fondling, let the warning teach thee !
Through muddiest brain-pulp may the lesson reach thee.
Oh, die of something fatal, I beseech thee !

While yet thou wear'st the crown of morning graces,
While yet the touch of dawn upon thy face is—
Back, little nigger, to the night's embraces !

Hope nought : each year some new defect discloses ;
As sure as o'er thy mouth thy little nose is,
Thy only hope is in metempsychosis.

Who knows but after some few short gradations,
After a brace or so of generations,
We two may have exchanged our hues and stations ?

Methinks I see thee suddenly grow bigger,
White in the face and stately in the figure,
And I a miserable little nigger !

Should this be thus—oh, come not moralising !
Approach not thou thy humpy poetizing !
Spare thine lambics and apostrophising !

Let subtle nature, if it suit her, black me,
Let vesture lack me, bigger niggers whack me ;
Let hunger rack me, let disaster track me,
And anguish hoist me to her highest acme—

Let me bear all thine incidental curses,
Nor share the smallest of thy scanty mercies,
But put me not—oh, put me not in verses !

She grins. She heedeth not advice or warning,
Alike philosophy and triplets scorning.
Adieu, then. Fare thee well. 'Ta-ta. Good morning.

Cholmondeley Pennell.

1836.

HENRY CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL, the author of "Puck on Pegasus," is the son of Sir Charles Henry Pennell, and was born in the year 1836. He entered the public service in 1853, and in 1865 was appointed by the English Government, at the request of the Khedive of Egypt, "chief of the department of internal commerce," to assist in carrying out the reforms contemplated at the time. A year later he was appointed one of her Majesty's Inspectors of Fisheries.

"Puck on Pegasus" was published in 1861, and the author was recognised as a welcome addition to the ranks of the writers of lighter verse. It was followed in 1864 by "Crescent and Other Lyrics," in 1872 by "The Modern Babylon," in 1874 by "The Muses of Mayfair," an anthology, and in 1877 by "Pegasus Re-saddled." Ten years later Mr. Pennell made a selection from his complete poems, and published it under the title "From Grave to Gay" (1884), from which volume the following examples are taken. His other works include "The Angler Naturalist" (1863), "The Book of the Pike" (1865), "The Modern Practical Angler" (1870), and numerous books on the several departments of fishing. In 1864-5 he edited the *Fisherman's Magazine and Review*, and at various times has contributed to *Punch* and other serial publications.

Though much of Mr. Pennell's work is of the kind which we conveniently classify as society verse, in some of his poems he shows a higher aim and touches a deeper note. "'Crescent,'" says the *Athenæum*, "is a passionate protest against the complaint ever on the lips of idlers, but scouted by all honest workers, that the age of poetry is past." "The verses and deep, rolling lines of 'Crescent' would of themselves be a sufficient answer." "The Modern Babylon" again breathes a more earnest purpose, and reaches a more sonorous tone. Such verses as the following are not of the kind we are accustomed to receive from the "Muses of Mayfair":—

"I see far back, thro' the mists of the long-ago,
 A pulseless, lifeless, loveless, chaos of slime—
 Leap forward, my thought, with pinions strengthened
 anew,—
 Behold the cosmos, the finished wonder of time—
 The Phœnix of worlds! and she needs neither any sun,
 Nor beauty of stars, nor the silver shining of night,
 Nor splendour, nor glory, nor joys evermore begun,—
 For God-the-Life is her joy, God-the-Love is her light."

Of his *vers de société* "My Vis-à-Vis," "The Squire and the New Parson's Girl," will serve as examples; of his humour "An Uninvited Guest," "Next Morning," and "Musical Undertones" will suffice; while "The Night Mail North" and "From Holyhead to Dublin" illustrate his use of freer measures with metrical skill and dramatic force.

ALFRED H. MILES.

FROM GRAVE TO GAY.

1884.

II. CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL.

I.—MY VIS-À-VIS.

YOUR step is the softest that brushes
The silken-swept floors of Cockayne,
Your face is the idol they worship
In Fashion's idolatrous fane;
Did fancy recall for the moment
We pass'd in the dazzling throng,
A wave-lighted darkness by Arno,
And one lonely fisherman's song?
Some sweetnesss whisper'd at parting,
Some clasping of hands when we met?—
Or have you forgot to remember
What I—recollect to forget?

A folly!—but good while it lasted,—
Perhaps we've grown wiser since then;
You're learned in highways and byways
Of the paths of the children of men.
The blossoms and fruits of Love's garden—
The star-flow'rs that vanish with morn—
Are not for my Eve of the Arno. . . .
I've found that the "rose has a thorn."
Then was Paradise undisenchanted,
Young Love a divinity yet,—
Now, you can forget to remember,
Whilst I—recollect to forget.

There are scores only asking permission
To put their necks under your foot,
The slaves of your sceptre, my beauty
Outnumber the slaves of Amroot.
Yet still as you stand in the glitter
The pride and the passion of pow'r,
Sigh once for the glory departed,
The love that you loved—for an hour :
The stars we saw rise upon Arno
Shall turn in their courses and set
Before you forget to remember
Or I . . . recollect to forget !

*II.—THE SQUIRE AND THE NEW PARSON'S
GIRL.*

WITH wild locks streaming from the braid
That fillets them in vain,
Who is this hatless demoisel
Comes flying down the lane—
It must be our new parson's girl,
I think they call her Jane ? . . .

They really shouldn't let her out
In such prepost'rous guise—
Sixteen ! and in a pinafore
Suggestive of "dirt pies" !
Frock'd to the knee ! . . . and what a pair
Of great, blue, saucer eyes !

The fair Miss Jenny's future lord
Will need to have a care !—
Despite the piquant little nose
"Tip-tilted" in the air—
They glitter like two corn-flow'rs thro'
The hayfield of her hair.

And then her mouth ! a mile too wide—
But arched like Cupid's bow,
And strung with pearls—I never saw
Such a surprising row :
All womankind might " show their teeth,"
If they'd such teeth to show.

'Twould almost be worth while to make
The little vixen scold,
If but to see the scornful smile
Flash out so bright and bold. . . .
There isn't such a face for miles,
Though half the shire were poll'd.

And face and figure ought to match,
Or nature's made a slip ;
She looks as flexible and straight
As my new riding-whip—
Upon my word if she'd a chance
I think she'd like to skip. . . .

And I should like to hold the rope,
Tho' skipping's not my way :
She leads them all a pretty life
Up at the Grange, they say. . . .
It's really rude not to have called,
I think I'll go to-day.

III.—AN UNINVITED GUEST.

THE supper and the song had died
When to my couch I crept ;
I flung the muslin curtains wide,
And took a " first-class place inside "—
It might have seemed I slept.

Yet scarce the drowsy god had woo'd
My pillow to befriend,
When fancy, how extremely rude ?
A fellow, evidently screw'd,
Got in, *the other end* !

The bolster from my side he took
To make his own complete,
Then sat and gazed with scornful look,—
With wrath my very pulses shook
And quivered to my feet.

I kicked of course—long time in doubt
The war waged to and fro ;
At last I kicked the rascal out,
And woke—to find explosive gout
Developed in my toe.

IV.—NEXT MORNING.

IF some one's head's not very bright,
At least the owner bears no malice . . .
Who was it pulled my nose last night,
And begged an interview at Calais ?

The quarrel was not much, I think,
For such a deadly arbitration,—
Some joke about the "missing link"
And all the rest inebriation.

In vino veritas ! which means
A man's a very ass in liquor ;
The "thief that slowly steals our brains"
Makes nothing but the temper quicker.

Next morning brings a train of woes,
But finds the passions much sedater—
Who was it, now, that pulled my nose?—
I'd better ring and ask the waiter.

V.—MUSICAL UNDERTONES.

HERR BELLOWS, won't you sing?
(Or rather won't you roar?—)
I should like so to accompany you
(As far as the street door.) . . .

Miss Squeals will take her part
In that charming duet by Meyer,
With Signor Buffo? (that's two at a go,
I wish I could do them in "choir"!)

Lord Whooper sings, I know?
(Too well! and always flat)—
What an exquisite air—(for a dirge on the stair
Assisted by the cat!) . . .

Sha'n't we hear *your* voice, madame?
(Be thanked! she's a cold in the head—)
Pity our loss—(what a fool I was!
She's going to "play instead.") . . .

"Encore?" (oh, I can't stand this—
They're going it "hammer and tongs"—
Confound them all! I'll get out in the hall
And leather away at the gongs!)

VI.—THE NIGHT MAIL NORTH.

(EUSTON SQUARE, 1840.)

NOW then, take your seats ! for Glasgow and the North ;
Chester !—Carlisle !—Holyhead,—and the wild Frith of Forth :

“ Clap on the steam and sharp’s the word,

“ You men in scarlet cloth :—

“ Are there any more pas . . sengers,

“ For the Night . . Mail . . to the North ! ”

Are there any more passengers ?

Yes three—but they can’t get in,—

Too late, too late !—How they bellow and knock,

They might as well try to soften a rock

As the heart of that fellow in green.

For the Night Mail North ? what ho—

No use to struggle, you can’t get thro’,

My young and lusty one—

Whither away from the gorgeous town ?—

“ For the lake and the stream and the heather brown,

And the double-barrelled gun ! ”

For the Night Mail North, I say ?—

You, with the eager eyes—

You with the haggard face and pale ?—

“ From a ruined hearth and a starving brood,

“ A Crime and a felon’s gaol ! ”

For the Night Mail North, old man ?—

Old statue of despair—

Why tug and strain at the iron gate ?

“ My Daughter ! ! ”

Ha ! too late, too late,
 She is gone, you may safely swear ;
 She has given you the slip, d'you hear ?
 She has left you alone in your wrath,—
 And she's off and away, with a glorious start,
 To the home of her choice, with the man of her heart,
 By the Night Mail North !

* * * *

Wh——ish, R——ush,
 Wh——ish, R——ush. . .
 “What's all that hullabaloo ?
 “Keep fast the gates there—who is this
 “That insists on bursting thro' ?”
 A desperate man whom none may withstand,
 For look, there is something clench'd in his hand—
 Tho' the bearer is ready to drop—
 He waves it wildly to and fro,
 And hark ! how the crowd are shouting below—
 “Back !”—

And back the opposing barriers go,
 “*A reprieve for the Cannongate murderer, Ho !*
 “*In the Queen's name—*
 “STOP.

“*Another has confessed the crime.*”

Whish—rush—whish—rush. . .

The Guard has caught the flutt'ring sheet,
 Now forward and northward ! fierce and fleet,
 Thro' the mist and the dark and the driving sleet,
 As if life and death were in it ;
 'Tis a splendid race ! a race against Time,—
 And a thousand to one we win it :

Look at those flitting ghosts—
 The white-arm'd finger-posts—
 If we're moving the eighth of an inch, I say,
 We're going a mile a minute!
 A mile a minute—for life or death—
 Away, away! though it catches one's breath,
 The man shall not die in his wrath:
 The quivering carriages rock and reel—
 Hurrah! for the rush of the grinding steel!
 The thundering crank, and the mighty wheel!—
 Are there any more pas . . sengers
 For the Night . . Mail . . to the North?

VI.—HOLYHEAD TO DUBLIN.

WHISTLE away, my beauty, whistle away!
 Stretch your big lungs to it, do—
 Here's a gale that can sing, if you can play,
 And fifty miles of tumbling blue
 (Except where the froth comes churning thro')
 Between us and Dublin Bay,—
 And not a keel but yours one may swear
 Will cut it to-day. . . .
 "Ho! it is merry to play on a pipe of steel
 The tune that the surges sing;
 Ho! it's merry to drive with a whirling wheel
 When the heaving billows swing:
 When the light has gone out in the sulphur skies
 Save the flying flash that flickers and dies—
 When the storm drum is up, and the mast is low,
 'Tis merry, 'tis merry—ho ho!—ho ho!—
 To dance with the Tempest King.—
 No stately minuet soft and slow—
 But a gallop the pace the whirlwinds go

To the sweep of the hurricane's wing,—
 And the surge that swells and the storms that blow,
 The whistling scud and the driving snow
 And the wild wave thundering to and fro,
 Come dance to the chorus—ho ho ! ho ho !
 And the iron engines ring. . . .”

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Is that your idea of music, old girl?—

Well it sounds to me like Dutch :

Your voice is a trifle hoarse, and those powdering wheels
 That make such a mess of the Channel don't mend it much,
 But I take your meaning, your lass,
 Tho' I'll not pretend to sing—

We care as much for the gale, you and I,
 As that broad white herring-gull slanting by,
 And that seems to be keeping us company,
 As it were, “for the love of the thing?”
 That's about what you're saying, I reckon, and true for you :

We like a brush now and then, with these bullying seas ;
 We can't stop to curtsey, you know,
 And we're rather stiff in the bow—
 So we just *walk thro' them*, by way of a friendly squeeze.
 There's one cresting up there, right over the hurricane deck
 Ahead of us now,
 With a mane like the father of all sea-serpents—*slick* !—
 We're thro' it or under, it's no matter how,—
 But here's one behind it, my girl, you'd be sorry to miss—
 Keep your head straight—
 A “damper” may happen to take your hair out of curl—
 Slick !—hiss—s. . . .

Bravely done ! . . . never stagger and shake—

What's a ton of green sea more or less

When it all rolls off before it gets to the grate ?

Keep the powder dry, and Old King Coal for a pinch—

“ Wallsend best,” that's the thing,—

There's nothing like coal and a hundred pounds pressure the inch

To lick your regular rattling Atlantic swing ; . . .

If you want to beat water try *fire*,

Or steam, I should say,

So look to your stoking, my beauty—

And whistle away !

William Jeffery Prowse.

1836—1870.

WILLIAM JEFFERY PROWSE was born at Torquay in Devonshire, May 6th, 1836. He lost his father when not more than eight years old, and went to live with an uncle, Mr. John Sparke Prowse, at Greenwich. He inherited literary instincts from his mother, who, as Miss Marianne Jeffery, "contributed to the annuals, and published a volume of poems."

Like most journalists, he may be said to have drifted into his profession,—beginning by contributing articles to *Chambers' Journal*, the *Ladies' Companion*, and the *National Magazine*, and writing for the columns of the *Aylesbury News*. From this he became a member of the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*, for which he wrote articles on the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race, and on other departments of manly sport.

Tom Hood, in a memoir prefixed to a small volume entitled, "Nicholas's Notes and Sporting Prophecies, with some Miscellaneous Poems, serious and humorous, by the late W. J. Prowse," from which the particulars of this notice are gleaned, says that Prowse divided his sympathies between cricket, of which he was passionately fond, and Polar travels, which had a great fascination for him. Hood says, in this connection, "I can remember a friend's tell-

ing him that he believed the height of his ambition was to play a game of cricket on an ice-field, with the pole for a wicket!" He had also an intense love of the sea.

Health failing, Prowse retired to Devonshire for a time to recruit his strength. While here he wrote a friend: "Your dreams of literature and liberty and love,—all 'in a cottage'—should not, delightful as it is, be too much to realise. Thank Heaven! we have got out of the Grub Street days—which ought, I fancy, to be called the *no*-Grub Street days!—and every man of brains, who is also a man of honour, can do well enough so long as he is careful of his stock-in-trade: that stock-in-trade, so charmingly portable, over which he places his hat and draws his right-hand glove every morning."

Unfortunately his health was only temporarily benefited, and with each succeeding winter it became worse. The winters of 1867-8 and -9 he spent at Cirià, near Nice, where he died on Easter Sunday, 1870.

Prowse wrote but little verse, but that little proves that, had he taken himself more seriously as a lyricist, he might have accomplished much more. Tom Hood quotes two lines from a rough draft of some verses written by him when a lad, entitled, "King Clicquot," which are as follows:—

"His courtiers found him out at last beneath the table
sunk,
Problematically pious, but indubitably drunk"—

and comments upon the smartness and neatness of the last line. We have here, indications of a feeling for rhythm, of which we have further

examples in such lines as the following, from "The Latest Victoria Cross":—

"To my tale :—The King of Barra had been getting rather 'sarsey'—

In fact, for such an insect, he was coming it too strong ;
So we sent a small detachment—it was led by Colonel
D'Arcey—

To drive him from his capital at Tibobécolong.

"Now, on due investigation, when his land they had invaded,

They learnt from information which was brought them
by the guides,

That the worthy King of Barra had completely *Barra-*
caded

The spacious mud construction where his majesty resides.

* * * * *

"Whilst the bullets then were flying, and the bayonets
were glancing ;

Whilst the whole affair in fury, rather heightened than
relaxed,

With an axe in hand, and silently, our Pioneer advancing,
Smote the gate, and bade it open ; and it did, as it was
axed."

But Prowse had a gift of observation and a power of description which was capable of much more than mere humorous verse. It is impossible to read such a poem as "The Drought and the Rain" without seeing that the writer was equipped for higher flights than health and opportunity apparently allowed him.

I.—DROUGHT.

"The lips of Earth the Mother were black ;

They gaped through fissure and crevice and crack

O for the fall of the rain !

And the life of the flowers paused ; and the wheat,

That was rushing up seemed to droop in the heat,

And its grass-green blades, they yearned for the sweet,

The sweet, sweet kiss of the rain !

"The secular cypress, solemn and still,
The sentinel pine on the edge of the hill,
 Watched, but they watched in vain;
And the glare on the land, the glare on the sea,
The glare on terrace, and tower, and tree,
Grew fiercer and fiercer, mercilessly :
 O for the fall of the rain !

"The streams were silent, the wells were dry,
The pitiless clouds passed slowly by,
 With never a drop of rain.
The priests in the town exhumed a saint,
They passed in procession with prayers and paint,
But the heavens were cruel, or faith was faint :
 Came never a drop of rain.
 O for the fall of the rain !

II.—THE RAIN.

"One night the lift grew ragged and wild.
With a sound like the lisp and the laugh of a child
 Fell the first sweet drops of the rain !
Moist lips of the mist the mountain kissed,
 And cooled the hot breath of the plain ;
The emerald wheat leapt gaily to meet
 The welcome kiss of the rain ;
And the roses around, as they woke at the sound,
 Broke into blossom again :
 O beautiful, bountiful rain ! "

For the rest, "The City of Prague," "Learning the Verbs," "The Pace that Kills," "My Lost Old Age," and "Sounding the Recall," breathe the true Bohemian spirit,—free, honest, hopeful, and daring—a spirit which may be conquered, but not dismayed, "cast down, but not destroyed."

ALFRED H. MILES.

OCCASIONAL VERSE.

WILLIAM JEFFERY PROWSE.

I.—THE CITY OF PRAGUE.

Scene : " Bohemia : a desert country near the sea. '—
SHAKESPEARE.

I DWELT in a city enchanted,
And lonely, indeed, was my lot ;
Two guineas a week, all I wanted,
Was certainly all that I got.
Well, somehow I found it was plenty ;
Perhaps you may find it the same,
If—*if* you are just five-and-twenty,
With industry, hope, and an aim :
Though the latitude's rather uncertain,
And the longitude also is vague,
The persons I pity who know not the City,
The beautiful City of Prague !

Bohemian, of course, were my neighbours,
And not of a pastoral kind !
Our pipes were of clay, and our tabors
Would scarcely be easy to find.
Our Tabors ? Instead of such mountains
Ben Holborn was all we could share,
And the nearest available fountains
Were the horrible things in the square :
Does the latitude still seem uncertain ?
Or think ye the longitude vague ?
The persons I pity who know not the City
The beautiful City of Prague !

How we laughed as we laboured together !
How well I remember, to-day,
Our " outings " in midsummer weather,
Our winter delights at the play !
We were not over-nice in our dinners ;
Our " rooms " were up rickety stairs ;
But if hope be the wealth of beginners,
By Jove, we were all millionaires !
Our incomes were very uncertain,
Our prospects were equally vague ;
Yet the persons I pity who know not the City,
The beautiful City of Prague !

If at times the horizon was frowning,
Or the ocean of life looking grim,
Who dreamed, do you fancy, of drowning ?
Not we, for we knew we could swim . . .
Oh, Friends, by whose side I was breasting
The billows that rolled to the shore,
Ye are quietly, quietly resting,
To laugh and to labour no more !
Still, in accents a little uncertain,
And tones that are possibly vague,
The persons I pity who know not the City,
The beautiful City of Prague !

L'ENVOI.

As for me, I have come to an anchor ;
I have taken my watch out of pawn ;
I keep an account with a banker,
Which at present is *not* overdrawn.
Though my clothes may be none of the smartest,
The " snip " has receipted the bill ;
But the days I was poor and an artist
Are the dearest of days to me still !

Though the latitude's rather uncertain,
 And the longitude also is vague,
 The persons I pity who know not the City,
 The beautiful City of Prague!

II.—LEARNING THE VERBS.

“SIGNIFYING TO BE, TO DO, OR TO SUFFER.”

“TO be?” Well I followed the track,
 That gave me a chance of existence;
 But I honest'y own, looking back,
 That it's prettiest viewed from a distance.
 Just now it seems easy and bright,
 But I haven't forgotten my scrambles
 Over horrible rocks, or the night
 That I spent in the midst of the brambles.
 At times from the path I might stray,
 And thus make the journeying rougher;
 But still I was learning the way,
 “To Be, or to Do, or to Suffer!”

“To do?” I have worked rather hard,
 And my present position is cosy;
 But I haven't done much as a Bard,
 And my prose—well, of course it is prosy!
 The schemes and the aims of my youth
 Have long from old Time had a floorer,
 And I doubt—shall I tell you the truth?—
 If the world be a penny the poorer!
 If you cannot your vanity curb,
 You must either, my friend, be a duffer
 Or you haven't yet learnt that a verb
 Is “To Be, or to Do, or to Suffer!”

"To suffer?" I took my degrees
Long ago in that branch of our knowledge,
Where our hearts and our hopes are the fees,
And the universe serves as a college.
I have had, as it is, rather more
Than the usual share of affliction ;
And that much is remaining in store
Is my very decided conviction.
But I find myself growing with years,
Insensibly tougher and tougher ;
I can manage, I think, without tears,
"To Be, and to Do, and to Suffer!"

I have stated the facts of the case,
But heaven forbid I should grumble ;
And I need not complain of a place
That suits my capacities humble.
I have learnt how "to be"—well, a man :
How "to do"—well, a part of my duty :
And in "suffering," own that the Plan
Of the World is all goodness and beauty !
Still at times from the path I may stray,
And thus make the journeying rougher
But, at least, I am learning the way
"To Be, and to Do, and to Suffer."

III.—THE PACE THAT KILLS.

THE gallop of life was once exciting,
Madly we dashed over pleasant plains ;
And the joy, like the joy of a brave man fighting
Poured in a flood through our eager veins.

Hot youth is the time for the splendid ardour
That stings and startles, that throbs and thrills ;
And ever we pressed our horses harder !
Galloping on at the pace that kills !

So rapid the pace, so keen the pleasure,
Scarcely we paused to glance aside,
As we mocked the dullards who watched at leisure
The frantic race that we chose to ride.
Yes, youth is the time when the master passion,
Or Love or Ambition, our nature fills ;
And each of us rode in a different fashion—
All of us rode at the pace that kills !

And vainly, oh, friends, ye strive to bind us ;
Flippantly, gaily we answer *you* :
“Should *Atra Cura* jump up behind us,
Strong are our steeds, and can carry two !”
But we find the road so smooth at morning,
Rugged at night 'mid the lonely hills ;
And all too late we recall the warning,
Weary too late of the pace that kills !

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The gallop of life was just beginning ;
Strength we wasted in efforts vain ;
And now, when the prizes are worth the winning,
We've scarcely the spirit to ride again !
The spirit, forsooth ! 'Tis our *strength* has failed us,
And sadly we ask, as we count our ills,
What pitiful, pestilent folly ailed us ?
Why did we ride at the pace that kills ?”

IV.—MY LOST OLD AGE.

I'M only nine-and-twenty yet,
Though young experience makes me sage;
So how on earth can *I* forget
The memory of my lost old age?
Of manhood's prime let others boast,
It comes too late, or goes too soon;
At times, the life I envy most
Is that of slippered pantaloons!
In days of old—a twelvemonth back!—
I laughed, and quaffed and chaffed my fill
And now, a broken winded hack,
I'm weak and worn, and faint and ill.
Life's opening chapter pleased me well;
Too hurriedly I turned the page;
I spoiled the volume. . . . Who can tell
What *might* have been my lost old age?
I lived my life; I had my day;
And now I feel it more and more,
The game I have no strength to play
Seems better than it seemed of yore.
I watch the sport with earnest eyes,
That gleam with joy before it ends;
For plainly I can hear the cries
That hail the triumph of my friends.
We work so hard, we age so soon,
We live so swiftly, one and all,
That ere our day be fairly noon
The shadows eastward seem to fall.
Some tender light may gild them yet;
As yet, it's not so *very* cold
And, on the whole, I *won't* regret
My slender chance of growing old.

William Schwenck Gilbert.

1836.

WILLIAM SCHWENCK GILBERT was born in London in the year 1836, was educated at King's College, and entered the Civil Service as a clerk in the Education Department, after which he turned his attention to law and was called to the Bar. He was knighted 1907.

In 1861 Mr. Gilbert began to contribute to the pages of *Fun*, then under the editorship of H. J. Byron, the well-known author of "Our Boys." Here appeared the series of "Bab Ballads" which became very popular; two examples of which are given in the following pages. In 1866 he produced his first play "Dulcamara," a burlesque on "L'Elisire d'Amore," which was followed by "Vivandière," "Robert the Devil," a parody on Tennyson's "Princess," and in 1870 "The Palace of Truth." These were followed in 1871 by "Pygmalion and Galatea," in 1873 by the "Happy Land," "Sweethearts," 1874, "Broken Hearts," and "Tom Cob," 1875. "Dan'l Druce," 1876, and "Engaged," 1877.

Prior to this, however, the partnership between Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Mr. Arthur Sullivan had produced "Thespis," in 1875, "Trial by Jury," 1876, and "The Sorcerer," 1877. These in turn were followed by "H.M.S. Pinafore," 1878, "The Pirates of Penzance," 1880, "Patience," 1882, "Iolanthe," 1883, "Princess Ida," 1884 "The Mikado," 1885,

"Ruddigore," 1887, "The Yeoman of the Guard," 1889, "The Gondoliers," 1889, and "Utopia Limited," 1893.

No dramatist of his time has been more successful than Mr. Gilbert in catching the public ear. In "The Palace of Truth," "Pygmalion and Galatea," "Sweethearts," and "Engaged," he produced plays which have often been revived and are not likely to be soon forgotten. His delicate touch, his airy fancies, and his light cynical humour came as a relief to those accustomed to the heavier wit and more serious fun of his predecessors.

The series of operas indissolubly associated with the Savoy Theatre owed their success to a unique combination; and it would be difficult to apportion the due share in the general success to the several contributors. There can be no doubt, however, that the chief credit is due to the writer of the books, who invented the style and originated the substance of the plays, and that without borrowing either plot or plan from foreign sources. Mr. Gilbert's command of lyric measures, too, must have sometimes made the work of his gifted partner comparatively easy, for where songs sing themselves the composer has often little more to do than to write them down. Such songs as "The Æsthete" and "The Suicide's Grave" suggest their own music, and seem to need little more than technical treatment at the hands of the musician. None the less, it must be freely admitted that the graceful melodies and the masterly orchestration of Sir Arthur Sullivan have contributed an equally important share to the result. The "Songs of a Savoyard" have been sung everywhere up and down the world, and have "added to the gaiety of nations."

ALFRED H. MILES.

SONGS OF A SAVOYARD.

1888.

WILLIAM S. GILBERT.

I.—THE ROVER'S APOLOGY.

(FROM "TRIAL BY JURY," 1876.)

OH, gentlemen, listen, I pray ;
Though I own that my heart has been ranging
Of Nature the laws I obey,
For Nature is constantly changing.
The moon in her phases is found,
The time and the wind and the weather,
The months in succession come round,
And you don't find two Mondays together.
Consider the moral I pray,
Nor bring a young fellow to sorrow,
Who loves this young lady to-day
And loves that young lady to-morrow.

You cannot eat breakfast all day,
Nor is it the act of a sinner,
When breakfast is taken away,
To turn your attention to dinner ;
And it's not in the range of belief,
That you could hold him as a glutton
Who, when he is tired of beef,
Determines to tackle the mutton.
But this I am ready to say,
If it will diminish their sorrow,
I'll marry this lady to-day,
And I'll marry that lady to-morrow.

II.—THE JUDGE'S SONG.

(FROM "TRIAL BY JURY, 1876.)

WHEN I, good friends, was called to the Bar,
I'd an appetite fresh and hearty,
But I was, as many young barristers are,
An impecunious party.
I'd a swallow-tail coat of a beautiful blue—
A brief which I bought of a booby—
A couple of shirts and a collar or two,
And a ring that looked like a ruby.

In Westminster Hall I danced a dance,
Like a semi-despondent fury;
For I thought I should never hit on a chance,
Of addressing a British Jury.
But I soon got tired of third class journeys,
And dinners of bread and water;
So I fell in love with a rich attorney's
Elderly, ugly daughter.

The rich attorney, he wiped his eyes,
And replied to my fond professions:
"You shall reap the reward of your enterprise
At the Bailey and Middlesex Sessions.
You'll soon get used to her looks," said he,
"And a very nice girl you'll find her—
She may very well pass for forty-three
In the dusk, with the light behind her!"

The rich attorney was as good as his word:
The briefs came trooping gaily,
And every day my voice was heard
At the Sessions or Ancient Bailey.

All thieves who could my fees afford
Relied on my orations,
And many a burglar I've restored
To his friends and his relations.

At length I became as rich as the Gurneys—
An incubus then I thought her,
So I threw over that rich attorney's
Elderly, ugly daughter.
The rich attorney my character high
Tried vainly to disparage—
And now, if you please, I'm ready to try
This Breach of Promise of Marriage.

III.—THE POLICEMAN'S LOT.

(FROM "PIRATES OF PENZANCE," 1880.)

WHEN a felon's not engaged in his employment,
Or maturing his felonious little plans,
His capacity for innocent enjoyment
Is just as great as any honest man's.
Our feelings we with difficulty smother
When constabulary duty's to be done :
Ah, take one consideration with another—
A policeman's lot is not a happy one.

When the enterprising burglar isn't burgling,
When the cut-throat isn't occupied in crime,
He loves to hear the little brook a-gurgling,
And listen to the merry village chime.
When the coster's finished jumping on his mother,
He loves to lie a-basking in the sun :
Ah, take one consideration with another—
A policeman's life is not a happy one.

IV.—SANS SOUCI.

(FROM "PATIENCE," 1882.)

I CANNOT tell what this love may be
That cometh to all but not to me.
It cannot be kind as they'd imply,
Or why do these gentle ladies sigh?
It cannot be joy and rapture deep,
Or why do these gentle ladies weep?
It cannot be blissful, as 'tis said,
Or why are their eyes so wondrous red?
If love is a thorn, they show no wit
Who foolishly hug and foster it.
If love is a weed, how simple they
Who gather and gather it, day by day!
If love is a nettle that makes you smart,
Why do you wear it next your heart?
And if it be neither of these, say I,
Why do you sit and sob and sigh?

V.—THE ÆSTHETE.

(FROM "PATIENCE," 1882.)

IF you're anxious for to shine in the high æsthetic
line as a man of culture rare,
You must get up all the germs of the transcendental
terms, and plant them everywhere.
You must lie upon the daisies, and discourse in novel
phrases of your complicated state of mind,
The meaning doesn't matter if it's only idle chatter
of a transcendental kind.

And every one will say,

As you walk your mystic way,

"If this young man expresses himself in terms too deep for me
Why, what a very singularly deep young man this
deep young man must be!"

Be eloquent in praise of the very dull old days which
have long since passed away,
And convince 'em if you can that the reign of Good
Queen Anne was Culture's palmiest day.
Of course you will pooh-pooh whatever's fresh and
new, and declare it's crude and mean,
And Art stopped short in the cultivated court of the
Empress Josephine.

And every one will say,
As you walk your mystic way,
"If that's not good enough for him which is good
enough for *me*,
Why, what a very cultivated kind of youth this kind
of youth must be!"

Then a sentimental passion of a vegetable fashion
must excite your languid spleen,
An attachment *à la* Plato for a bashful young potato,
or a not-too-French French bean!
Though the Philistines may jostle, you will rank as
an apostle in the high æsthetic band,
If you walk down Piccadilly with a poppy or a lily
in your mediæval hand.

And every one will say,
As you walk your flowery way,
"If he's content with a vegetable love which would
certainly not suit *me*,
Why, what a most particularly pure young man this
pure young man must be!"

VI.—LORD CHANCELLOR'S SONG.

(FROM "IOLANTHE," 1883.)

THE Law is the true embodiment
Of everything that's excellent.
It has no kind of fault or flaw,
And I, my lords, embody the Law.
The constitutional guardian I
Of pretty young Wards in Chancery,
All very agreeable girls—and none
Are over the age of twenty-one.
A pleasant occupation for
A rather susceptible Chancellor!

But though the compliment implied
Inflates me with legitimate pride,
It nevertheless can't be denied
That it has its inconvenient side.
For I'm not so old, and not so plain,
And I'm quite prepared to marry again,
But there'd be the deuce to pay in the Lords
If I fell in love with one of my Wards!
Which rather tries my temper, for
I'm *such* a susceptible Chancellor!

And everyone who'd marry a Ward
Must come to me for my accord;
And in my court I sit all day
Giving agreeable girls away,
With one for him—and one for he—
And one for you—and one for ye—
And one for thou—and one for thee—
But never, oh, never a one for me!
Which is highly exasperating for
A highly susceptible Chancellor!

VII.—SAID I TO MYSELF—SAID I.

(FROM "IOLANTHE," 1883.)

WHEN I went to the Bar as a very young man
 (Said I to myself—said I),
I'll work on a new and original plan
 (Said I to myself—said I),
I'll never assume that a rogue or a thief
Is a gentleman worthy implicit belief,
Because his attorney has sent me a brief
 (Said I to myself—said I!)

I'll never throw dust in a juryman's eyes
 (Said I to myself—said I),
Or hoodwink a judge who is not over-wise
 (Said I to myself—said I),
Or assume that the witnesses summoned in force
In Exchequer, Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, or Divorce,
Have perjured themselves as a matter of course
 (Said I to myself—said I).

Ere I go into court I will read my brief through
 (Said I to myself—said I),
And I'll never take work I'm unable to do
 (Said I to myself—said I),
My learned profession I'll never disgrace
By taking a fee with a grin on my face,
When I haven't been there to attend to the case
 (Said I to myself—said I).

In other professions in which men engage
 (Said I to myself—said I),
The Army, the Navy, the Church, and the Stage
 (Said I to myself—said I),

Professional licence, if carried too far,
Your chance of promotion will certainly mar—
And I fancy the rule might apply to the Bar
(Said I to myself—said I!).

VIII.—THE SUICIDE'S GRAVE.

(FROM "THE MIKADO," 1885.)

ON a tree by a river a little tomtit,
Sang, "Willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
And I said to him, "Dicky-bird, why do you sit
Singing, 'Willow, titwillow, titwillow?'
Is it weakness of intellect, birdie?" I cried,
"Or a rather tough worm in your little inside?"
With a shake of his poor little head he replied,
"Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

He slapped at his chest, as he sat on the bough,
Singing, "Willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
And a cold perspiration bespangled his brow,
Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!
He sobbed, and he sighed, and a gurgle he gave;
Then he threw himself into the billowy wave,
And an echo arose from the suicide's grave,
"Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

Now I feel just as sure as I'm sure that my name
Isn't willow, titwillow, titwillow,
That 'twas blighted affection that made him exclaim
"Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
And if you remain callous and obdurate, I
Shall perish as he did, and you will know why,
Though I probably shall not exclaim as I die,
"Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

IX.—A RECIPE.

(FROM "THE GONDOLIERS," 1889.)

TAKE a pair of sparkling eyes,
Hidden, ever and anon,
In a merciful eclipse—
Do not heed their mild surprise—
Having passed the Rubicon.
Take a pair of rosy lips ;
Take a figure trimly planned—
Such as admiration whets
(Be particular in this) ;
Take a tender little hand,
Fringed with dainty fingerettes,
Press it—in parenthesis ;—
Take all these, you lucky man—
Take, and keep them, if you can !

Take a pretty little cot—
Quite a miniature affair—
Hung about with trellised vine
Furnish it upon the spot
With the treasures rich and rare
I've endeavoured to define.
Live to love and love to live—
You will ripen at your ease,
Growing on the sunny side—
Fate has nothing more to give.
You're a dainty man to please
If you are not satisfied.
Take my counsel, happy man ;
Act upon it, if you can !

X.—THE MERRY MAN AND HIS MAID.

(FROM "THE YEOMAN OF THE GUARD," 1889.)

He. I HAVE a song to sing O!*She.* Sing me your song O!*He.* It is sung to the moon

By a love-lorn loon,

Who fled from the mocking throng O!

It's the song of a merryman, moping mum,

Whose soul was sad, and whose glance was glum,

Who sipped no sup, and who craved no crumb,

As he sighed for the love of a ladye.

Heighdy! heighdy!

Misery me—lackadaydee!

He sipped no sup, and he craved no crumb,

As he sighed for the love of a ladye!

She. I have a song to sing O!*He.* Sing me your song O!*She.* It is sung with the ring

Of the song maids sing

Who love with a love life-long O!

It's the song of the merrymaid, peerly proud,

Who loved a lord, and who laughed aloud

At the moan of the merryman moping mum,

Whose soul was sore, whose glance was glum,

Who sipped no sup, and craved no crumb,

As he sighed for the love of a ladye!

Heighdy! heighdy!

Misery me—lackadaydee!

He sipped no sup, and he craved no crumb,

As he sighed for the love of a ladye!

He. I have a song to sing O!*She.* Sing me your song O!

He. It is sung to the knell
Of a churchyard bell,
And a doleful ding, dong, ding O !
It's a song of a popinjay, bravely born,
Who turned up his noble nose in scorn
At the humble merrymaid peerly proud,
Who loved that lord, and who laughed aloud
At the moan of the merryman moping mum,
Whose soul was sad, whose glance was glum,
Who sipped no sup, and who craved no crumb,
As he sighed for the love of a ladye !
Heighdy ! heighdy !
Misery me—lackadaydee !
He sipped no sup, and he craved no crumb,
As he sighed for the love of a ladye !

She. I have a song to sing O !
He. Sing me your song O !
She. It is sung with a sigh,
And a tear in the eye,
For it tells of a righted wrong O !
It's the song of a merrymaid, once so gay,
Who turned on her heel and tripped away
From the peacock popinjay, bravely born,
Who turned up his noble nose with scorn
At the humble heart that he did not prize ;
And it tells how she begged, with downcast eyes,
For the love of the merryman moping mum,
Whose soul was sad, and whose glance was glum,
Who sipped no sup, and who craved no crumb,
As he sighed for the love of a ladye !
Heighdy ! heighdy !
Misery me—lackadaydee !
His pains were o'er, and he sighed no more
For he lived in the love of the ladye !

BAB BALLADS.

WILLIAM SCHWENCK GILBERT.

I.—THE YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL."

TWAS on the shores that round our coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone on a piece of stone
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he,
And I heard this wight on the shore recite,
In a singular minor key :

" Oh, I am the cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid,
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking
And so I simply said :

" Oh, elderly man, it's little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea,
And I'll eat my hand if I understand
How you can possibly be

" At once a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which
Is a trick all seamen larn,
And having got rid of a thumping quid,
He spun this painful yarn :

“ 'Twas in the good ship *Nancy Bell*
That we sailed to the Indian Sea,
And there on a reef we come to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

“ And pretty nigh all the crew was drowned
(There was seventy-seven o' soul),
And only ten of the *Nancy's* men
Said 'Here!' to the muster-roll.

“ There was me and the cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And the bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

“ For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
Till a-hungry we did feel,
So we drewed a lot, and accordin' shot
The captain for our meal.

“ The next lot fell to the *Nancy's* mate,
And a delicate dish he made ;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed.

“ And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
And he much resembled pig ;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig.

“ Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question 'Which
Of us two goes to the kettle ?' arose.
And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
 And the cook he worshipped me;
 But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed
 In the other chap's hold, you see.

" 'I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says Tom.
 'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be,—
 I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I.
 And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he, 'Dear James, to murder me
 Were a foolish thing to do,
 For don't you see that you can't cook *me*,
 While I can—and will—cook *you* !'

"So he boils the water, and takes the salt
 And the pepper in portions true
 (Which he never forgot), and some chopped shallot,
 And some sage and parsley too.

" 'Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,
 Which his smiling features tell,
 'Twill soothing be if I let you see
 How extremely nice you'll smell.'

"And he stirred it round and round and round,
 And he sniffed at the foaming froth;
 When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals
 In the scum of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,
 And—as I eating be
 The last of his chops, why, I almost drops,
 For a wessel in sight I see.

* * * *

"And I never larf, and I never smile,
 And I never lark nor play,
 But sit and croak, and a single joke
 I have—which is to say:

“ Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo’sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain’s gig !”

II.—FERDINAND AND ELVIRA; OR, THE
GENTLE PIEMAN.

PART I.

AT a pleasant evening party I had taken down to
supper
One whom I will call Elvira, and we talked of love
and Tupper,
Mr. Tupper and the Poets, very lightly with them
dealing,
For I’ve always been distinguished for a strong
poetic feeling.
Then we let off paper crackers, each of which con-
tained a motto,
And she listened while I read them, till her mother
told her not to.
Then she whispered, “To the ball-room we had
better, dear, be walking ;
If we stop down here much longer, really people
will be talking.”
There were noblemen in coronets, and military
cousins,
There were captains by the hundred, there were
baronets by dozens.
Yet she heeded not their offers, but dismissed them
with a blessing ;
Then she let down all her back hair, which had
taken long in dressing.

Then she had convulsive sobbings in her agitated
throttle,

Then she wiped her pretty eyes and smelt her pretty
smelling bottle.

So I whispered, "Dear Elvira, say,—what can the
matter be with you ?

Does anything you've eaten, darling Popsy, disagree
with you ?"

But spite of all I said, her sobs grew more and more
distressing

And she tore her pretty back hair, which had taken
long in dressing.

Then she gazed upon the carpet, at the ceiling, then
above me,

And she whispered, "Ferdinando, do you really,
really love me ?"

"Love you ?" said I, then I sighed, and then I
gazed upon her sweetly,—

For I think I do this sort of thing particularly
neatly.

"Send me to the Arctic regions, or illimitable
azure,

On a scientific goose-chase, with my Coxwell or my
Glaisher !

"Tell me whither I may hie me—tell me, dear one,
that I may know—

Is it up the highest Andes ? down a horrible
volcano ?"

But she said, "It isn't polar bears, or hot volcanic
grottoes :

Only find out who it is that writes those lovely
cracker mottoes !"

PART II.

“Tell me, Henry Wadsworth, Alfred, Poet Close,
or Mister Tupper,
Do you write the bon-bon mottoes my Elvira pulls
at supper?”

But Henry Wadsworth smiled, and said he had not
had that honour;
And Alfred, too, disclaimed the words that told so
much upon her.

“Mister Martin Tupper, Poet Close, I beg of you
inform us;”
But my question seemed to throw them both into a
rage enormous.

Mister Close expressed a wish that he could only
get anigh to me;
And Mister Martin Tupper sent the following reply
to me:

“A fool is bent upon a twig, but wise men dread a
bandit,”—
Which I know was very clever; but I didn’t under-
stand it.

Seven weary years I wandered—Patagonia, China,
Norway,
Till at last I sank exhausted at a pastrycook his
doorway.

There were fuchsias and geraniums, and daffodils
and myrtle;
So I entered, and I ordered half a basin of mock
turtle

He was plump and he was chubby, he was smooth and
he was rosy,

And his little wife was pretty and particularly cosy.

And he chirped and sang, and skipped about, and
laughed with laughter hearty—

He was wonderfully active for so very stout a party.

And I said, "O gentle pieman, why so very, very merry?

Is it purity of conscience, or your one-and-seven sherry?

But he answered, "I'm so happy—no profession could
be dearer—

If I am not humming 'Tra! la! la!' I'm singing 'Tirer,
lirer!'

"First I go and make the patties, and the puddings,
and the jellies,

Then I make a sugar bird-cage, which upon a table swell is;

"Then I polish all the silver, which a supper-table
lacquers;

Then I write the pretty mottoes which you find inside
the crackers"—

"Found at last!" I madly shouted. "Gentle pieman,
you astound me!"

Then I waved the turtle soup enthusiastically round me;

And I shouted and I danced until he'd quite a crowd
around him,

And I rushed away exclaiming, "I have found him! I
have found him!"

And I heard the gentle pieman in the road behind me
trilling,

"'Tira! lira!' stop him, stop him! 'Tra! la! la!' the
soup's a shilling!"

But until I reached Elvira's home, I never, never waited,
And Elvira to her Ferdinand's irrevocably mated!

Ashby Sterry.

1838.

JOSEPH ASHBY STERRY was born in London in the year 1838. His early ambition was in the direction of art, and from seventeen to twenty-two he devoted himself to oil-painting—chiefly portraiture. His first volume of verse was “Boudoir Ballads” (1876), which was a quick success. “The Lazy Minstrel” (1886), however, quite eclipsed its predecessor, and has since passed through many editions. His principal prose writings are “Shuttlecock Papers” (1873), “Tiny Travels” (1874), “Snailway Guides” (1884), “Nut-shell Novels” (1891), and “A Naughty Girl” (1893). His “Rambler Papers” attracted many readers to the pages of the *Sunday Times* when they appeared, as did also his “Travellers’ Tales” to those of the *Pictorial World*. Much of his best work has appeared in *Punch*, from which many of his lyrics have been reprinted. He is an enthusiastic lover of the river Thames, and is familiar with it from its source to its mouth, frequently visiting and re-visiting its many spots of beauty and interest in his little sailing dinghy, *The Shuttlecock*.

In his verse Mr. Ashby Sterry has celebrated the haunts and experiences of these delightful voyages upon his beloved river. “Hambleton Lock,” “Blankton Weir,” and “Bolney Ferry,” are only a sample of the titles of Mr. Ashby Sterry’s dainty

little vignettes of river scenery and life. To the many who, first drifting with the tide of Thames, have since drifted on together with the tide of time, these delightful pictures of old-time experiences are full of touches which revive the happiest circumstances and the sweetest memories; while those who are fishers of jack, rather than "fishers of men" or women, cannot fail to have their sympathies excited by such lyrics of the rod and reel as "Skindles in October":—

"October is the time of year;
For no regattas interfere,
The river then is fairly clear
Of steaming 'spindles';
You then have space to moor your punt;
You then can get a room in front
Of Skindle's.

"When Taplow woods are russet red,
When half the poplar leaves are shed,
When silence reigns at Maidenhead,
And autumn dwindles,
'Tis good to lounge upon that lawn,
Though beauties of last June are gone
From Skindle's.

"We toiled in June all down to Bray,
And yarns we spun for Mab and May;
O, who would think such girls as they
Would turn out swindles?
But *now* we toil and spin for jack,
And in the evening we get back
To Skindle's.

"And after dinner—passing praise—
'Tis sweet to meditate and laze,
And watch the ruddy logs ablaze;
And as one kindles
The big post-prandial cigar,
My friend, be thankful that we are
At Skindle's.

ALFRED H. MILES.

THE LAZY MINSTREL.

JOSEPH ASHBY STERRY.

I.—TARPAULINE.

A SKETCH AT RYDE.

A PRETTY picture is it not,
Beneath the awning of the yacht ?
A beauty of Sixteen,
She wears a trim tarpaulin hat,
So now you know the reason that
I call her Tarpauline.

A taut serge dress of Navy blue,
A boatswain's silver whistle, too.
She wears when she's afloat ;
An open collar, and I wot,
A veritable sailor's knot
Around her pretty throat.

She has a glance that pleads and kills ;
And 'mid her shy and snowy frills
A little foot appears ;
She has the softest sunny locks,
The compass she knows how to box,
And, when it's needful—ears !

The smartest little sailor-girl,
Who'll steer or "bear a hand" or furl,
And I am told she oft
Quite longs to reef her petticoats,
And gleefully to "girl the boats,"
Or glibly go aloft !

But now how lazily she lies !
And droops those tender trustful eyes,
Unutterably sweet !
While snugly 'neath the bulwark curled,
Forgetting all about the world
The *World* is at her feet !

With tiny, dimpled, sunburnt hand,
She pats the solemn Newfoundland
Who crouches at her side.
She's thinking—not of me nor you,
When smiling as she listens to
The lapping of the tide.

O, were I pressed, aboard that ship,
How joyfully I'd take a trip,
For some change of air and scene !
I'd soon pack up a carpet-bag,
And gladly sail beneath the flag
Of bonny Tarpauline !

II.—ON BOARD THE "GLADYS."

L OUNGING at ease in the laziest attitude,
Fresh briny breezes are blowing so free ;
Never once thinking of longi- or lati-tude,
While our swift schooner skims over the sea.

Smart little sailor-girls, laughing deliciously,
Softens the skipper with maidenly wiles ;
Climb where they oughtn't to, pouting capriciously,
Vanquish the boatswain with sunniest smiles.

If a squall blows—as it will most unluckily—
Dear little damsels, the best of A. B.'s,
Face the salt spray, reef their petticoats pluckily,
Laugh at wet jackets, and sing in the breeze !

Note them, ye maidens so silly and finical,
See the brown hands of each nautical dear ;
Hear them discourse on a bobstay or binnacle,
Watch their delight when permitted to steer !

Dinners on deck are divinely delectable,—
Under the awning, well screened from the sun—
Some folks would dine *à la Russe* and respectable ;
Give *us* the laughing, the quaffing, and fun !

Dreaming when heats of the noontide so hazily
Shimmer around our becalmed little craft ;
Smoking and mooning, so languidly lazily,
Whilst someone reads 'neath the awning abaft.

Dreaming in soft summer night so mysterious,
Watching the waves as they dash from the bows ;
Prattle becoming first sober, then serious,
Laughter soon softened to tremulous vows.

Drifting from chaff into "something particular,"
Though you intended but simply to "spoon :"
Starlight is good for confession auricular,
Lunatics thrive in the light of the moon !

Down in the cabin at night, you most willingly
Cluster to hear, round the small pianette,
Sweet voices warble low, tender and thrillingly,
Syren-like songs that you fain would forget !

Far from the boredom of vapid society,
Leaving all care and all worry at home,
Swift speed the days in an endless variety
While the trim *Gladys* flies over the foam !

III.—BOLNEY FERRY.

THE way was long, the sun was high,
The Minstrel was fatigued and dry!
From Wargrave he came walking down,
In hope to soon reach Henley town;
And at the "Lion" find repast,
To slake his thirst and break his fast.

Alas! there's neither punt or wherry
To take him over Bolney Ferry!

He gazes to the left and right—
No craft is anywhere in sight,
Except the house-boat he espied
Secure upon the other side;
No skiff he finds to stem the swirl,
No ferryman, nor boy, nor girl!

He sits and sings there "Hey down derry!"
But can't get over Bolney Ferry!

No ferry-girl? Indeed I'm wrong,
For she—the subject of my song—
So dainty, dimpled, young, and fair,
Is coolly sketching over there.
She gazes, stops, then seems to guess
The reason of the Bard's distress.

A brindled bull-dog she calls "Jerry,"
Comes with her over Bolney Ferry!

She pulls, and then she pulls again,
With shapely hands, the rusty chain;
She smiles, and, with a softened frown,
She bids her faithful dog lie down.
As she approaches near the shore
She shows her dimples more and more.

Her short white teeth, lips like a cherry
Unpouting show, at Bolney Ferry!

With joy he steps aboard the boat,
The Rhymer's rescued and afloat !
She chirps and chatters, and the twain
Together pull the rusty chain :
He smiles to think each quaint clink-clank
But brings him nearer to the bank !

His heart is sad, her laugh is merry,
And so they part at Bolney Ferry !

The Minstrel sitting down to dine
To retrospection doth incline ;
" A faultless figure, watchet eyes
As sweet as early summer skies !
What pretty hands, what subtle grace,
And what a winsome little face ! "

In Mrs. Williams' driest sherry
He toasts the Lass of Bolney Ferry !

IV.—THE LITTLE REBEL.

PRINCESS of pretty pets,
Tomboy in trouserettes ;
Eyes are like violets,—

Gleefully glancing !

Skin, like an otter sleek,
Nose, like a baby Greek,
Sweet little dimple-cheek—

Merrily dancing !

Lark-like her song it trills,
Over the dale and hills,
Hark how her laughter thrills !

Joyously joking.

Yet, should she feel inclined,
I fancy you will find,
She, like all woman-kind

Oft is provoking !

Often she stands on chairs,
Sometimes she unawares
Slyly creeps up the stairs
 Secretly hiding :
Then will this merry maid—
She is of naught afraid—
Come down the balustrade,
 Saucily sliding !

Books she abominates,
But see her go on skates,
And over five-barred gates
 Fearlessly scramble !
Climbing up apple-trees,
Barking her supple knees,
Flouting mama's decrees—
 Out for a ramble.

Now she is good as gold,
Then she is pert and bold,
Minds not what she is told,
 Carelessly tripping.
She is an April Miss,
Bounding to grief from bliss,
Often she has a kiss—
 Sometimes a whipping !

Naughty but best of girls,
Through life she gaily twirls,
Shaking her sunny curls—
 Careless and joyful.
Ev'ry one on her dotes,
Carolling merry notes,
Pet in short petticoats
 Truly tomboyful !

V.—IN A BELLAGIO BALCONY.

The Lazy Minstrel hastes to own he
Prefers the "o" long in "Balcōny"!

I'LL dream and moon, O will I not?
My views just now are somewhat hazy;
I fancy I am very hot,
I'm certain I am very lazy!
I cannot read, I dare not think,
I'm idle as a *lassarone*;
So in the sunshine I will blink—
In this Balcōny.

Mama o'er *Tauchnitz* takes a nap,
Papa is reading *Galignani*,
And Loo is conning *Murray's* map,
And humming airs from *Puritani*.
There's Tom-boy Ten in shortened skirts—
Which just reveal her frilled *calzoni*—
And Sweet-and-Twenty, Queen of Flirts,
In this Balcōny!

I've nothing in the world to do,
I like the *dolce far niente*;
I love the eyes of peerless blue,
And nameless grace of Sweet-and-Twenty!
I've lunched with dainty Violet
Off nectarines and fried *agoni*;
And now I'll smoke a cigarette,
In this Balcōny.

I do not think I care to talk,
I am not up to much exertion;
I'm not inclined to ride or walk,
I loathe the very word excursion!

Now shall I heated effort make,
 And climb the hill to Serbelloni ?
 I'd rather gaze upon the lake
 From this Balcōny.

Or rather gaze on Violet,
 This sunny day in sweet September ;
 Her eyes I never can forget,
 Her voice I always shall remember !
 I'r'aps lazy lovers oft are slow—
 I whispered *con espressione*—
 And what I *meant* to say I know,
 In this Balcōny !

Alas ! that *Murray* dropped by Loo
 Mama awakens in a minute !
 Papa has read his paper through
 And finds, of course, there's nothing in it !
 And Tom-boy Ten is full of fun,
 She's off somewhere to ride a pony,
 And Vi has gone ! So fades the sun—
 From this Balcōny !

VII.—SPRING'S DELIGHTS.

'Tis good-bye to comfort, to ease and prosperity,
 Now Spring has set in with its usual severity !

SPRING'S Delights are now returning !
 Let the Lazy Minstrel sing ;
 While the ruddy logs are burning,
 Let his merry banjo ring !
 Take no heed of pluvial patter,
 Waste no time in vain regrets ;
 Though our teeth are all a-chatter
 Like the clinking castanets !

Though it's freezing, sleeting, snowing,
Though we're speechless from catarrh,
Though the East wind's wildly blowing,
Let us warble, *Tra-la-la* !

Spring's Delights are now returning !

Let us order new great-coats :
Never let us dream of spurning
Woollen wraps around our throats.
Let us see the couch nocturnal
Snugly swathed in eider-down :
Let not thoughts of weather vernal
Tempt us to go out of Town.
Though the biting blast is cruel,
Though our " tonic's " not *sol-fa*,
Though we sadly sup on gruel,
Let us warble, *Tra-la-la*.

Spring's Delights are now returning !

Now the poet deftly weaves
Quaint conceits and rhymes concerning
Croton oil and mustard leaves !
Let us, though we are a fixture,
In our room compelled to stay—
Let us quaff the glad cough mixture,
Gaily gargle time away !
Though we're racked with pains rheumatic,
Though to sleep we've said ta-ta,
Let us, with a voice ecstatic.
Wildly warble, *Tra-la-la* !

Spring's Delights are now returning !

Doctors now are blithe and gay !
Heaps of money now they're earning,
Calls they're making ev'ry day.

Ev'ry shepherd swain grows colder,
As, in vain, he tries to sing ;
Feels he now quite ten years older,
'Neath the blast of blighting Spring !
Though we're doubtful of the issue,
Let us bravely shout Hurrah !
And in one superb *A-tishoo* !
Sneeze and warble, *Tra-la-la* !

VIII.—A SHORTHAND SONNET.

WRITTEN ON THE FAN OF A FLIRT.

THEY are blue,
As the skies—
Those sweet eyes,
Made to woo !
But can you
E'er surmise—
Are her sighs,
False or true ?

To beguile
And to hurt
With a smile
And desert ;
Is the wile
Of a Flirt !

Austin Dobson.

1840.

AMONG Mr. Austin Dobson's poems are many which must be counted among the best examples of the lighter verse of the nineteenth century, and this because, even in his merriest moods, he never loses the delicate sense and wise restraint of the true poet. The earlier humourists were prone in throwing off the reserve of good taste to abandon also the restraint of good manners, with the result that the unlovely in thought and idea often found expression in the inelegant of form and style—the writers apparently assuming that where the purpose was to be funny there was no necessity to be beautiful. Hence humour too often degraded poetry instead of poetry elevating humour. Any honest man may be pardoned for desiring to throw off the trim-cut coat of conventionality and the strait-waistcoat of artificial restraint; but the true poet remembers that if he divests himself of artificiality that he may have natural play for his limbs, it is not that he may go bare, or in rags and tatters, but that he may don the flowing robes which add dignity to form and grace to movement. With the true *Artium Magister* there is no confusion of freedom with folly, of liberty with licence.

It would be hazardous to attempt to define the precise relationship between the sense of beauty and

the sense of humour. Indeed it would be far easier to find examples of the sacrifice of the one to the other. And yet it is clear that there can be no natural opposition between natural senses, that they *have* relationship, and are capable not only of concurrent existence, but of subtle and delicate combination, if not fusion, both in nature and in art. Irish verse is full of examples of the union of humour and pathos in the celebration of natural phenomena; and where this is transfigured by imaginative insight, poetry results in which all elements are sanctified by the absorbing power of beauty.

In Mr. Dobson's work the humour is as chaste as the pathos, not only in the soul which informs it, but in the body that gives it expression, and that without any loss of the essential spirit of humour, and often with that imaginative touch which lifts even trifles into the sphere of the sublime. Take, for instance, the following stanzas from "Incognita," and especially the lines we have italicised, and say where in the pages of Walcott, Coleman, or any of the earlier humourists, not even excepting Praed, so delicate a simile, so poetic an image, is introduced into verse for which the poet himself claims no higher characterization than that of *vers de societe* :—

"And oh! the odds things that she quoted,
With the prettiest possible look,
And the price of two buns that she noted
In the prettiest possible book;
While her talk like a musical rillet
Flashed on with the hours that flew,
And the carriage, her smile seemed to fill it
With just enough summer—for Two.

“Till at last in her corner, peeping
From a nest of rugs and furs,
With the white shut eyelids sleeping
On those dangerous looks of hers,
She seemed like a snowdrop breaking,
Not wholly alive nor dead,
But with one blind impulse making
To the sounds of the spring overhead ;

“And I watched in the lamplight’s swerving
The shade of the down-dropt lid,
And the lip-line’s delicate curving,
Where a slumbering smile lay hid,
Till I longed that, rather than sever,
The train should shriek into space,
And carry us onward—for ever—
Me and that beautiful face.”

Of the delicacy of Mr. Dobson’s art it is superfluous to speak, and indeed it would need an art as perfect as his own to do it justice. Take the Dramatic Vignette “Au Revoir,” for instance : what could be more delicate in subject and in treatment ? If the test of perfection in poetic art be that the work cannot be bettered either by addition, subtraction, or variation, surely we have it here, as in every one of the “Proverbs in Porcelain,” and in the great majority of the “Vignettes in Rhyme.” What could be more daintily satiric than “The Cap that Fits” ? what more delicately humorous than “A Garden Idyll” ? The perfect in art is its own demonstration, and the wisest criticism is to point it out and then leave it to prove itself. To show *where* it is, is always a useful service ; to discuss *what* it is, is often an impertinence.

How much Mr. Dobson owes to the early years he spent in France, or to his study of old French

forms, it is impossible to say; but in the result we have grace without loss of vigour,—all that is healthy and true in the English heart with all that is delicate and fascinating in French manners.

ALFRED H. MILES.

PROVERBS IN PORCELAIN.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

THE CAP THAT FITS.

"Qui sème épines n'aïlle déchaux."

SCENE.—*A Salon with blue and white Panels. Outside, Persons pass and re-pass upon a Terrace.*

HORTENSE. ARMANDE. MONSIEUR LOYAL.

HORTENSE (*behind her fan*).

NOT young, I think.

ARMANDE (*raising her eye lass*).

And faded, too!—

Quite faded! Monsieur, what say you?

M. LOYAL.

Nay,—I defer to you. In truth,
To me she seems all grace and youth.

HORTENSE.

Graceful? You think it? What, with hands
That hang like this (*with a gesture*).

ARMANDE.

And how she stands.

M. LOYAL.

Nay,—I am wrong again. I thought
Her air delightfully untaught!

HORTENSE.

But you amuse me—

M. LOYAL.

Still her dress,—

Her dress at least, you *must* confess—

ARMANDE.

Is odious simply ! JACOTOT
Did not supply that lace, I know ;
And where, I ask, has mortal seen
A hat unfeathered !

HORTENSE.

Edged with green :

M. LOYAL.

The words remind me. Let me say
A Fable that I heard to-day.
Have I permission ?

BOTH (*with enthusiasm*).

Monsieur, pray ?

M. LOYAL.

*" Myrtilla (lest a Scandal rise
The Lady's Name I thus disguise),
Dying of Ennui, once decided,—
Much on Resource herself she prided,—
To choose a Hat. Forthwith she flies
On that momentous Enterprize.
Whether to Petit or Legros,
I know not : only this I know ;—
Head-dresses then, of any Fashion,
Bore Names of Quality or Passion.
Myrtilla tried them, almost all :
' Prudence,' she felt, was somewhat small ;
' Retirement' seemed the Eyes to hide ;
' Content' at once she cast aside.
' Simplicity,'—'twas out of place ;
' Devotion,' for an older face ;*

*Briefly, Selection smaller grew,
'Vexations! odious!'—none would do!
Then, on a sudden, she espied
One that she thought she had not tried:
Becoming, rather,—'edged with green,'—
Roses in yellow, Thorns between.
'Quick! Bring me that!' 'Tis brought. 'Complete,
Divine, Enchanting, Tasteful, Neat,'
In all the Tones. 'And this you call——?'
'"ILL-NATURE," Madame. It fits all."*

HORTENSE.

A thousand thanks! So naïvely turned!

ARMANDE.

So useful too . . . to those concerned!
'Tis yours?

M. LOYAL.

Ah no,—some cynic wit's;
And called (I think)—

(Placing his hat upon his breast),

"The Cap that Fits."

VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

INCOGNITA.

JUST for a space that I met her—
Just for a day in the train !
It began when she feared it would wet her,
That tiniest spurtle of rain :
So we tucked a great rug in the sashes,
And carefully padded the pane ;
And I sorrow in sackcloth and ashes,
Longing to do it again !

Then it grew when she begged me to reach her
A dressing-case under the seat ;
She was " really so tiny a creature,
That she needed a stool for her feet ! "
Which was promptly arranged to her order
With a care that was even minute,
And a glimpse—of an open-worked border,
And a glance—of the fairest boot.

Then it drooped, and revived at some hovels—
" Were they houses for men or for pigs ? "
Then it shifted to muscular novels,
With a little digression on prigs :
She thought " Wives and Daughters " " so jolly " ;
" Had I read it ? " She knew when I had,
Like the rest, I should dote upon " Molly ; "
And " poor Mrs. Gaskell—how sad ! "

" Like Browning ? " " But so-so." His proof lay
Too deep for her frivolous mood,
That preferred your mere metrical *souffle*
To the stronger poetical food ;

Yet at times he was good—"as a tonic ;"

Was Tennyson writing just now ?

And was this new poet Byronic,

And clever, and naughty, or how ?

Then we trifled with concerts and croquet,

Then she daintily dusted her face ;

Then she sprinkled herself with "Ess Bouquet,"

Fished out from the foregoing case ;

And we chattered of Gassier and Grisi,

And voted Aunt Sally a bore ;

Discussed if the tight rope were easy,

Or Chopin much harder than Spohr.

And oh ! the odds things that she quoted,

With the prettiest possible look,

And the price of two buns that she noted

In the prettiest possible book ;

While her talk like a musical rillet

Flashed on with the hours that flew,

And the carriage, her smile seemed to fill it

With just enough summer—for Two.

Till at last in her corner, peeping

From a nest of rugs and of furs,

With the white shut eyelids sleeping

On those dangerous looks of hers,

She seemed like a snowdrop breaking,

Not wholly alive nor dead,

But with one blind impulse making

To the sounds of the spring overhead ;

And I watched in the lamplight's swerving

The shade of the down-dropt lid,

And the lip-line's delicate curving,

Where a slumbering smile lay hid,

Till I longed that, rather than sever,
The train should shriek into space,
And carry us onward—for ever—
Me and that beautiful face.

But she suddenly woke in a fidget,
With fears she was “nearly at home,”
And talk of a certain Aunt Bridget,
Whom I mentally wished—well at Rome ;
Got out at the very next station,
Looking back with a merry *Bon Soir*,
Adding, too, to my utter vexation,
A surplus, unkind *Au Revoir*.

So left me to muse on her graces,
To doze and to muse, till I dreamed
That we sailed through the sunniest places
In a glorified galley, it seemed ;
But the cabin was made of a carriage,
And the ocean was Eau-de-Cologne,
And we split on a rock labelled MARRIAGE,
And I woke,—as cold as a stone.

And that's how I lost her—a jewel,
Incognita—one in a crowd,
Not prudent enough to be cruel,
Not worldly enough to be proud.
It was just a shut lid and its lashes,
Just a few hours in a train,
And I sorrow in sackcloth and ashes,
Longing to see her again.

VIGNETTES IN RHYME.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

A GARDEN IDYLL.

A LADY. A POET.

The Lady.

SIR Poet, ere you crossed the lawn
(If it was wrong to watch you, pardon,) Behind this weeping birch withdrawn,
I watched you saunter round the garden.
I saw you bend beside the phlox,
Pluck, as you passed, a sprig of myrtle,
Review my well-ranged hollyhocks,
Smile at the fountain's slender spurtle ;

You paused beneath the cherry tree
Where my marauder thrush was singing,
Peered at the beehives curiously,
And narrowly escaped a stinging ;
And then—you see I watched—you passed
Down the espalier walk that reaches
Out to the western wall, and last
Dropped on the seat before the peaches.

What was your thought ? You waited long.
Sublime or graceful,—grave,—satiric ?
A Morris Greek-and-Gothic song ?
A tender Tennysonian lyric ?
Tell me. That garden seat shall be,
So long as speech renown disperses,
Illustrious as the spot where he—
The gifted Blank—composed his verse.s.

The Poet.

Madam,—whose uncensorious eye
Grows gracious over certain pages,
Wherein the Jester's maxims lie,
It may be, thicker than the Sage's—
I hear but to obey, and could
Mere wish of mine the pleasure do you,
Some verse as whimsical as Hood,—
As gay as Praed,—should answer to you.
But, though the common voice proclaims
Our only serious vocation
Confined to giving nothings names,
And dreams a "local habitation";
Believe me there are tuneless days,
When neither marble, brass, nor vellum,
Would profit much by any lays
That haunt the poet's cerebellum.
More empty things, I fear, than rhymes,
More idle things than songs, absorb it;
The finely-frenzied "eye, at times
Reposes mildly in its orbit;
And—painful truth—at times, to him,
Whose jog-trot thought is nowise restive,
A primrose by a river's brim"
Is absolutely unsuggestive.
The fickle Muse! As ladies will,
She sometimes wearies of her wooer;
A goddess, yet a woman still,
She flies the more that we pursue her;
In short, the worst as well as best,
Five months in six your hapless poet
Is just as prosy as the rest,
But cannot comfortably show it.

You thought, no doubt, the garden-scent
Brings back some brief-winged bright sensation
Of love that came and love that went
Some fragrance of a lost flirtation,
Born when the cuckoo changes song,
Dead ere the apple's red is on it,
That should have been an epic long,
Yet scarcely served to fill a sonnet.

Or else you thought,—the murmuring noon,
He turns it to a lyric sweeter,
With birds that gossip in the tune,
And windy bough-swing in the metre ;
Or else the zigzag fruit-tree's arms
Recall some dream of harp-prest bosoms,
Round singing mouths, and chanted charms,
And mediæval orchard blossoms,—

Quite à la mode. Alas for prose !—
My vagrant fancies only rambled
Back to the red walled Rectory close,
When first my graceless boyhood gambolled.
Climbed on the dial, teased the fish,
And chased the kitten round the beeches,
Till widening instincts made me wish
For certain slowly-ripening peaches.

Three peaches. Not the Graces three
Had more equality of beauty :
I would not look, yet went to see ;
I wrestled with Desire and Duty ;
I felt the pangs of those who feel
The Laws of Property beset them ;
The conflict made my reason reel,
And, half abstractedly, I ate them ;—

Or two of them. Forthwith Despair—
More keen that one of these was rotten—
Moved me to seek some forest lair
Where I might hide and dwell forgotten,
Attired in skins, by berries stained,
Absolved from brushes and ablution;—
But, ere my sylvern haunt was gained,
Fate gave me up to execution.

I saw it all but now. The grin
That gnarled old Gardener Sandy's features;
My father, scholar-like and thin,
Unroused, the tenderest of creatures;
I saw—ah me—I saw again
My dear and deprecating mother;
And then, remembering the cane,
Regretted—that *I'd left the other*.

Robert Buchanan

1841—1901.

AMONG the poets of the century whose output is in the main emphatically serious, there is none whose work exhibits a richer vein of the true universal humour than that of Robert Buchanan. And by the universal humour I mean the humour of temperament, the constant sensibility to the incongruous element in life, as distinguished from that humour of mere *rendering*, which, in the main, testifies to an aptitude rather than to an individuality. Aristophanes, Cervantes, Chaucer, and Shakespeare are humourists of the first kind, whose humour was enjoyed yesterday, is enjoyed to-day, and will be enjoyed for ever; whereas, though Dickens and Hood are undoubtedly great humourists, they belong to the second order; and it is possible—it is even probable—that a century hence their humour will have lost most of its power to charm. One of the most obvious marks of distinction between the two classes is found in the varying proportions of instinct and deliberation in their work. The literary humourist consciously chooses a theme which enables him to exploit his aptitude. He produces “humorous stories” or “humorous poems,” whereas the human humourist will suddenly flood with the irradiation of humour some *motif* which has for its pervading spirit not humour but senti-

ment, pathos, or imagination, thus giving us a "Don Quixote" or an "As You Like It."

Now Mr. Buchanan is a humanist, and in this respect as in others he bears the marks of his tribe. Large as is the total body of humour in his work, he has not written a single poem the *raison d'être* of which is exclusively, or even mainly, the achievement of a humorous effect. In a work like this a poet must needs be represented—at any rate for the most part—by performances which can be reproduced in their entirety; and it would be difficult to choose more characteristic examples of Mr. Buchanan's short, humorous poems than those which follow; but it will be seen that in all of them the humour suffuses and gives quality to the description, the sentiment, or the emotion, without dominating the poem and drawing attention to itself.

In dealing in another volume with Mr. Buchanan's more purely serious work, I spoke of his humanly humorous handling as exhibited in the portrait of Widow Mysie; and though now and then, as, for instance, in the "Wake of Tim O'Hara," he treats the humour of incident, such treatment is comparatively exceptional, and his humour is always richest and fullest in those pages where it warms and vitalises some vividly conceived human figure. In "Saint Abe and his Seven Wives" its play is too obvious to be missed by the most careless; but I am inclined to think that in the finer, subtler work of "White Rose and Red" it is seen to still greater advantage. Eureka, "the Human Beaver," and the pretty, prim "White Rose," Phœbe Anna, are masterly humorous creations.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

LONDON POEMS.

1866—70.

ROBERT BUCHANAN,

I.—THE STARLING.

THE little lame tailor
Sat stitching and snarling—
Who in the world
Was the tailor's darling?
To none of his kind
Was he well-inclined,
But he doted on Jack the starling.
For the bird had a tongue,
And of words good store,
And his cage was hung
Just over the door.
And he saw the people,
And heard the roar,—
Folk coming and going
Evermore,—
And he look'd at the tailor,—
And swore.
From a country lad
The tailor bought him,—
His training was bad
For tramps had taught him;
On ale-house benches
His cage had been,
While louts and wenches
Made jests obscene,—
But he learn'd, no doubt,
His oaths from fellows
Who travel about
With kettle and bellows,

And three or four
The roundest by far
That ever he swore
Were taught by a tar.
And the tailor heard—
“We’ll be friends!” said he,
“You’re a clever bird,
And our tastes agree—
We both are old,
And esteem life base,
The whole world cold,
Things out of place,
And we’re lonely too,
And full of care—
So what can we do
But swear?
“The devil take you
How you mutter,—
Yet there’s much to make you
Swear and flutter.
You want the fresh air
And the sunlight, lad,
And your prison there
Feels dreary and sad,
And here I frown
In a prison as dreary,
Hating the town,
And feeling weary:
We’re too confined, Jack,
And we want to fly,
And you blame mankind, Jack,
And so do I!
And then, again,
By chance as it were,

We learn'd from men
How to grumble and swear ;
You let your throat
By the scamps be guided,
And swore by rote—
All just as I did !
And without beseeching,
Relief is brought us—
For we turn the teaching
On those who taught us ! ”

A haggard and ruffled
Old fellow was Jack,
With a grim face muffled
In ragged black,
And his coat was rusty
And never neat,
And his wings were dusty
With grime of the street,
And he sidelong peer'd,
With eyes of soot,
And scowl'd and sneer'd—
And was lame of a foot !
And he long'd to go
From whence he came ; —
And the tailor, you know
Was just the same.

All kinds of weather
They felt confined,
And swore together
At all mankind ;
For their mirth was done,
And they felt like brothers,

And the swearing of one
 Meant no more than the other's ;
'Twas just a way
 They had learn'd, you see,—
Each wanted to say
 Only this—"Woe's me !
I'm a poor old fellow,
 And I'm prison'd so,
While the sun shines mellow,
And the corn waves yellow,
 And the fresh winds blow,—
And the folk don't care
 If I live or die,
But I long for air,
 And I wish to fly ! "
Yet unable to utter it,
 And too wild to bear,
They could only mutter it,
 And swear.

Many a year
 They dwelt in the city,
In their prisons drear,
 And none felt pity,
And few were sparing
 Of censure and coldness,
To hear them swearing
 With such plain boldness :
But at last, by the Lord,
 Their noise was stopt,—
For down on his board
 The tailor dropt,
And they found him dead
 And done with snarling,

And over his head
 Still grumbled the starling ;
 But when an old Jew
 Claim'd the goods of the tailor,
 And with one eye askew
 Eyed the feathery railer,
 And with a frown
 At the dirt and rust,
 Took the old cage down,
 In a shower of dust,—
 Jack, with heart aching,
 Felt life past bearing,
 And shivering, quaking,
 All hope forsaking,
 Died, swearing.

II.—THE WAKE OF O'HARA.

(SEVEN DIALS.)

TO the Wake of O'Hara
 Came company ;
 All St. Patrick's Alley
 Was there to see,
 With the friends and kinsmen
 Of the family.

On the long deal table lay Tim in white,
 And at his pillow the burning light.
 Pale as himself, with the tears on her cheek,
 The mother received us, too full to speak ;
 But she heap'd the fire, and on the board
 Set the black bottle with never a word,
 While the company gather'd one and all,
 Men and women, big and small—
 Not one in the Alley but felt a call
 To the Wake of Tim O'Hara.

At the face of O'Hara,
All white with sleep,
Not one of the women
But took a peep,
And the wives new-wedded
Began to weep.

The mothers gather'd round about,
And praised the linen and lying-out,—
For white as snow was his winding-sheet,
And all was peaceful, and clean, and sweet ;
And the old wives, praising the blessèd dead,
Were thronging around the old press-bed,
Where O'Hara's widow, tatter'd and torn,
Held to her bosom the babe new-born,
And stared all around her, with eyes forlorn,
At the Wake of Tim O'Hara.

For the heart of O'Hara
Was as good as gold,
And the life of O'Hara
Was bright and bold,
And his smile was precious
To young and old.

Gay as a guinea, wet or dry,
With a smiling mouth, and a twinkling eye !
Had ever an answer for chaff and fun ;
Would fight like a lion, with any one !
Not a neighbour of any trade
But knew some joke the boy had made ;
Not a neighbour, dull or bright,
But minded *something*—frolic or fight,
And whisper'd it round the fire that night,
At the Wake of Tim O'Hara !

"To God be glory
In death and in life,
He's taken O'Hara
From trouble and strife!"
Said one-eyed Biddy,
The apple-wife.

"God bless old Ireland!" said Mistress Hart,
Mother to Mike of the donkey-cart;

"God bless old Ireland till all be done,
She never made wake for a better son!"
And all join'd in chorus, and each one said
Something kind of the boy that was dead;
And the bottle went round from lip to lip,
And the weeping widow, for fellowship,
Took the glass from old Biddy and had a sip,
At the Wake of Tim O'Hara.

Then we drank to O'Hara,
With drams to the brim,
While the face of O'Hara
Look'd on so grim,
In the corpse-light shining
Yellow and dim.

The cup of liquor went round again,
And the talk grew louder at every drain;
Louder the tongues of the women grew!—
The lips of the boys were loosening too!
The widow her weary eyelids closed,
And, soothed by the drop o' drink, she dozed;
The mother brighten'd, and laughed to hear
Of O'Hara's fight with the Grenadier,
And the hearts of all took better cheer,
At the Wake of Tim O'Hara.

Tho' the face of O'Hara
Look'd on so wan,
In the chimney-corner
The row began—
Lame Tony was in it,
The oyster-man ;

For a dirty low thief from the North came near,
And whistled " Boyne Water " in his ear,
And Tony, with never a word of grace, .
Flung out his fist in the blackguard's face;
And the girls and women scream'd out for fright,
And the men that were drunkest began to fight,—
Over the tables and chairs they threw,—
The corpse-light tumbled,—the trouble grew,—
The new-born join'd in the hullabaloo,—
At the Wake of Tim O'Hara.

" Be still ! be silent !
Ye do a sin !
Shame be his portion
Who dares begin ! "
'Twas Father O'Connor
Just enter'd in !—

All look'd down and the row was done—
And shamed and sorry was every one ;
But the Priest just smiled quite easy and free—
" Would ye wake the poor boy from his sleep ? " said he :
And he said a prayer, with a shining face,
Till a kind of brightness fill'd the place ;
The women lit up the dim corpse-light,
The men were quieter at the sight,
And peace of the Lord fell on all that night,
At the Wake of Tim O'Hara.

II.—THE BOOKWORM.

WITH spectacles upon his nose,
He shuffles up and down ;
Of antique fashion are his clothes,
His napless hat is brown ;
A mighty watch, of silver wrought,
Keeps time in sun or rain
To the dull ticking of the thought
Within his dusty brain.

To see him at the bookstall stand
And bargain for the prize,
With the odd sixpence in his hand,
And greed in his gray eyes.
Then, conquering, grasp the book half blind,
And take the homeward track,
For fear the man should change his mind,
And want the bargain back !

The waves of light about him beat,
He scarcely lifts his gaze,
He hears within the crowded street
The wash of ancient days.
If ever his short-sighted eyes
Look forward, he can see
Vistas of dusty Libraries
Prolonged eternally.

But think not as he walks along
His brain is dead and cold ;
His soul is thinking in the tongue
Which Plato spake of old ;
And while some grinning cabman sees
His quaint shape with a jeer,
He smiles,—for Aristophanes
Is joking in his ear.

Around him stretch Athenian walks,
And strange shapes under trees ;
He pauses in a dream and talks
Great speech, with Socrates,
Then, as the fancy fails—still mesh'd
In thoughts that go and come,—
Feels in his pouch, and is refresh'd
At touch of some old tome.

The mighty world of humankind
Is as a shadow dim,
He walks through life like one half blind,
And all looks dark to him ;
But put his nose to leaves antique,
And hold before his sight
Some press'd and withered flowers of Greek,
And all is life and light.

A blessing on his hair so gray,
And coat of dingy brown.
May bargains bless him every day,
As he goes up and down ;
Long may the bookstall-keeper's face,
In dull times, smile again,
To see him round with shuffling pace
The corner of the lane !

A good old Rag-picker is he,
Who, following morn and eve
The quick feet of Humanity,
Searches the dust they leave.
He pokes the dust, he sifts with care,
He searches close and deep ;
Proud to discover, here and there,
A treasure in the heap !

William John Courthope.

1842.

MR. WILLIAM JOHN COURTHOPE was born in the year 1842. His first attempt at letters seems to have been a prize poem on "The Three-hundredth Anniversary of Shakespeare's Birth," which was recited in the Theatre at Oxford, June 8th, 1864. This was followed in 1868 by an English prize essay on "The Genius of Spenser." He published "*Ludibria Lunæ, or the Wars of the Women and the Gods*," an allegorical burlesque in 1869, and a year later, "*The Paradise of Birds, an old extravaganza in a modern dress*" a work which has been more than once reprinted. In 1878 he contributed the volume on Addison to the *English Men of Letters* series, edited by Mr. John Morley, and later became joint editor with Mr. A. Austin of *The National Review*. In 1885 he published a work on "The Liberal Movement in English Literature." He has also contributed to *The Academy* and other leading Reviews. But it is as a poet and a humourist that he takes his place in this volume, and it is "*The Paradise of Birds*" that demonstrates his gifts as a lyrist and a satirist.

"The Paradise of Birds" was written in avowed imitation of the *Birds* of Aristophanes; its author has sought to do for the age of Gladstone and Darwin what Aristophanes did for the age of Cleon

and Socrates,—to represent in fanciful dramatic form “the struggle between the material and the spiritual, the traditional and the progressive.” The result of the effort is one of the most ingenious and amusing of apologues in rhyme—a little masterpiece of wit and humour, of graceful fancy, and lyric music. The story is conceived with happy audacity. Maresnest, “a Philosopher of the Development Persuasion,” and Windbag, “a Poet of the Romantic School,” arrive on an iceberg at the open Polar Sea. They are bound for the Pole, where they hope to discover the Earthly Paradise, tenanted only by the birds, which has been sought for everywhere else in vain. Man has driven the birds from every region wherein he dwells, with the result that the world has sickened under a plague of insects, and that the caterpillar seems likely ere long to be the only living thing beneath the moon. Therefore the poet and the philosopher have come to treat with the birds and implore their succour. After traversing a purgatory—wherein they find the souls of a birdcatcher, a cook, and a lady, doing penance for wrongs inflicted on the birds—they enter the Limbo of the Obsolete, where the philosopher expounds the theory of evolution to the Roc in lines as keenly humorous as they are cunningly versified. The wanderers then pass through the Roc’s egg into the Paradise of Birds, an enchanted region of twilight and gentle temperature, abounding in trees, grass hollows, and fresh water. The lark awakens the birds with his carol, and, the nightingale leading the choir, all Paradise rings with song. Then the human intruders are discovered, and compelled to undergo

a trial before a feathered jury. The poet, while admitting the cruelty with which men have killed and caged the winged peoples, endeavours to soften his judges by recalling what Aristophanes, Catullus, and Chaucer have sung, and what Gilbert White has said, in praise and from love of the birds. In the end the prisoners are acquitted through a legal quibble; and the birds, relenting, bestow on the travellers a number of eggs wherewith to repeople the woods and the air, and save man from the curse he has brought on himself by his cruelty.

The dialogue of this bright extravaganza is keenly and lightly humorous, neatly turned, and fluently rhymed. But, as in the *Birds* of Aristophanes, the glory of the play lies in the choruses. The birds hold converse in lines ringing with the airiest music. We seem to catch the very echo of the woodnotes, to hear the chirping and fluttering, the cawing and cooing, the twittering and trilling of the winged singers. With the entry of the birds the writing rises into something better than even the cleverest satire; a strain of graceful and tender poetry is woven through the author's whimsical, laughable fancies. The song of the nightingale is truly one of golden numbers; the tribute to Aristophanes, "friend of the linnet, glory of Greece," is captivating alike to the fancy and the ear—a very jewel of lyric art.

"O thou to whom on the sun-bright mountains
We chirped and chattered within the yew,
Or on red fruits falling by orchard fountains,
Fresh, well watered with rain and dew!

"Oh how oft hast thou heard Ilissus' meadows
Of olives quiver with morning tune!
Or the nightingale's notes through the garden shadows
Ring on the river beneath the moon!

“To thee, to thee, our pupil, our poet,
When life had its pleasures, when Man was young,
We opened our heart that thou mightst know it,
Taught thee our measures, revealed our tongue.

“And still in the world thy melody lingers,
While men dwell in it, it shall not cease ;
O dearest, sweetest of beakless singers !
Friend of the linnet ! glory of Greece.”

There are few writers in these days who, so far at least as mastery of rhythm, as sonority and clear airy melody of verse go, have risen to a higher level than this graceful poet, this light-handed satirist, this true and tender lover of the birds.

WALTER WHYTE.

THE PARADISE OF BIRDS.

1870.

WILLIAM JOHN COURTHOPE.

I.—THE RISE OF SPECIES.

Maresnest.

FROM whence d'you get your beak and wing ?

Roc. You said—from Providence.

Maresnest. There's no such thing.

Roc. Eh ! What ! You're poking fun. By whose direction

Was this Egg made ?

Maresnest. By Natural Selection.

Roc. What's that ?

Maresnest. The rise of Species : can it be
You know not how it was ? Then hear from me.
Ho ! ye obsolete wings in the outset of things, which
the clergy Creation miscall,
There was nought to perplex by shape, species, or
sex ; indeed, there was nothing at all,
But a motion most comic of dust-motes atomic, a
chaos of decimal fractions,
Of which each under Fate was impelled to his mate
by Love or the law of Attractions.
So jarred the old world, in blind particles hurled,
and Love was the first to attune it,
Yet not by prevision, but simple collision—and this
was the cause of the Unit.
That such was the feat, which evolved light and
heat, a thousand analogies hint ;
For instance, the spark from the hoof in the dark, or
the striking of tinder and flint.

Of the worlds thus begun the first was the Sun,
who, wishing to round off his girth,
Began to perspire with great circles of fire—and
this was the cause of the Earth.

Soon desiring to pair, Fire, Water, Earth, Air, to
monogamous custom unused,

All joined by collusion in fortunate fusion, and so the
Sponge-puzzle produced.

Now the Sponge had of yore many attributes more
than the power to imbibe or expunge,

And his leisure beguiled with the hope of a child.

Chorus. O philoprogenitive Sponge!

Maresnest. Then Him let us call the first Parent
of all, though the clergy desire to hoodwink us;
For He gave to the Earth the first animal birth, and
conceived the Ornithorhyncus.

Chorus. Conceived the Ornithorhyncus!

Maresnest. Yes: who, as you have heard, has a bill
like a bird, but hair and four legs like a beast,
And possessed in his kind a more provident mind
than you'd e'er have presumed from the priest:
For he saw in the distance the strife for existence
that must his grandchildren betide,

And resolved, as he could, for their ultimate good, a
remedy sure to provide.

With that, to prepare each descendant and heir for
a different diet and clime,

He laid, as a test, four eggs in his nest—but he only
laid two at a time.

On the first he sat still, and kept using his bill, that
the head of his chicks might prevail.

Ere he hatched the next young, head downwards
he slung from the branches, to lengthen his
tail.

Conceive how he watched till his chickens were hatched, with what joy he observed that each brood

Were unlike at the start, had their dwellings apart, and distinct adaptations for food.

Thereafter each section by Nature's selection proceeded to husband and wive,

And the truth can't be blinked that the weak grew extinct, while the lusty continued to thrive.

Eggs were laid as before, but each time more and more varieties struggled and bred,

Till one end of the scale dropped its ancestor's tail, and the other got rid of his head.

From the bill, in brief words, were developed the Birds, unless our tame pigeons and ducks lie ;

From the tail and hind legs, in the second-laid eggs, the Apes and—Professor Huxley.

Chorus. The Apes, and Professor Huxley !

Maresnest. Yes ; one Protoplasm, connecting the chasm 'twixt Mammal, and Reptile, and Roc, With millions of dozens of fungus first cousins, reduces the world to one stock ;

And though Man has a place from the Sponge at the base in variety farthest removed,

And has managed to reach what he calls soul and speech, yet his blood is by language approved.

For instance, the tribe that contrives to imbibe, while the friends, who believe in them, plunge

Their hands with mad pranks into Railways and Banks, we term the variety Sponge.

And perhaps like our Sire, as all classes mount higher, we shall merge into Oneness again,

Our species absorb all the rest in its orb, and Birds, Beasts, and Fishes be Men.

II.—THE SONG OF THE OBSOLETE.

O UNHATCHED Bird, so high preferred,
As porter of the Pole,
Of beakless things, who have no wings,
Exact no heavy toll.
If this my song its theme should wrong,
The theme itself is sweet ;
Let others rhyme the unborn time,
I sing the Obsolete.
And first, I praise the nobler traits
Of birds preceding Noah,
The giant clan, whose meat was Man,
Dinornis, Apteryx, Moa.
These, by the hints we get from prints
Of feathers and of feet,
Excelled in wits the latter tits,
And so are Obsolete.
I sing each race, whom we displace
In their primeval woods,
While Gospel Aid inspires Free-Trade
To traffic with their goods.
With Norman Dukes the still Sioux
In breeding might compete ;
But where men talk, the tomahawk
Will soon grow obsolete.
I celebrate each perished State ;
Great cities ploughed to loam ;
Chaldean kings ; the Bulls with wings ;
Dead Greece ; and dying Rome.
The Druids' shrine may shelter swine,
Or stack the farmer's peat ;
'Tis thus mean moths treat finest cloths,
Mean men the obsolete.

Shall nought be said of theories dead ?
The Ptolemaic system ?
Figure and phase, that bent all ways
Duns Scotus liked to twist 'em ?
Averrhoes' thought ? and what was taught
In Salamanca's seat ?
Sihoms and Ogs ? and showers of frogs ?
Sea-serpents obsolete ?

Pillion and pack have left their track ;
Dead is "the Tally-ho."
Steam rails cut down each festive crown
Of the old world and slow.
Jack-in-the-Green no more is seen,
Nor Maypole in the street ;
No mummers play on Christmas-day ;
St. George is obsolete.

O Fancy, why hast thou let die
So many a frolic fashion ?
Doublet and hose, and powdered beaux ?
Where are thy songs, whose passion
Turned thought to fire in knight and squire,
While hearts of ladies beat ?
Where thy sweet style, ours, ours erewhile ?
All this is obsolete.

In Auvergne low potatoes grow
Upon volcanoes old ;
The moon, they say, had her young day,
Though now her heart is cold ;
Even so our earth, sorrow and mirth,
Seasons of snow and heat,
Checked by her tides in silence glides
To become obsolete.

The astrolabe of every babe
Reads in its fatal sky,
"Man's largest room is the low tomb—
Ye all are born to die."
Therefore this theme, O Birds, I deem
The noblest we may treat ;
The final cause of Nature's laws
Is to grow obsolete.

III.—THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG.

Nightingale.

MAN that is born of a woman,
Man, her un-web-footed drake,
Featherless, beakless, and human,
Is what he is by mistake.
For they say that a sleep fell on Nature
In midst of the making of things ;
And she left him a two-legged creature,
But wanting in wings.

Chorus. Kluk-uk-uk ! kio ! coo !
Peewee ! caw, caw ! cuckoo !
Tio ! tuwheet ! tuwhoo ! pipitopan !
Chilly, unfeathered, wingless, short-tethered,
Restless, bird-nestless, unfortunate Man !

Nightingale.

Therefore, ye birds, in all ages,
Man, in his hopes of the sky,
Caught us, and clapped us in cages,
Seeking instruction to fly.
But neither can cloister nor college
Accord to the scholar this boon,
Nor centuries give him the knowledge
We get in a moon.

Chorus. Kluk-uk-uk ! kio ! coo ! etc.
Moon-and-star-hoping, doomed to low groping,
Fretting, bird-netting, tyrannical Man !

Nightingale.

Thoughts he sends to each planet,
Uranus, Venus, and Mars,
Soars to the centre to span it,
Numbers the infinite stars.
But he never will mount as the swallows,
Who dashed round his steeples to pair,
Or hawked the bright flies in the hollows
Of delicate air.

Chorus. Kluk-uk-uk ! kio ! coo ! etc.
Gross, astronomical, star-gazing, comical,
Hazy, moon-crazy, fantastical Man !

Nightingale.

Custom he does not cherish :
Eld makes room for the young ;
Kingdoms prosper and perish ;
Tongue gives place unto tongue.
But we lived by the laws that were shown us
In England the song in my beak
Was the same that my sire at Colonus
Had sung to the Greek.

Chorus. Kluk-uk-uk ! kio ! coo ! etc.
Mushroom in dating, ancestor-hating,
Smattering, much-chattering, competitive Man

Nightingale.

Gold he pursues like a shadow ;
Then, as he grasps at his goal,
Far, afar off, El-Dorado
Shines like a star on his soul.
So his high expectation brings sorrow,
And plenty increases his needs ;
But the birds took no thought for the morrow,
Secure of their seeds.

Chorus. Kluk-uk-uk ! kio ! coo ! etc.
Man the great sailor, petty retailer,
Wealthy, unhealthy, luxurious Man !

Nightingale.

Therefore his heart unforgiving,
Grudged us the down on our coats,
Envied the ease of our living,
Hated the tune in our notes ;
And he snared us, too careless and merry,
Or compassed our death with his gun
As we wheeled round the currant and cherry,
Or bathed in the sun.

Chorus. Kluk-uk-uk ! kio ! coo ! etc.
Close-fisted warden, pest of the garden,
Hooting, thrush-shooting, malevolent Man !

Nightingale

Little, so low was his spirit,
Deemed he the bird had a soul ;
Thought that we went to inherit
Endless repose at the pole :
For his soul has no powers of expression,
And fears, if she see not, to trust ;
So she makes of her money a mansion—
She cleaves to the dust.

Chorus. Kluk-uk-uk ! kio ! coo ! etc.
Golden-calf-maker, money-moon-raker,
Blinded, mole-minded, material Man !

Nightingale.

Though not a sigh float hither,
Crossing the circle of snows,
Deem not below us fair weather
Gladdens mankind with repose.
Still the wages of earth he is winning,
Lamentation, and labour, and pain ;
As it was in the very beginning,
And so shall remain.

Chorus. Kluk-uk-uk ! kio ! coo ! etc.
Monarch of reason, slave of each season,
Wizened, imprisoned, ex-Paradised Man !

IV.—THE ORIGIN OF HUMAN CUSTOMS.

Chorus.

WE wish to declare how the Birds of the air all
high Institutions designed,
And holding in awe, art, science, and law, delivered
the same to mankind.
To begin with : of old Man went naked and cold
whenever it pelted or froze,
Till we showed him how feathers were proof against
weathers ; with that he bethought him a hose.
And next it was plain that he in the rain was forced
to sit dripping and blind,
While the reed-warbler swung in a nest with her
young deep-sheltered and warm from the wind.
So our homes in the boughs made him think of the
house ; and the swallow, to help him invent,
Revealed the best way to economise clay, and bricks
to combine with cement.

The knowledge withal of the carpenter's awl is
drawn from the nuthatch's bill,
And the sand-marten's pains in the hazel-clad lanes
instructed the mason to drill.
Is there one of the arts more dear to men's hearts, to
the birds' inspiration they owe it,
For the nightingale first sweet music rehearsed,
prima donna, composer, and poet.
The owl's dark retreats showed sages the sweets of
brooding to spin or unravel
Fine webs in one's brain, philosophical, vain,—the
swallows the pleasures of travel,
Who chirped in such strain of Greece, Italy, Spain,
and Egypt, that men, when they heard,
Were mad to fly forth from their nests in the north,
and follow the tail of the bird.
Besides, it is true to our wisdom is due the know-
ledge of sciences all,
And chiefly those rare Metaphysics of air men
Meteorology call.
For, indeed, it is said a kingfisher when dead has
his science alive in him still ;
And, hung up, he will show how the wind means to
blow, and turn to the point with his bill.
And men in their words acknowledge the birds'
erudition in weather and star ;
For they say, "'Twill be dry—the swallow is high ;"
or, "Rain—for the chough is afar."
'Twas the rooks who taught men vast pamphlets to
pen upon Social Compact and Law,
And Parliaments hold, as themselves did of old, ex-
claiming "Hear, hear !" for "Caw, caw !"
When they build, if one steal, so great is their zeal
for justice. that all, at a pinch.

Without legal test will demolish his nest, and hence
is the trial by Lynch.

And whence arose love? Go ask of the dove, or
behold how the titmouse, unresting,

Still early and late ever sings by his mate, to lighten
her labours of nesting.

Their bonds never gall, though the leaves shoot and
fall, and the seasons roll round in their course,

For their Marriage each year grows more lovely and
dear, and they know not decrees of Divorce.

That these things are Truth we have learned from
our youth, for our hearts to our customs incline,

As the rivers that roll from the fount of our soul,
immortal, unchanging, divine.

Man, simple and old, in his ages of gold, derived
from our teaching true light,

And deemed it his praise in his ancestors' ways to
govern his footsteps aright.

But the fountain of woes, Philosophy, rose, and what
betwixt Reason and Whim,

He has splintered our rules into sections and schools,
so the world is made bitter for him.

But the birds, since on earth they discovered the
worth of their souls, and resolved, with a vow,

No custom to change for a new or a strange, have
attained unto Paradise now.

V.—O MEN, YE LIFE TENANTS, ETC.

Chorus.

O MEN, ye life-tenants of earth and of ocean!
Say why did ye grudge the bright kingdoms of air
To the Birds who partook of your human devotion,
Your twins in thanksgiving, your partners in prayer?

On high-days of old we have seen you assemble,
Wise counsel and gifts from your gods to bespeak ;
We have heard from our nests in the roofs of the temple
Your low supplications, the Lydian, the Greek.

It is told, it is told how the voice of Apollo
Rolled forth in his thunder, affrighting the thieves,
When they plunder'd the nests of his suppliant the swallow,
Who sought his asylum, and built in his eaves.

Moreover ye know by what toilsome endeavour
The beak of the crossbill was twisted awry,
And since what Oblation the robin for ever
Has red on his bosom in winter, and why.

The Birds had a share in your earthly dominions ;
Ye sailed the same waters we crossed on the wing ;
Ye breathed of our air, and the flash of our pinions
Advised you of autumn, and chronicled spring.

One source of delight and one fountain of sorrow
Replenished the rivers in both of our breasts ;
To-day we were merry, and Death on the morrow
Found Man in his roof-tree, the Birds in their nests.

If Heaven accepted our joint adoration,
If Earth was to both an abode and a tomb,
Why could we not sojourn, O Man, as one nation ?
Were waste-lands so precious ? had mountains no room ?

Or were ye so wingless, so wanting in vision,
Ye saw not as we did the things of the sky,
But dooming the Birds to your earthly ambition,
Forgot in vainglory yourselves were to die ?

*(Birds are seen approaching in the air,
carrying nests full of eggs in their beaks.)*

Henry Duff Traill.

1842—1900.

HENRY DUFF TRAILL, who belonged to the Traills of Rattar, long associated with Caithness and the Orkneys, was the sixth son of James Traill, for many years stipendiary magistrate of Greenwich and Woolwich, and was born at Morden Hill, Blackheath, on the 14th of August, 1842. He was educated at Merchant Taylors School and St. John's College, Oxford, and afterwards studied successively and successfully medicine and law. He graduated B.A. 1865, B.C.L. 1868, and D.C.L. 1873. He became Inspector of Returns under the Education Office in 1871. Journalism, however attracted him; he became a contributor to the *Yorkshire Post*, and in 1873 joined the staff of the *Pall Mall Gazette* under Frederick Greenwood, migrating to the *St. James's Gazette* on its appearance in 1880. He also wrote a good deal for the *Saturday Review*. In 1882 he joined the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*, with which journal he was associated for some fifteen years, acting as chief political leader writer during the latter years until 1897, when he became editor of *Literature*. He also held the post of editor of the *Observer* for about two years. He died suddenly at the Great Western Hotel, Paddington, February 21st, 1900.

Mr. Traill's verse efforts are included in three volumes: "Recaptured Rhymes" (1882), "Saturday Lays" (1890), and "Number Twenty" (vol. IX., Whitefriars' Library, new series, 1891). They comprise

occasional contributions gathered from the pages of the *Saturday Review*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, *Fortnightly Review*, *Punch*, and other serial publications, and as such, often enough, deal with passing events which have little interest for succeeding generations. Others, again, are worth preserving, both on account of the thing said and of the manner of the saying. Mr. Sidney J. Low, writing in the "Dictionary of National Biography," and referring to "The Ant's Nest" as "deeply serious," says it "deserves to take rank among the finest philosophic and reflective poems of the last part of the 19th century." "Ave Cæsar," written in 1879, on the tragic death of the Prince Imperial, is another illustration of how gravely serious a humorist may sometimes be. "The Baby of the Future" (p. 582) was Mr. Traill's solitary contribution to *Punch*, and was afterwards reproduced with prose additions in "Number Twenty." It seems a pity, as Mr. Spielmann suggests, that Mr. Traill's obligations to the *Saturday* did not leave him free to follow his own fancy untrammelled by political bias in the pages of *Punch*, a paper which would have given him a channel of public criticism admirably adapted to his lighter vein.

ALFRED H. MILES.

RECAPTURED RHYMES.

1882.

HENRY DUFF TRAILL.

I.—*LAPUTA OUTDONE.*

(FROM "POLITICAL VERSE.")

OH, Philosopher crazed from the Island of Crazes,
Explored and depicted by Jonathan Swift,
Let us hear what your judgments on us and our
ways is—
Permit us your mental impressions to sift.

For *we* have our follies of wisdom fantastic,
Some high-philosophic, political some,
And would fain ascertain, in no spirit sarcastic,
If you, my dear pundit, can match them at home.

When a man in Laputa falls sick unto danger,
Then is it the rule in that singular place
To throw up the window and ask the first stranger
To kindly come in and prescribe on the case?

When in legal perplexities, slighter or deeper,
For counsel-in-law a Laputan applies,
Does he seek the next crossing and beg of its sweeper,
When business is done, to step round and advise?

Are your pilots' certificates commonly given
'To men who have not even looked on the seas?
Are your coachmen selected for not having driven?
Say, have you Laputans got customs like these?

You haven't? Then off with your bee-bearing bonnet,
Illustrious guest from Luggnaggian shores!
And down on your knee and do homage upon it
Profound to a State that is madder than yours!

For though we select not attorney, physician,
Or pilot who steers us, or coachman who drives,
From the ignorant crowd, who would gain erudition
At risk of our fortunes, our limbs, or our lives;

Yet this Ignorance dense that we do not let lead us
In private concerns, lest disaster befall,
This, that may not make wills for us, dose us, or bleed
us,
May *rule* us—the business that's hardest of all!

We say to It "Courage! nay, go not so shyly!
In time you will master the work you are at;
Your country presents you her own *corpus vile*,
See, here is the commonweal, practice on that!

"Away with the notion (we echo in chorus)
Of power withheld until knowledge be gained,"
(Too long, cry the carts, have the horses before us
Unjust and unworthy precedence obtained!)

"The use of the scalpel in surgical functions
Will give you the skill of a surgeon professed,
And by much engine-driving at intricate junctions
One learns to drive engines along with the best."

For is it not thus our political preachers
Discourse to us daily, in bidding us note
That "the franchise itself is the truest of teachers,"
That "voting instructs in the use of the vote?"

So, off with it! Off with your bee-bearing bonnet,
 Illustrious guest from Luggnaggian shores!
 And down on your knee, and do homage upon it
 Profound to a State that is madder than yours!

II.—AFTER DILETTANTE CONCETTI.

(FROM "MIMICRIES.")

"WHY do you wear your hair like a man,
 Sister Helen?
 This week is the third since you began."
 "I'm writing a ballad; be still if you can,
 Little brother.

(*O Mother Carey, mother!*
What chickens are these between sea and heaven?")

"But why does your figure appear so lean,
 Sister Helen?
 And why do you dress in sage, sage green?"
 "Children should never be heard, if seen,
 Little brother

(*O Mother Carey, mother!*
What fowls are a-wing in the stormy heaven!")

"But why is your face so yellowy white,
 Sister Helen?
 And why are your skirts so funnily tight?"
 "Be quiet, you torment, or how can I write
 Little brother?

(*O Mother Carey, mother!*
How gathers thy train to the sea from the heaven!")

" And who's Mother Carey, and what is her train,
Sister Helen ?

And why do you call her again and again?"

"You troublesome boy, why that's the refrain,
Little brother."

(O Mother Carey, mother !

What work is toward in the startled heaven?)"

" And what's a refrain ? what a curious word,
Sister Helen !

Is the ballad you're writing about a sea-bird ? "

"Not at all; why should it be? Don't be absurd,
Little brother."

(O Mother Carey, mother!

Thy brood flies lower as lowers the heaven.)"

(A big brother speaketh:)

"The refrain you've studied a meaning had,
Sister Helen!

It gave strange force to a weird ballad,
But refrains have become a ridiculous 'fad'

Little brother.

And *Mother Carey, mother,*
Has a bearing on nothing in earth or heaven.

" But the finical fashion has had its day,
Sister Helen.

And let's try in the style of a different lay
To bid it adieu in poetical way,

Little brother.

So, Mother Carey, mother!
Collect your chickens and go to—heaven."

*(A pause. Then the big brother singeth,
accompanying himself in a plaintive
wise on the triangle :)*

- “ Look in my face. My name is Used-to-was ;
I am also called Played-out and Done-to-death,
And It-will-wash-no-more. Awakeneth
Slowly, but sure awakening it has,
The common-sense of man ; and I, alas !
The Ballad-burden trick, now known too well,
Am turned to scorn, and grown contemptible—
A too transparent artifice to pass.
- “ What a cheap dodge I am ! The cats who dart
Tin-kettled through the streets in wild surprise
Assail judicious ears not otherwise ;
And yet no critics praise the urchin's ‘ art,’
Who to the wretched creature's caudal part
Its foolish empty-jingling ‘ burden ’ ties.”

THE BABY OF THE FUTURE.

HENRY DUFF TRAILL.

(From *Punch*, February 21, 1885.)

Nurse.

HOW doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

Baby (coldly).

How does the little bee do this?
Why, by an impulse blind.
Cease, then, to praise good works of such
An automatic kind.

Nurse.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For Heaven hath made them so.
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature to.

Baby (ironically).

Indeed? A brutal nature, then,
Excuses brutal ways.
Unthinking girl! you little know
The problems that you raise.

Nurse (continuing).

But, children, you should never let
Your angry passions rise ;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

Baby (contemptuously).

Not "made" to tear ? Well, what of that ?
No more, at first, were claws.
All comes by adaptation, fool !
No need of Final Cause.
And if we use the hands to tear,
Just as the nose to smell,
Ere many ages have gone by
They'll do it very well.

Nurse.

Tom, Tom, the Piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away he run !

Baby (reproachfully).

Come, come ! Away he "run" !
Grammar condemns what you've just "done."
Should we not read, "The Piper's man
Stole a pig, and away he 'ran' " ?

Nurse.

Hush-a-by, Baby
On the tree-top,
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock.
When the bough breaks
The cradle will fall :
Down will come Baby,
Cradle and all.

Baby (slyly).

This, but a truth
So familiar, you see,
As hardly to need
Illustration in me.

Nurse.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star !
How I wonder what you are !

Baby (pityingly)—

Do you really wonder, Jane ?
And to me all seems so plain !
Go downstairs, my girl, and find
Books wherewith to improve your mind ;
And if heavenly bodies then
Still remain beyond your ken,
You had better go and ask
Good Professor PARALLAX.

Nurse.

Bye, Baby-bunting,
Father's gone a-hunting,
All to get a rabbit's skin
To wrap the Baby-bunting in.

Baby (sternly).

The cruel sport of hunting
To moral sense is stunting ;
And since Papa's objection
To useful vivisection
Convicts him, as it seems to me,
Of signal inconsistency,
I must with thanks decline the skin
For wrapping Baby-bunting in.

[Puts NURSE to bed. Scene closes.]

Sir Frederick Pollock.

1845.

NOT many writers of our time have exhibited a versatility equal to Sir Frederick Pollock; none, perhaps, equal versatility combined with equal excellence in every department. A barrister before all things, Sir Frederick would perhaps elect to take his stand on his reputation as a jurist, and he is indeed distinguished among the few philosophical lawyers of whom in the present age this country has to boast. If, however, a well-informed general reader were asked to name Sir Frederick's leading title to distinction, he would most likely name his standard work on Spinoza, so full and sympathetic that it must rank as the leading English authority, even though the Dutch philosopher has been the subject of a volume by no less a genius than Dr. Martineau. The union of jurist and philosopher is very likely to make a politician; and it is no secret that the articles which, under the signature H, used to delight the readers of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, owed their existence to Sir Frederick's ready pen. Many an unsigned article in the *Saturday Review* might be traced to the same source: and conspicuous among these would be a number treating of a theme not usually familiar to philosophers, or politicians, or jurists—namely, fencing. This happy union of divers tastes and

gifts is reflected in one of the most delightful of Sir Frederick Pollock's essays—a paper printed for the members of the Rabelais Club—which would prepare us to find him crowning his many accomplishments with verse. For the present, however, we can speak of him only as a parodist, in which walk he occupies, as it seems to us, a position second only to Calverley's. The idea of "Leading Cases done into English" is an exceedingly happy one. The contrast between the mock dignity of the legal dicta and decisions and the styles with which we have become familiar in widely different spheres would of itself be exceedingly droll, but Sir F. Pollock's parodies have the additional charm of perfect grace and urbanity, while the imitation is in general so consummate as to extort the admission that the poets could hardly have written otherwise, had they indeed applied their genius to the versification of "leading cases." Some, of course, are more successful than others; and it is equally a matter of course that their success should be in the ratio of the originality and individuality of the poet so humorously put through his paces upon unfamiliar ground.

RICHARD GARNETT.

LEADING CASES AND OTHER DIVERSIONS.

1892

SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK, BART.

I.—DEDICATION TO J. S.

THIS J. S. is a mythical person introduced for the purposes of illustration, and constantly met with in the older books of our law, especially Sheppard's Touchstone: a kind of cousin to John Doe and Richard Roe, but more active and versatile. In later works and in the Indian Codes his initials, which are supposed to stand for John Stiles, have degenerated into unmeaning solitary letters, such as A, B, and C. The old books are full of grants of lands to him for various estates, so that his wealth is evident. He also appears as a trustee and arbitrator, and (incongruously) as a servant. His devotion to Rome is shown by his desperate attempts to get there in three days: "If J. S. shall go to Rome in three days" is the standing example of an impossible condition. "If" or "until J. S. shall return from Rome" is also a frequent example of a condition or conditional limitation: hence the importance of that event is obviously not exaggerated by the poet. It is not clear why he did not want to ride to Dover, seeing it was on the way to Rome. It is said, however, that one who is bound in a bond with condition that he shall ride with J. S. to Dover such a day must procure J. S. to go thither and ride with him at his peril. Aulus Agerius and Numerius Negidius are corresponding, and therefore, rival, personages of the Civil Law, who may be found in the Digest and Institutes. It is understood

that the revival of the study of Roman Law by the Inns of Court is to be commemorated in the decoration of the new Law Courts by colossal statues of Aulus Agerius and Numerius Negidius trampling on the corpses of John Doe and Richard Roe respectively.

[This has not been done. It is understood that the Council of the Judges had the project under serious consideration at their recent meeting.—1892.]

WHEN waters are rent with commotion
Of storms, or with sunlight made whole,
The river still pours to the ocean
The stream of its effluent soul ;
You too, from all lips of all living
Of worship dethroned and discrowned,
Shall know by these gifts of my giving
That faith is yet found :

By the sight of my song-flight of cases
That bears on wings woven of rhyme
Names set for a sign in high places
By sentence of men of old time ;
From all counties they meet and they mingle,
Dead suitors whom Westminster saw ;
They are many, but your name is single,
Pure flower of pure law.

When bounty of grantors was gracious
To enfeof you in fee and in tail,
The bounds of your lands were made spacious
With lordship from Sale unto Dale ;
Trusts had you and services loyal,
Lips sovereign for ending of strife,
And the name of the world's names most royal
For light of your life.

Ah desire that was urgent to Romeward
And feet that were swifter than fate's,
And the noise of the speed of them homeward
For mutation and fall of estates !
Ah the days when your riding to Dover
Was prayed for and precious as gold,
The journeys, the deeds that are over,
The praise of them told !

But the days of your reign are departed,
And our fathers that fed on your looks
Have begotten a folk feeble-hearted
That seek not your name in their books ;
And against you is risen a new foeman
To storm with strange engines your home ;
We wax pale at the name of him Roman,
His coming from Rome.

Even she, the immortal imperious
Supreme one from days long ago,
Sends the spectre of Aulus Agerius
To hound the dead ghost of John Doe :
By the name of Numerius Negidius
Your brethren are slain without sword ;
Is it so, that she too is perfidious,
The Rome you adored ?

Yet I pour you this drink of my verses,
Of learning made lovely with lays,
Song bitter and sweet that rehearses
The deeds of your eminent days :
Yea, in these evil days from their reading
Some profit a student shall draw,
Though some points are of obsolete pleading,
And some are not law.

Though the Courts that were manifold dwindle
 To divers Divisions of one,
 And no fire from your face may rekindle
 The light of old learning undone,
 We have suitors and briefs for our payment,
 While, so long as a Court shall hold pleas,
 We talk moonshine with wigs for our raiment,
 Not sinking the fees.

II.—SCOTT v. SHEPHERD.

(1 Sm. L. C. 480.)

ANY PLEADER TO ANY STUDENT.

NOW, you're my pupil !
 On the good ancient plan I shall do what I can
 For *your* hundred guineas to give *my* law's blue pill
 (Let high jurisprudence which thinks me and you dense
 Set posse of cooks to stir new Roman soup ill) :
 First volume of Smith shall give you the pith
 Of leading decision that shows the division
 Of action *on case* from plain action of *trespass*
 Where to count in assault law benignantly says "Pass !"
 Facts o' case first. At Milborne Port
 Was fair-day, October the twenty and eight,
 And folk in the market like fowls in a crate ;
 Shepherd, one of your town-fool sort
 (From Solomon's time they call it sport,
 Right to help holiday, just make fun louder),
 Lights me a squib up of paper and powder
 (Find if you can the law-Latin for't)
 And chucks it, to give their trading a rouse,
 Full i' the midst o' the market-house.

It happed to fall on a stall where Yates
Sold gingerbread and gilded cates
(Small damage if *they* should burn or fly all) ;
To save himself and said gingerbread loss,
One Willis doth toss the thing across
To stall of one Ryal, who straight on espial
Of danger to *his* wares, of selfsame worth,
Casts it in market-house farther forth,
And by two mesne tossings thus it got
To burst i' the face of plaintiff Scott.
And now 'gainst Shepherd, for loss of eye
Question is, whether *trespass* shall lie.

Think Eastertide past, off crowds and packs town
Where De Grey, Chief Justice, and Nares and Blackstone
And Gould his brethren are set in banc
In a court full of serjeants stout or lank,
With judgment to give this doubt an end
(Layman hints wonder to counsellor friend,
If *express colour* be visible pigment,
And what's by black patch a-top serjeant's wig meant).
Nares leads off, opines with confidence
Trespass well lies and there's no pretence
But who gave squib mischievous faculty
Shall answer its utmost consequence
(*Qui facit per alium facit per se*) :
Squib-throwing a nuisance by statute, too !
Blackstone, more cautious, takes other view,
Since 'tis not all one throw, but an impetus new
Is given to squib by Ryal and Willis,
When *vis* first *impressa* thereon spent and still is ;
In fine, would have justice set mouth firm, not sound awry,
But teach forms of action to know each his boundary.
Gould holds with Nares :—If De Grey pairs ?

That were, odzooks, equipoise, *dignus vindice*
Nodus! But—"I too on same side faith pin, d'ye see,"
So De Grey spake—"For, as I take
It, the consequences all flowed of course
From Shepherd's original wrongful force :
Seen rightly, in this case difference *nil* is
In squib's new diversion by Ryal and Willis,
Whom (against Brother Blackstone, I'm free to confess it) I
Account not free agents, since merest necessity
Bade cast off live squib to save selves and wares."
For such reasons, concurs with Gould and Nares.
Ergo, "*Postea* to the plaintiff."
Next, digest learned editor's notes,
Mark the refinements, preceptor acquaint if
You've duly mastered cases Smith quotes—
Eh?—No! What says book here? As I'm alive,
"Distinctions, had place in principal case,
Since fifty-two make less ado,
And in fact by Judicature Act,
After November seventy-five,
Last stumps of pleading by final weeding
Are grubbed up and thrown adown wind to perdition :
So, note's omitted in present edition!"

Well—liquor's out, why look more at old bottle?
Gulp down with gusto, you that are young,
These new Rules' ferment, tastes ill in *my* throttle,
Since Justice, *in nubibus* no more on high sitter,
Descends to speak laymen's vulgar tongue.
So be it! *Explicit—parum feliciter.*

III.—LINES ON THE DEATH OF A COLLEGE
CAT.

THE Junior Fellow's vows were said ;
 Among his co-mates and their Head
 His place was fairly set.
Of welcome from friends old and new
Full dues he had, and more than due ;
 What could be lacking yet ?

One said, "The Senior Fellow's vote !"
The Senior Fellow, black of coat,
 Save where his front was white,
Arose and sniffed the stranger's shoes
With critic nose, as ancients use
 To judge mankind aright.

I—for 'twas I who tell the tale—
Conscious of fortune's trembling scale,
 Awaited the decree ;
But Tom had judged : "He loves our race,"
And, as to his ancestral place,
 He leapt upon my knee.

Thenceforth in common-room and hall
A *verus socius* known to all
 I came and went and sat,
Far from cross fate's or envy's reach ;
For none a title could impeach
 Accepted by the cat.

Whilst statutes changed, and freshmen came,
His gait, his wisdom were the same,

His age no more than mellow ;
Yet nothing mortal may defy
The march of *Anno Domini*,
Not e'en the Senior Fellow.

Beneath our linden shade he lies ;
Mere eld hath softly closed his eyes
With late and honoured end.

He seems, while catless we confer,
To join with faint Elysian purr,
A tutelary friend.

Coulson Kernahan.

1858.

MR. COULSON KERNAHAN is a son of Dr. James Kernahan, M.A., F.G.S., and was born at Ilfracombe on August 1st, 1858. He has published "A Dead Man's Diary" (1890), a work which has run through several editions both in England and America; "A Book of Strange Sins" (1893), a work of great psychological interest and power; and "Sorrow and Song" (1894), a collection of original articles reprinted from the *Fortnightly* and other reviews. In 1891, Mr. Kernahan acted as assistant editor to Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson in the preparation of a new edition of the *Lyra Elegantiarum*, one of the best anthologies extant, a still more recent edition of which has since been published under the same dual editorship. Like many other writers who have ultimately devoted themselves exclusively to prose-writing, Mr. Kernahan began literary life as a contributor of verse to periodical publications in England and America. These poems have never been collected and republished, and until by issuing them in volume form, Mr. Kernahan challenges recognition as a poet, the time can hardly be said to have arrived for criticising him as such. There can, however, be no inappropriateness in quoting half a dozen of the clever Triolets of the junior editor of the *Lyra Elegantiarum* in a volume of the "Humorous

Poets of the Century," in which his Editor-in-chief holds a conspicuous and honourable place.

Mr. Kernahan is one of the group of younger writers from whom much is to be expected during the next two decades ; and whether he adopts the form of prose or verse expression, the result is likely to be both strong and true, the output of a clear head a powerful imagination, and a warm heart.

ALFRED H. MILES.

TRIOLETS.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

I.—OF CRICKET.

I RAN for a catch
With the sun in my eyes, sir,
Being sure at a "snatch,"
I ran for a catch . . .
Now I wear a black patch,
And a nose *such* a size, sir,
I ran for a catch
With the sun in my eyes, sir,

II.—OF CRICKET.

I STEPPED in to drive,
And the umpire said "Out, sir!"
Being last to arrive,
I stepped in to drive,
For we wanted but five,
And had made them, no doubt, sir;
But I stepped in to drive
And the umpire said "Out, sir!"

III.—OF SKATING.

SHE'S just at my back, and
She sees me, I'm certain.
I'll show I'm a crack hand;
She's just at my back, and—
But something goes *crack*, and
I'd best draw the curtain;
She's just at my back, and
She sees me, I'm certain.

IV.—OF HUNTING.

NELL "took" the deep ditch
And I *could not* "decline" it.
She rose like a witch,
And took the deep ditch.
I missed! . . . ink, or pitch
Both fail to define it.

Nell took the deep ditch
And I could not decline it.

V.—OF THE COCKNEY YACHTSMAN.

ERE it came on to blow,
He cried "Wind'rd!" or "Le'w'rd"
He made the ship go
Ere it came on to blow,
One had thought . . . now below
He groans "Where *is* the steward?"
Ere it came on to blow
He cried "Wind'rd!" or "Le'w'rd!"

VI.—OF THE COCKNEY YACHTSMAN.

HE wore a suit of blue, and a badge upon his cap,
And he liked to keep a pair of glasses handy;
He was lounging on the pier when I met the dainty chap,
(He wore the suit of blue and the badge upon his cap):
When I saw him on the boat, and the sails began to flap,
He was asking where the skipper kept the brandy;
He wore the suit of blue, and the badge upon his cap,
But he thought it best to keep a—basin handy.

James Kenneth Stephen.

1859—1892.

JAMES KENNETH STEPHEN was the second son of Sir James Stephen, Bart., K.C.S.I., and was born in London on February 25th, 1859. In 1871 he obtained the second place in the election of King's scholars, or collegers, at Eton, entering the school in the month of September, and remaining there for nearly seven years. During this time he distinguished himself alike in the school the Debating Society, the Literary Society, and the football field. In the school he obtained many prizes, among them one for an English essay. He was a member of the sixth form in his last year. He was also a constant contributor to the *Eton Chronicle* and the *Etonian*, and a frequent speaker in the discussions of the Debating Society. In the football field he was especially distinguished for his skill "at the wall." In 1876 and 1877 he was captain of the "Collegers," who, under his leadership in both years, defeated the "Oppidans" after a long succession of drawn matches. For many years after he left school he used to take an eleven to Eton to play against the collegers or the school. His love for Eton and the happy associations of his life there find some expression in the verses "My Old School," p. 607. In 1878 he entered King's College, Cambridge, in which foundation he had been elected to an Eton scholar-

ship. As an undergraduate here he obtained the members' prize for an English Essay, and the Winchester reading prize. In 1882 he took his degree as B.A., having been bracketed senior in the history tripos, and afterwards placed in the second class in the law tripos. In 1882 he was elected to the Whewell Scholarship of a hundred pounds a year in International Law, and, in 1883, a fellow of his college. In 1883 he stayed for three months at Sandringham as tutor in history to Prince Albert Victor, afterwards Duke of Clarence, whose death preceded his own by less than three weeks. In 1885 he was called to the Bar, having read in the chambers of Mr. Fletcher Moulton (since Q.C. and M.P.), soon after which he began to devote himself to journalism, becoming a constant contributor to the *St. James's Gazette*, then under the editorship of Mr. F. Greenwood. At the beginning of 1888 he founded, conducted, and, to a large extent, wrote a weekly journal called *The Reflector*, to the pages of which Mr. George Meredith, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, Mr. Augustine Birrell, and many other well-known writers contributed. In the autumn of this year he was appointed Clerk of Assize for the South Wales Circuit, an office which he held for about two years, and resigned in order to reside at Cambridge and take pupils. It was while at Cambridge in this capacity that he published his two slender volumes of verse, "*Lapsus Calami*," and "*Quo Musa Tendis*," both of which met with immediate and deserved success. At this time also he took a distinguished part in the debates at the "*Union*," of which, as an undergraduate, he had been president. His ability as a public speaker was

regarded by those who had the best opportunities of judging as extremely remarkable. In November 1891 he was attacked by a serious illness, which terminated his life on February 3rd, 1892.

Thus at the early age of thirty-three closed a career of unusual brilliance and promise. Had life been spared to him, and had he cared to seek them, the world's prizes seemed as easily open to him as the prizes of school and college. Either a legal or a parliamentary career seemed to offer him exceptional opportunities for the exercise and development of exceptional gifts, while literature afforded him apparently more congenial, and surely no less possible means of distinction. His parodies at their best are among the best of their kind, that "Of R. B." (Robert Browning), p. 604, being one of these. Another excellent example is that "Of A. H. C." (Arthur Hugh Clough), while the long irregular, not to say shambling lines of Walt Whitman are well parodied in "Of W. W." (Americanus).

In such pieces as "After the Golden Wedding," p. 609, Mr. Stephen showed himself as interested in the oddities and contradictions of life as in the idiosyncrasies of form and style. A keen critic of both life and style, he was none the less a sincere friend of humanity and truth. The crudities and irregularities of style annoyed him as the paradoxes and inequalities of life perplexed him; but underlying both he recognised evidence of truth, and this prevented him from becoming spiteful towards the one or cynical towards the other. "The Parodist's Apology," p. 605, is of that class of *amende honourable* which makes one take pleasure in the affront, from the manliness and spontaneity of the atonement.

Perhaps some indication of the attitude of his thought and feeling towards life is given in the lines on "The Philosopher and Philanthropist," written in his schooldays.

"Searching an infinite Where,
Probing a bottomless When,
Dreamfully wandering,
Ceaselessly pondering,
What is the Wherefore of men :
Bartering life for a There,
Selling his soul for a Then,
Baffling obscurity,
Conning futurity,
Usefullest, wisest of men !

"Grasping the present of Life
Seizing a definite Now,
Labouring thornfully,
Banishing scornfully,
Doubts of his Whither and How :
Spending his substance in Strife
Working a practical How
Letting obscurity
Rest on futurity,
Usefuller wiser, I trow."

ALFRED H. MILES.

LAPSUS CALAMI.

1891.

JAMES KENNETH STEPHEN.

I.—TO R. K.

“As long I dwell on some stupendous
And tremendous (Heaven defend us !)
Monstr'-inform'-ingens-horrendous
Demoniaco-seraphic
Penman's latest piece of graphic.”—BROWNING.

WILL there never come a season
Which shall rid us from the curse
Of a prose which knows no reason
And an unmelodious verse :
When the world shall cease to wonder
At the genius of an Ass,
And a boy's eccentric blunder
Shall not bring success to pass :

When mankind shall be delivered
From the clash of magazines,
And the inkstand shall be shivered
Into countless smithereens :
When there stands a muzzled stripling,
Mute, beside a muzzled bore :
When the Rudyard's cease from kipling
And the Haggards Ride no more.

II.—OF R. B. TO A. S.

BIRTHDAYS? yes, in a general way;
For the most if not for the best of men:
You were born (I suppose) on a certain day:
So was I: or perhaps in the night: what then?

Only this: or at least, if more,
You must know, not think it, and learn, not speak:
There is truth to be found on the unknown shore,
And many will find where few will seek.

For many are called and few are chosen,
And the few grow many as ages lapse:
But when will the many grow few: what dozen
Is fused into one by Time's hammer-taps?

A bare brown stone in a babbling brook:—
It was wanton to hurl it there, you say:
And the moss, which clung in the sheltered nook
(Yet the stream runs cooler), is washed away.

That begs the question: many a prater
Thinks such a suggestion a sound "stop thief!"
Which, may I ask, do you think the greater,
Sergeant-at-arms or a Robber Chief?

And if it were not so? still you doubt?
Ah! yours is a birthday indeed if so.
That were something to write a poem about
If one thought a little. I only know.

P. S.

There's a Me Society down at Cambridge,
Where my works, *cum notis variorum*,
Are talked about; well, I require the same bridge
That Euclid took toll at as *Asinorum* :

And, as they have got through several ditties
I thought were as stiff as a brick-built-wall,
I've composed the above, and a stiff one *it* is,
A bridge to stop asses at, once for all.

III.—THE PARODIST'S APOLOGY.

I F I've dared to laugh at you, Robert Browning,
'Tis with eyes that with you have often wept :
You have oftener left me smiling or frowning,
Than any beside, one bard except.

But once you spoke to me, storm-tongued poet,
A trivial word in an idle hour ;
But thrice I looked on your face, and the glow it
Bore from the flame of the inward power.

But you'd many a friend you never knew of,
Your words lie hid in a hundred hearts,
And thousands of hands that you've grasped but few of
Would be raised to shield you from slander's darts.

For you lived in the sight of the land that owned you,
You faced the trial, and stood the test :
They have piled you a cairn that would fain have stoned you
You have spoken your message and earned your rest.

IV.—THE BALLADE OF THE INCOMPETENT
BALLADE-MONGER.

I AM not ambitious at all :
I am not a poet, I know
(Though I do love to see a mere scrawl
To order and symmetry grow).
My muse is uncertain and slow,
I am not expert with my tools,
I lack the poetic *argot* :
But I hope I have kept to the rules.

When your brain is undoubtedly small,
'Tis hard, sir, to write in a row,
Some five or six rhymes to Nepaul,
And more than a dozen to Joe :
And metre is easier though,
Three rhymes are sufficient for 'ghouls,'
My lines are deficient in go,
But I hope I have kept to the rules.

Unable to fly let me crawl,
Your patronage kindly bestow :
I am not the author of Saul,
I am not Voltaire or Rousseau :
I am not desirous, oh no !
To rise from the ranks of the fools,
To shine with Gosse, Dobson, and Co. :
But I hope I have kept to the rules.

Dear Sir, though my language is low,
Let me dip in Pierian pools :
My verses are only so so,
But I hope I have kept to the rules.

QUO MUSA TENDIS.

1891.

JAMES KENNETH STEPHEN.

I.—MY OLD SCHOOL.

THERE'S a long low wall with trees behind it,
And an old grey chapel behind the trees,
Neath the shade of a royal keep you'll find it,
Where Kings and Emperors take their ease.

There's another wall, with a field beside it,
A wall not wholly unknown to fame;
For a game's played there which most who've tried it
Declare is a truly noble game.

There's a great grey river that swirls and eddies
To the Bells of Ouseley from Boveney Weir,
With willowy stumps where the river's bed is,
And rippling shallows, and spaces clear.

There's a cloistered garden and four quadrangles,
And red brick buildings both old and new:
There's a bell that tolls, and a clock that jangles,
And a stretch of sky that is often blue.

There's a street that's alive with boys and masters:
And ah! there's a feeling of home for me:
For my boyhood's triumphs, delights, disasters,
Successes and failures were here, you see.

And if sometimes I've laughed in my rhymes at Eton,
Whose glory I never could jeopardise,
Yet I'd never a joy that I could not sweeten,
Or a sorrow I could not exorcise,

By the thought of my school and the brood that's bred there,
Her bright boy faces, and keen young life :
And the manly stress of the hours that sped there
And the stirring pulse of her daily strife.

For, mark, when an old friend meets another,
Who have lived and remembered for years apart,
And each is as true as to best loved brother,
And each has a faithful and tender heart ;

Do they straight spread arms, and profess devotion,
And exhibit the signs of heartfelt joy ?
No ; but each stands steady, and scorns emotion,
And each says :—" How do you do, old boy ? "

And so, old school, if I lightly greet you,
And have laughed at your foibles these fifteen years,
It is just as a dear old friend I treat you,
And the smile on my lips is a mask for tears :

And it is not a form of words, believe me,
To say I am yours while my pulses beat,
And whatever garlands the fates may weave me,
I'll lay right gladly at Eton's feet.

II.—AFTER THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

(THREE SOLILOQUIES.)

I.

THE HUSBAND'S.

SHE'S not a faultless woman ; no !
 She's not an angel in disguise :
 She has her rivals here below :
 She's not an unexampled prize :

She does not always see the point
 Of little jests her husband makes :
 And, when the world is out of joint,
 She makes a hundred small mistakes :

She's not a miracle of tact :
 Her temper's not the best, I know :
 She's got her little faults in fact,
 Although I never told her so.

But this, my wife, is why I hold you
 As good a wife as ever stepped,
 And why I meant it when I told you
 How cordially our feast I kept :

You've lived with me these fifty years,
 And all the time you loved me dearly :
 I may have given you cause for tears :
 I may have acted rather queerly.

I ceased to love you long ago :
 I loved another for a season :
 As time went on I came to know
 Your worth, my wife : and saw the reason

Why such a wife as you have been
Is more than worth the world beside ;
You loved me all the time, my Queen ;
You couldn't help it if you tried.

You loved me as I once loved you,
As each loved each beside the altar :
And whatsoever I might do,
Your loyal heart could never falter.

And if you sometimes fail me, sweetest,
And don't appreciate me, dear,
No matter : such defects are meetest
For poor humanity, I fear.

And all's forgiven, all's forgot,
On this our golden wedding day ;
For see ! she loves me : does she not ?
So let the world e'en go its way.

I'm old and nearly useless now,
Each day a greater weakling proves me :
There's compensation, anyhow :
I still possess a wife who loves me.

II.

THE WIFE'S.

DEAR worthy husband ! good old man !
Fit hero of a golden marriage :
I'll show towards you, if I can,
An absolutely wifely carriage.

The months or years which your career
May still comprise before you perish,
Shall serve to prove that I, my dear,
Can honour, and obey, and cherish.

Till death us part, as soon he must,
 (And you, my dear, should shew the way)
I hope you'll always find me just
 The same as on our wedding day.
I never loved you, dearest : never !
 Let that be clearly understood :
I thought you good, and rather clever,
 And found you really rather good.
And what was more, I loved another,
 But couldn't get him : well, but, then
You're just as bad, my erring brother,
 You most impeccable of men :—
Except for this : my love was married
 Some weeks before I married you :
While you, my amorous dawdler, tarried
 Till we'd been wed a year or two.
You loved me at our wedding : I
 Loved some one else : and after that
I never cast a loving eye
 On others : you—well, tit for tat !
But after all I made you cheerful :
 Your whims I've humoured : saw the point
Of all your jokes : grew duly tearful,
 When you were sad, yet chose the joint
You liked the best of all for dinner,
 And soothed you in your hours of woe :
Although a miserable sinner,
 I *am* a good wife, as wives go.
I bore with you and took your side,
 And kept my temper all the time :
I never flirted ; never cried,
 Nor ranked it as a heinous crime,

When you preferred another lady,
Or used improper words to me,
Or told a story more than shady,
Or snored and snorted after tea,
Or otherwise gave proof of being
A dull and rather vain old man :
I still succeeded in agreeing
With all you said, (the safest plan),

Yet always strove my point to carry,
And make you do as I desired :
I'm *glad* my people made me marry !
They hit on just what I required.

Had love been wanted—well, I couldn't
Have given what I'd not to give ;
Or had a genius asked me ! wouldn't
The man have suffered ? now, we live

Among our estimable neighbours
A decent and decorous life :
I've earned by my protracted labours
The title of a model wife.

But when beneath the turf you're sleeping,
And I am sitting here in black,
Engaged, as they'll suppose, in weeping,
I shall not wish to have you back.

III.

THE VICAR'S.

A good old couple ! kind and wise
And oh ! what love for one another !
They've won, those two, life's highest prize,
Oh ! let us copy them, my brother !

May Kendall.

1861.

MISS MAY KENDALL has published two volumes of verse, "Dreams to Sell," 1887; and "Songs from Dreamland," 1894. Her volumes of prose stories are "From a Garret," 1887; "Such is Life," 1889; and "White Poppies," 1893. Miss Kendall's poetic work shows a grip of intellect and a depth of feeling not always found together, and a sense of humour rarely found in the verse of women. It is a singular fact, unobserved by the writer of this notice until the moment of writing, that, among the many avowedly humorous poets of the century, and those whose humorous verse bears a sufficient proportion to the general body of their work, or is sufficiently characteristic to entitle them to separate representation in a volume devoted to poetic humour, Miss Kendall is the only woman. A glance at other collections of the humorous poetry of the century shows that while Caroline Nairne and Hannah Moore are sometimes represented by single pieces, no woman poet of the century receives more than passing mention for humorous work. This would seem to go far to prove the contention often made that women are distinctly lacking in a sense of humour. If this is true, and Miss Kendall's humorous work justifies its place in this volume, it

proves much more than its own merit, and becomes interesting upon other grounds.

Miss Kendall's humorous poems are reprinted in the following pages in sufficient number and variety to speak for themselves. In the "Lay of the Trilobite" (p. 617) and the other "science" verses we have the humour associated with satire, in the "Legend of the Crossing Sweeper" (p. 621) and "A Lesson of Life" (p. 625) underlying the nobler elements of sympathy and pathos. But there is much more than the element of humour in others of Miss Kendall's poems, as will be seen from the quotations which follow. The "Sea and Shore" poems of the "Dreams to Sell" volume open with "The Ship of Dreams" and "The Ship of Death," which we give here.

I.

THE SHIP OF DREAMS.

"WHEN silent lies the sleeping town
In its profoundest rest,
There is a ship comes sailing down
Upon the River's breast.

'Wide-winged as that enchanted swan,
She saileth through the night,
And purple grows the gloom upon
The magic of her flight.

"The barque she bears no mortal name,
No crew of mortal mould,
Ulysses' ship of song and flame,
Of cedar wood and gold!

"She is the ship that Turner knew
On the enchanted seas,
She floats far isles of music through,
And isles of memories.

"And she is mystically fraught
With dreams remembered long,
That drift on all the tides of thought
And all the seas of song.

"She hath Ulysses by her helm,
As in the olden time ;
This ship of a diviner realm,
And of a fairer clime."

II.

THE SHIP OF DEATH.

"WHEN silent lies the sleeping town,
Unknown to human ken
Another ship goes sailing down,
Bearing the souls of men.

"She is the ship of shadowy mist,
Of mist and mournful grey,
There is no gloom of amethyst
About her pallid way.

"As silent as that dim ship came
She steals into the dark.
She is no ship of mortal name,
But an eternal barque !

"Her deck is thronged with shadows wan,
She will not pause or stay,
So speedily she bears them on,
Ail on an unknown way.

"But sometimes when the dusky tide
Hath filled the widening stream,
That wan and shadowy ship will glide
By the ship of song and dream.

"Whereon the watchers dimly know
A terror in the dark,
A pallor ; but a fading glow
Flushes the shadowy barque !"

In these poems Miss Kendall deals with shadowy themes with a delicacy which preserves their insubstantiality while investing them with human interest and imaginative significance. There is a sweet tenderness in the feeling of the following verses which we quote from a poem entitled "Sunset" in the same section.

"And now for the last cruise I go,
And on a lonely quest :
Yet the winds wake, the strong tides flow
For ever to the west.

* * * * *

"And ever stronger blows the wind,
And darker is the shore.
Oh, is it death that lies behind,
And life that lies before ?

"Good-bye for ever, love ! and yet,
What may the darkness hide ?
By sea or land, if we two met,
I should be satisfied."

A deeper note is touched in some of the psychological poems, the writer dealing with serious issues without becoming morbid, and treating all her subjects without losing the dominating influence of a robust common sense. It is this faculty, associated with a true sense of humour, which not only projects itself into her writings, but which prevents her from taking herself too seriously, and qualifies her for the office of self-criticism that distinguishes her from the sentimental school of the women poets of the past.

ALFRED H. MILES.

DREAMS TO SELL.

1887.

MAY KENDALL.

I.—LAY OF THE TRILOBITE.

A MOUNTAIN'S giddy height I sought,
Because I could not find
Sufficient vague and mighty thought
To fill my mighty mind ;
And as I wandered ill at ease,
There chanced upon my sight
A native of Silurian seas,
An ancient Trilobite.

So calm, so peacefully he lay,
I watched him even with tears :
I thought of Monads far away
In the forgotten years.
How wonderful it seemed and right,
The providential plan,
That he should be a Trilobite,
And I should be a Man !

And then, quite natural and free
Out of his rocky bed,
That Trilobite he spoke to me,
And this is what he said :
"I don't know how the thing was done,
Although I cannot doubt it ;
But Huxley—he if any one
Can tell you all about it ;

"How all your faiths are ghosts and dreams,
How in the silent sea
Your ancestors were Monotremes—
Whatever these may be;
How you evolved your shining lights
Of wisdom and perfection
From Jelly-fish and Trilobites
By natural selection.

"You've Kant to make your brains go round,
Hegel you have to clear them,
You've Mr. Browning to confound,
And Mr. Punch to cheer them !
The native of an alien land
You call a man and brother,
And greet with hymn-book in one hand
And pistol in the other !

"You've Politics to make you fight
As if you were possessed ;
You've cannon and you've dynamite
To give the nations rest :
The side that makes the loudest din
Is surest to be right,
And oh, a pretty fix you're in !"
Remarked the Trilobite.

"But gentle, stupid, free from woe
I lived among my nation,
I didn't care—I didn't know
That I was a Crustacean.¹

¹ He was not a Crustacean. He has since discovered that he was an Arachnid, or something similar. But he says it does not matter. He says they told him wrong once, and they may again.

I didn't grumble, didn't steal,
I *never* took to rhyme :
Salt water was my frugal meal,
And carbonate of lime."

Reluctantly I turned away,
No other word he said ;
An ancient Trilobite he lay
Within his rocky bed.
I did not answer him, for that
Would have annoyed my pride :
I merely bowed, and raised my hat,
But in my heart I cried :—

"I wish our brains were not so good,
I wish our skulls were thicker,
I wish that Evolution could
Have stopped a little quicker ;
For oh, it was a happy plight,
Of liberty and ease,
To be a simple Trilobite
In the Silurian seas.

II.—TAKING LONG VIEWS.

("Take short views"—SYDNEY SMITH.)

HIS locks were wild, and wild his eye,
Furrowed his brow with anxious thought.
Musing I asked him ; "Tell me why
You look thus vacant and distraught ?"

Sadly he gazed into my face :
He said, "I have no respite, none !
Oh, shall we wander into space
Or fall into the sun ?

"Astronomers I've sought in tears,
And ah, 'tis terribly remiss
That after all these anxious years
They cannot even tell us this !
Though each man seems to prove his case,
Each contradicts the other one,
And—*do* we wander into space
Or fall into the sun ?"

"Comfort !" I said, "I can't discern
The nature of our planet's end,
Nor should I greatly care to learn.
We've many æons left, my friend !
Whether we last from age to age
A frozen ball, or turn to flame,
To me, at this inspiring stage,
Is very much the same.

"Observe Humanity's advance,
And Evolution's giant strides !
Remark on what a smooth expanse
The nation's barque at anchor rides !
The march of Intellect retrace."
He moaned : "I don't care what we've done.
Oh, shall we wander into space
Or fall into the sun ?

"If we should fall, you understand,
Such heat the crash would generate
The solar system might expand
Into its primal gaseous state.
It would be awkward, I maintain,
The same old cycle to renew ;
For once let things come round again
And *we* should come round too !"

I cried : " The prophecy forbear !
Of finite woes we have enough.
What, travel through the old despair,
Experience the old rebuff !
I'd rather haunt the void Afar,
For endless ages, would rejoice
To be a harmless frozen star,
If I might have my choice ! "

He gazed at me with aspect strange.
He only said : " How would it be
If this poor planet should derange
The solar system's equity ;
If when the sun our planet met
The sun himself began to fall,
Another system to upset,
And so on through them all ? "

" Peace, peace ! " I said. " However dark
The destiny the æons bear,
You won't be here the wreck to mark."

He cried : " *That* causes my despair.
I want to know what will take place,
I want to see what will be done.
*Oh, shall we wander into space
Or fall into the sun ?* "

III.—LEGEND OF THE CROSSING-SWEEPER

THE boarders look so good and new,
A saint it would annoy !
To squirt upon them two by two
Would be my greatest joy.
The boarders think—I know it's true,
I am a wicked boy.
Save one—I've never known *her* stare
As if I were a wall

That had no business to be there,
Or anywhere at all ;
And once—to stop she didn't dare—
She let a sixpence fall.
She smiled to show she couldn't wait,
And gently said, " Good-night."
You bet I pulled my cap off straight,
I nodded all my might ;
But now she seldom comes : I hate
To see her look so white.
There is a place—*she'll* go some day,
Right up above the sky.
It is uncommon bright and gay,
Swells live there when they die.
Some tell us any fellow may,
But that is all my eye.
They stand with harps and crowns in rows
For doing all they should ;
But I should miss her, I suppose,
I'd save her if I could—
Only a boy that never goes
To Sunday School's no good.
And I'm the worst boy in the town,
I lark, I fight, I swear,
I knock the other fellows down
And lick them. I don't care.
They'll give her such a harp and crown,
But I shall not be there.
Those crowns—if one could hang about
The gate, till all was done—
She'll stand in a white gown, no doubt,
With gold hair like the sun.
I'd like to see them given out,
I'd never ask for one.

SONGS FROM DREAMLAND.

1894

MAY KENDALL.

I.—A WARNING TO NEW WORLDS.

YOU far-off star serene and cold,
You've lived through cycles more than we :
In you the mystery is unrolled
Right to the end, whate'er it be.
What light would on our darkness rise,
Could we observe your bleak expanse,
Know why you left, all coldly wise,
The shining stellar dance !

Ah, could some kindly messenger
The lesson of your life rehearse,
He might remark, to Jupiter :—
“Beware of changing bad for worse.
The ills of incandescence bear,
Firmly a solid crust refuse.
Of protoplasm never dare
The use or the abuse ! ”

What havoc saved among the stars
That did not rush upon their fate !
Too late for Venus and for Mars,
For *this* poor planet, all too late—
Star militant among the spheres,
A star with many woes oppressed,
Who now the unknown watchword hears
That passes to the rest.

Ere Being's germ the strong sun bears,
Ours shall have fled, for good and all,
This luckless planet, from its cares
Voices of fate already call,
And year by year to rest it wins.
How many a millennium
Before the Sun *his* life begins,
With all his woes to come !

Too late for even the youngest star,
When *nebulæ* as it appears,
Without premeditation are
Condensing into rising spheres,
And *they* will follow the old plan,
Will name their system as they pass,
The system that in gas began,
And that will end in gas.

They are no politician's care,
No missionary travels through
The gaseous vapours that prepare
New worlds, new woes, for races new.
Philanthropists, ye do your best.
One world—how many worlds there be ?
Convert the masses ; but arrest,
Arrest the *nebulæ* !

II.—ETHER INSATIABLE.

NOW Energy's bound to diminish—
The harder she struggles and moils,
The faster she speeds to the finish,
The end of her infinite toils.

A million of planets beneath her
Strong hands she may mould or efface—
'Tis all to the good of the ether,
That fills circumambient space !
All's quietly caught up and muffled
By a strange and intangible foe,
The ether serene and unruffled,
The ether we see not nor know.
Life, radiance, in torrents dispelling,
The universe spins to its goal ;
And radiance and life find *one* dwelling—
This ether's the tomb of the whole.
There is not a hushed malediction,
There is not a smile or a sigh,
But aids in dispersing, by friction,
The cosmical heat in the sky ;
And whether a star falls, or whether
A heart breaks—for stars and for men
Their labour is all for the ether,
That renders back nothing again.
And we, howsoever we hated
And feared, or made love, or believed,
For all the opinions we stated,
The woes and the wars we achieved,
We, too, shall lie idle together,
In very uncritical ease—
And no one will win—but the ether,
That fills circumambient space !

III.—LESSON OF LIFE.

A LONG day's journey there lay before ;
I crossed the meadow at breaking morn :
I saw the road wind by hill and moor—
Beyond the hills was my distant bourne

I thought of the greeting I should win—

What was it moaned at my feet, meanwhile ?

A poor old terrier, lame and thin :

I stooped, and helped him over the stile.

Then would have crossed ; but a dreary yelp

Arrested me, and I turned, to view

A limping poodle whose need of help

Was manifest : and I helped him too.

Of every nation and tribe are they,

And each has a fresh, resistless wile ;

Each says in his own peculiar way :

“ Just help a lame dog over the stile !

They're greyhound, Skye, Pomeranian ;

They limp along in an endless file ;

They're smooth or curly, they're black and tan,

They *all* are lame and would cross the stile.

The shadows deepen o'er hill and glen,

Dim is my pathway of many a mile—

Yet will I renew my journey when

The last lame dog is over the stile.

R. F. Murray.

1863—1894.

R. F. MURRAY was born in New England in 1863. His father was a Scotch Unitarian minister; his mother an American lady. In his early boyhood he was taken to Scotland, where he stayed for a year at Kelso. He afterwards lived with his family at York, at Canterbury, and at Ilminster in Somerset. He was educated at Crewkerne Grammar School and at St. Andrews University. He never took a degree, through his inaptitude for mathematics, but he stood at the head of his class in English literature, read widely, and wrote a number of the cleverest, the most amusing and originally turned of light verses. It had been intended that he should follow his father's calling, but he early abandoned the idea of becoming a preacher, and thenceforth gave himself to letters. He never won the success he deserved. For one thing, he loved St. Andrews with a life-long love; he would not forsake the old Fifeshire town, the green hills and the North Sea, for a career in London. Then his health was never good; he cared little for money or notoriety; he was too shy and sensitive to jostle his way to the front. For a time he worked at compiling school-books in St. Andrews; he was for a short while engaged as a reporter on the staff of the *Scottish Leader*, and afterwards became a proof reader for the Messrs.

Constable of Edinburgh. In 1890 he published "The Scarlet Gown," a collection of parodies and other light verses, which had a reception proving that wit, humour, and metrical adroitness are not always enough to make a writer sure of success. Then his health broke down, he left Edinburgh for St. Andrews, and there he became a prey to consumption. He visited Egypt with no good result, he looked for a last time on his beloved Fifeshire town, and he died at Ilminster in the January of 1894.

Though he died almost unknown, there can be small doubt that Murray's early death was a more than common loss to literature. His powers were growing to the end, and he had a high standard of merit up to which he invariably worked.

The parodies in "The Scarlet Gown" are not, says Mr. Lang, inferior to those of Mr. Calverley. It would be hard to find a more shrewdly humorous *ballade* than "The End of April"; a fresher, racier bit of rhymed funning than the lines "After Waterloo." And many of Murray's other pieces are equally good. He had a graceful and tender lyric gift, as well as the happiest knack of throwing laughable fancies into rhyme. "With Ferguson and with the great Montrose," says Mr. Lang, "Murray is one of the three poets of his beloved little University."

WALTER WHYTE.

THE SCARLET GOWN, ETC.

1891.

R. F. MURRAY.

I.—THE END OF APRIL.

THIS is the time when larks are singing loud,
And higher still ascending, and more high,
This is the time when many a fleecy cloud
Runs lamb-like on the pastures of the sky,
This is the time when most I love to lie
Stretched on the links, now listening to the sea,
Now looking at the train that dawdles by;
But James is going in for his degree.

James is my brother. He has twice been ploughed,
Yet he intends to have another try,
Hoping to pass (as he says) in a crowd.
Sanguine is James, but not so sanguine I.
If you demand my reason, I reply :
Because he reads no Greek without a key,
And spells Thucydides c-i-d-y;
Yet James is going in for his degree.

No doubt, if the authorities allowed
The taking in of Bohns, he might defy
The stiffest paper that has ever cowed
A timid candidate and made him fly.
Without such aids, he all as well may try
To cultivate the people of Dandee,
Or lead the camel through the needle's eye;
Yet James is going in for his degree.

Vain are the efforts hapless mortals ply
To climb of knowledge the forbidden tree;
Yet still about its roots they strive and cry,
And James is going in for his degree.

II.—THE BANISHED BEJANT.

FROM THE UNPUBLISHED REMAINS OF EDGAR
ALLAN POE.

IN the oldest of our alleys,
By good bejants tenanted,
Once a man whose name was Wallace—
William Wallace—reared his head.
Rowdy Bejant in the College
He was styled :
Never had these halls of knowledge
Welcomed waster half so wild !

Tassel blue and long and silken
From his cap did float and flow
(This was cast into the Swilcan
Two months ago) ;
And every gentle air that sported
With his red gown,
Displayed a suit of clothes, reported
The most alarming in the town.

Wanderers in that ancient alley
Through his luminous window saw
Spirits come continually
From a case well packed with straw,
Just behind the chair where, sitting
With air serene,
And in a blazer loosely fitting,
The owner of the bunk was seen.

And all with cards and counters straying
Was the place littered o'er,
With which sat playing, playing, playing,
And wrangling evermore,

A group of fellows, whose chief function
Was to proclaim,
In voices of surprising unction,
The luck and losses in the game.

But stately things, in robes and learning,
Discussed one day the bejant's fate :
Ah, let us mourn him unreturning,
For they resolved to rusticate !
And now the glory he inherits
Thus dished and doomed,
Is largely founded on the merits
Of the Old Tom consumed.

And wanderers, now, within that alley
Through the half-open shutters see
Old crones, that talk continually
In a discordant minor key :
While, with a kind of nervous shiver,
Past the front door,
His former set go by for ever,
But knock—or ring—no more.

III.—AFTER WATERLOO.

ON the field of Waterloo we made Napoleon rue
That ever out of Elba he decided for to come,
For we finished him that day, and he had to run away
And yield himself a prisoner on the Billy-ruffiun.

'Twas a stubborn fight, no doubt, and the fortune wheeled about,
And the brave Mossoos kept coming most uncomfortably near,
And says Wellington the hero, as his hopes went down to zero,
"I wish to God that Blucher or the night was only here !"

But Blucher came at length, and we broke Napoleon's strength,
And the flower of his army—that's the wonderful old guard—
They made a final sally, but they found they could not rally,
And at last they broke and fled after fighting bitter hard.

Now Napoleon he thought, when a British ship he sought,
And gave himself uncalled for, in a manner you might say,
He'd be treated like a king, with the best of everything,
And maybe have a palace for to live in every day.

He was treated very well, as became a noble swell ;
But we couldn't leave him loose, not in Europe anywhere,
For we knew he would be making some gigantic undertaking
While the trustful British Lion was reposing in his lair.

We tried it once before, near the European shore,
Having planted him at Elba, where he promised to remain ;
But when he saw his chance, why, he bolted off to France,
And he made a lot of trouble—but it wouldn't do again.

Says King George to him, " You know far away you'll have to go,
To a pleasant little island off the coast of Africay,
Where they tell me that the view of the ocean deep and blue
Is remarkably extensive, and it's there you'll have to stay."

So Napoleon wiped his eye, and he wished King George good-bye,
And being stoney broke made the best of it he could.
And they built a pleasant dwelling on the island of St. Helen
And Napoleon Bonaparte is provided for for good.

Now of that I don't complain, but I ask and ask in vain,
Why me, a British soldier, as has lost a useful arm
Through fighting of the foe, when the trumpets cease to blow
Should be forced to feed the pigs on a little Surrey farm,
While him as fought with us and created such a fuss,
And in the whole of Europe did a mighty deal of harm,
Should be kept upon a rock, like a precious fighting cock,
And do no work whatever, which would suit me to a charm ?

Edmund B. V. Christian.

1864.

MR. EDMUND B. V. CHRISTIAN, the author of "The Lays of a Limb of the Law" (1889) and "At the Sign of the Wicket" (1894), was born at Deal, in Kent, on October 9th, 1864. He was privately educated, and turning his attention to the law became a "limb" of the profession he celebrates in his verse by qualifying as a solicitor. He took his degree of LL.B. at the University of London.

Mr. Christian's parodies are admirable examples, not only of the power of imitating style, but of that of following the mode of thought and reproducing the tone, colour, and atmosphere of the poets and poems parodied. "Frost *v.* Knight," p. 635, one of the "Leading Cases in Verse" from "The Lays of a Limb of the Law," is a happy Tennysonian illustration of his quality in this regard, as also are the Wordsworthian cricket-sonnets to be found "At the Sign of the Wicket":—

"Scorn not the cricket-sonnet on the ground
Scant measures do not with great themes agree,
Since Shakespeare's heart unlocked 'with this small key'
Perchance it may be not unworthy found
To make the glories of The Game resound,
To laud the patient skill of Shrewsbury
Or sing the praise of matchless W. G.,
Our chief of men, through every land renowned.

"The bat is as the sonnet is, but small.

Yet with it batsmen a stout-hearted band
Waged ceaseless, changing conflict with the ball
Till Grace arose ; and in his mighty hand
The thing became a sceptre, which he wields
Unchallenged yet, Lord of the playing fields."

Of his other verses his "Ode to a Judge in Chambers," beginning—

"O thou !"

(Odes should begin "O thou" whatever follows),

"The Great Leg-before-Wicket Lawsuit," beginning—

"Lives there a man who never said
'It broke a foot, old dunderhead !'
Or something worse, and never swore
When umpires gave him leg-before ?
He does not live ! He were 'too good
For human nature's daily food,'
Who stifled thus his wrath and grief,
Or else a duffer past belief"—

and his "Ode on a Yorker" are among the best.

ALFRED H. MILES.

THE LAYS OF A LIMB OF THE LAW.

1889.

EDMUND B. V. CHRISTIAN.

I.—FROST v. KNIGHT.

(L.R., 7 *Ex.* 111., *Temp.* 1872.)

I.

“**H**E loves me—nay, he loves me not !’
She tore the petals two by two
From off the stem and idly threw
Them from her, ’plaining of her lot.

She stood by the untrodden ways
Where they in other times had me’;
With cheek and eyelash all unwet
She mused of love and other days.

She watched the fading autumn leaf,
The sky was grey, the wind a-cold ;
Her heart grew with the season old,
And nursed an angry, tearless grief.

“My love,” she said, “is turned to hate,
My love that should have crowned his life ;
He lightly wooed me for his wife,
And now he seeks a richer mate.”

II.

“Stands not the woman higher than
The dog that follows at his heel ?
Shall she before her tyrant kneel
Whom Nature equalled with the man ?

“He took my love, nor recked the cost,
My heart was warm to him, my Knight ;
He took away the warmth and light,
And left me an unchanging Frost.

"I know him now. I never knew
Till now how false his suit could be.
He says he ne'er will wed with me,
And shall I not for vengeance sue ?

"But when ? 'Twas when his father died
He vowed that he with me would wed ;
I would his father now were dead,
But still he treads the hither side.

"And must I wait the uncertain day
He passes from our moaning shore ?
Or may I sue the son before ?
Counsel's opinion is, I may.

"Already he derides me : 'Lo !
Thy path and mine shall never meet.'
He makes my bitter wrong complete.
The writ is ready : let it go !"

III

"We rate too highly, says the sage
Who knew our little nature's strife,
The power of love, whereto our life
Is less beholden than the stage.

"Perchance our spirits, from the flaw,
The taint of earthly mould, made free,
Shall know how great our love may be ;
For great is Love, yet greater Law.

"Love did the wrong the law redressed,
I take the gold the jury gave ;
No more the love he vowed I crave,
The gold I have, methinks, is best.

“This truth the student shall recall,
Who reads of Angelina Frost,
“’TIS better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.”

II.—MY CLIENT.

(III.—THE TAXING OF THE BILL.)

BLOXAM, my master, O taxing-master,
Judge not too hardly this poor, short bill,
Search not keenly a chance excess.
Thy fatal pen moves fast and faster.
Yet stay a moment that hard stiff quill ;
How shalt thou profit, though I get less ?

O taxing-master, O hard, keen master,
The left-hand margin is fair and white,
Leave it, I pray thee, yet white and fair.
Be not a “hard, ungracious pastor,”
Vex not with queries the anxious sight,
Let not thy taxings be frequent there.

Master, the coming Long Vacation
Calls thee away to the land of pleasure,
Bids thee away to the sunny south.
Kill not the sweet anticipation,
Fill not with sorrow thy hours of leisure,
Tax not the bread from a waiting mouth.

List not to every slight objection,
Quench not of hope the lingering ember,
Make not the page with thy taxings wet.
Little he merits thy high protection :
To tax my bill he may remember,
But, ah ! to pay it he will forget.

AT THE SIGN OF THE WICKET.

1894.

EDMUND B. V. CHRISTIAN.

I.—“*THE BATSMAN'S ART.*”

STAND you erect, as doth befit a man ;
Firm let your right foot on the ground be set ;
Keep your left elbow up, nor e'er forget
Keenly the bowler and the ball to scan,
And hit not by a preconcerted plan.
Play a straight bat, so shall each ball be met.
By the full blade. Still at the practice net
Play as you would if now the match began.
Do not assault the Umpire. Play to win,
Not to achieve a lordly average ;
Pull not a fast straight ball ; with care begin ;
Answer at once your fellow-batsman's call,
Last, play not under, but above the ball.
So counsels you Polonius the sage.

II.—“*AND YET AFRAID TO STRIKE.*”

THORNTON, thou shouldst be playing at this hour ;
Cricket has need of thee. Her tallest men
Are patient potterers at the sticks, and when
“Off-theories” are bowled, that half thy dower
Of pluck had sent swift to the ropes, they cower
Or draw back silent. We are nerveless men !
When in her joyous playing fields again
Shall England boast a batsman of thy power ?
Thou hadst a drive majestically free !
The ball soared to the skies, descending far
Beyond the fieldsman's reach, without the ground.
Return ! or teach thy followers to be
As Stoddart, Marchant, and O'Brien are,
Strong to attack as in defending sound !

III.—DREAMS THAT I DREAM.

WHEN in my dreams I take my stand
 To guard the stumps in Fairyland,
 I little fear the bowler's wile,
 Nor dread the wicket-keeper's guile ;
 They do not bowl me off my pad,
 No catches from my glove are had :
 The hated "leg-before" is banned
 In matches played in Fairyland.

I dream of many a glorious drive,
 I feel the cut that goes for five ;
 I hear the crowd's applauding roar
 That follows oft a hit for four.
 I practise the entrancing glide,
 And win the battle for my side ;
 We rarely fail to make a stand
 When I go in—in Fairyland.

But when to bowl I take the ball,
 How wondrous fast the wickets fall !
 No liberties the batsmen take,
 They do not disregard my break.
 And though the pitch plays fast and true,
 Leg-breaks come off, and balls cut through ;
 No batsmen *Wisden* knows could stand
 The balls I bowl in Fairyland.

And though I bat the livelong day
 To call of "Time," from call of "Play,"
 They do not tire, nor envious grow,
 Nor flag, nor feel the sport is slow ;
 And though I bowl from first to last,
 No shade of jealousy is cast ;
 A joyous and contented band
 Are we who play in Fairyland.

In Fairyland! In Fairyland!
On mortal turf I frankly own,
I never, never yet have shown
A form one-twentieth as grand
As I display in Fairyland!

IV.—SHALL I NEVER STORM OR SWEAR?

SHALL I never storm or swear
Just because the umpire's fair?
Or from expletives forbear,
'Cause he gives me out with care?
Be he fairer, more upright
Than Carpenter or Lillywhite,
If he will not favour me,
What care I how fair he be?

If "How's that?" I loudly shout,
Let him promptly answer, "Out!"
If, perchance, I bowl a Wide,
Let him cough and look aside;
If my toe slip o'er the crease,
Let him sigh, but hold his peace.
If he cry, "No ball!" to me,
What care I how fair he be?

When they catch me near the ground
Let him think 'twas on the bound;
When against me they appeal
Let him hesitation feel;
Let me profit by the doubt,
Let him never give me out.
If "leg-before" he judges me,
What care I how fair he be?



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